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COME HITHER

VOLUME TWO

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COLLECTION OF RHYMES AND POEMS FOR THE YOUNG OF ALL AGES

MADE BY WALTER DE LA MARE

> AND EMBELLISHED BY

ALEC BUCKELS

MCMXXIII

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FAR



The moon's my constant mistress,
And the lovely owl my marrow;
The flaming drake,
And the night-crow, make
Me music to my sorrow.

I know more than Apollo;
For oft, when he lies sleeping,
I behold the stars
At mortal wars,
And the rounded welkin weeping.

The moon embraces her shepherd,
And the Queen of Love her warrior;
While the first does horn
The stars of the morn,
And the next the heavenly farrier.

With a heart of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander:
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander;

With a Knight of ghosts and shadows, I summoned am to Tourney:

Ten leagues beyond

The wide world's end;

Methinks it is no journey.

311

THE NIGHT-PIECE

HER Eyes the Glow-worme lend thee,
The Shooting Starres attend thee;
And the Elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o' th'-Wispe mis-light thee;

No Will-o' th -Wispe mis-light thee;
Nor Snake, or Slow-worme bite thee:
But on, on thy way
Not making a stay,
Since Ghost ther's none to affright thee.

Let not the darke thee cumber;
What though the Moon does slumber?
The Starres of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like Tapers cleare without number....

ROBERT HERRICK

312

MY PLAID AWA'

"My plaid awa', my plaid awa',
And ore the hill and far awa',
And far awa' to Norrowa,
My plaid shall not be blown awa'."
The elphin knight sits on yon hill,
Ba, ba, lilli ba,
He blowes it east, he blowes it west,
He blowes it where he lyketh best . . .
"My plaid awa', my plaid awa',
And ore the hill and far awa'."

313

BUCKEE BENE

BUCKEE, Buckee, biddy Bene, Is the way now fair and clean? Is the goose ygone to nest, And the fox ygone to rest? Shall I come away?

WHAT'S IN THERE?

314 WHAT'S IN THERE ?

FAHT's in there? Gold and money. Fahr's 1 my share o't? The moosie ran awa' wi't. Fahr's the moosie? In her hoosie. Fahr's her hoosie? In the wood. Fahr's the wood? The fire brunt it. Fahr's the fire? The water quencht it. Fahr's the water? The broon bull drank it. Fahr's the broon bull? Back a Burnie's hill. Fahr's Burnie's hill? A' claid wi' snaw. Fahr's the snaw? The sun meltit it. Fahr's the sun? Heigh, heigh up i' the air!"

THE WEE WEE MAN

As I was wa'king all alone,
Between a water and a wa',
And there I spy'd a Wee Wee Man,
And he was the least that ere I saw.

His legs were scarce a shathmont's length And thick and thimber was his thigh; Between his brows there was a span, And between his shoulders there was three.

He took up a meikle stane, And he flang't as far as I could see;

315

¹ Where's

FAR.

Though I had been a Wallace wight, I couldna' liften't to my knee.

"O Wee Wee Man, but thou be strang!
O tell me where thy dwelling be?"
"My dwelling's down at yon bonny bower;
O will you go with me and see?"

On we lap, and awa' we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny green;
We lighted down for to bait our horse,
And out there came a lady fine.

Four and twenty at her back,
And they were a' clad out in green;
Though the King of Scotland had been there,
The warst o' them might hae been his queen.

On we lap, and awa' we rade,

Till we came to yon bonny ha',

Whare the roof was o' the beaten gould,

And the floor was o' the cristal a'.

When we came to the stair-foot,
Ladies were dancing, jimp and sma',
But in the twinkling of an eye,
My Wee Wee Man was clean awa'.

316

I SAW A PEACOCK

I saw a peacock with a fiery tail
I saw a blazing comet drop down hail
I saw a cloud wrappèd with ivy round
I saw an oak creep on along the ground
I saw a pismire swallow up a whale
I saw the sea brim full of ale
I saw a Venice glass five fathom deep
I saw a well full of men's tears that weep

I SAW A PEACOCK

I saw red eyes all of a flaming fire I saw a house bigger than the moon and higher I saw the sun at twelve o'clock at night I saw the Man that saw this wondrous sight.

317

GIRAFFE AND TREE

UPON a dark ball spun in Time Stands a Giraffe beside a Tree: Of what immortal stuff can that The fading picture be?

So, thought I, standing by my love Whose hair, a small black flag, Broke on the universal air With proud and lovely brag:

It waved among the silent hills,
A wind of shining ebony
In Time's bright glass, where mirrored clear
Stood the Giraffe beside a Tree.
Walter J. Turner

318

THE WATER LADY

ALAS, the moon should ever beam To show what man should never see! I saw a maiden on a stream, And fair was she!

I stayed awhile, to see her throw Her tresses back, that all beset The fair horizon of her brow With clouds of jet

I stayed a little while to view Her cheek, that wore in place of red The bloom of water, tender blue, Daintily spread.

FAR

I stayed to watch, a little space, Her parted lips if she would sing; The waters closed above her face With many a ring.

And still I stayed a little more, Alas! she never comes again; I throw my flowers from the shore, And watch in vain.

I know my life will fade away, I know that I must vainly pine, For I am made of mortal clay, But she's divine!

THOMAS HOOD

319 THE SONG OF WANDERING AENGUS

I WENT out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread;
And when white moths were on the wing,
And moth-like stars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor I went to blow the fire a-flame, But something rustled on the floor, And someone called me by my name: It had become a glimmering girl With apple blossom in her hair Who called me by my name and ran And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering Through hollow lands and hilly lands, I will find out where she has gone, And kiss her lips and take her hands;

THE SONG OF WANDERING AENGUS

And walk among long dappled grass, And pluck till time and times are done The silver apples of the moon, The golden apples of the sun.

W. B. YEATS

320 THE WAY THROUGH THE WOODS

They shut the road through the woods
Seventy years ago.
Weather and rain have undone it again,
And now you would never know
There was once a road through the woods
Before they planted the trees.
It is underneath the coppice and heath,
And the thin anemones.
Only the keeper sees
That, where the ring-dove broods,
And the badgers roll at ease,
There was once a road through the woods.

Yet, if you enter the woods
Of a summer evening late,
When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools
Where the otter whistles his mate.
(They fear not men in the woods,
Because they see so few)
You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,
And the swish of a skirt in the dew,
Steadily cantering through
The misty solitudes,
As though they perfectly knew
The old lost road through the woods . . .
But there is no road through the woods!

RUDYARD KIPLING

FAR

321 THE FALLOW DEER AT THE LONELY HOUSE

One without looks in to-night
Through the curtain-chink
From the sheet of glistening white;
One without looks in to-night
As we sit and think
By the fender-brink.

We do not discern those eyes
Watching in the snow;
Lit by lamps of rosy dyes
We do not discern those eyes
Wondering, aglow,
Fourfooted, tiptoe.

THOMAS HARDY

322 DEER

SHY in their herding dwell the fallow deer.
They are spirits of wild sense. Nobody near
Comes upon their pastures. There a life they live,
Of sufficient beauty, phantom, fugitive,
Treading as in jungles free leopards do,
Printless as evelight, instant as dew.
The great kine are patient, and home-coming sheep
Know our bidding. The fallow deer keep
Delicate and far their counsels wild,
Never to be folded reconciled
To the spoiling hand as the poor flocks are;
Lightfoot, and swift, and unfamiliar,
These you may not hinder, unconfined
Beautiful flocks of the mind.

John Drinkwater

THE TWO SWANS

(A FAIRY TALE)

IMMORTAL Imogen, crowned queen above
The lilies of thy sex, vouchsafe to hear
A fairy dream in honour of true love—
True above ills, and frailty, and all fear—
Perchance a shadow of his own career
Whose youth was darkly prisoned and long twined
By serpent-sorrow, till white Love drew near,
And sweetly sang him free, and round his mind
A bright horizon threw, wherein no grief may wind.

I saw a tower builded on a lake,
Mocked by its inverse shadow, dark and deep—
That seemed a still intenser night to make,
Wherein the quiet waters sunk to sleep,—
And, whatsoe'er was prisoned in that keep,
A monstrous Snake was warden:—round and round
In sable ringlets I beheld him creep,
Blackest amid black shadows, to the ground,
Whilst his enormous head the topmost turret crowned:

From whence he shot fierce light against the stars, Making the pale moon paler with affright; And with his ruby eye out-threatened Mars—That blazed in the mid-heavens, hot and bright—Nor slept, nor winked, but with a steadfast spite Watched their wan looks and tremblings in the skies; And that he might not slumber in the night, The curtain-lids were plucked from his large eyes, So he might never drowse, but watch his secret prize.

Prince or princess in dismal durance pent, Victims of old Enchantment's love or hate, Their lives must all in painful sighs be spent, Watching the lonely waters soon and late, And clouds that pass and leave them to their fate,

Or company their grief with heavy tears:— Meanwhile that Hope can spy no golden gate For sweet escapement, but in darksome fears They weep and pine away as if immortal years.

No gentle bird with gold upon its wing Will perch upon the grate—the gentle bird Is safe in leafy dell, and will not bring Freedom's sweet keynote and commission-word Learned of a fairy's lips, for pity stirred— Lest while he trembling sings, untimely guest! Watched by that cruel Snake and darkly heard. He leave a widow on her lonely nest,

To press in silent grief the darlings of her breast.

No gallant knight, adventurous, in his bark, Will seek the fruitful perils of the place, To rouse with dipping oar the waters dark That bear that serpent-image on their face. And Love, brave Love! though he attempt the base, Nerved to his loyal death, he may not win His captive lady from the strict embrace Of that foul Serpent, clasping her within His sable folds—like Eve enthralled by the old Sin.

But there is none—no knight in panoply, Nor Love, intrenched in his strong steely coat: No little speck-no sail-no helper nigh, No sign—no whispering—no plash of boat :-The distant shores show dimly and remote, Made of a deeper mist,—serene and grey,-And slow and mute the cloudy shadows float Over the gloomy wave, and pass away, Chased by the silver beams that on their marges play.

And bright and silvery the willows sleep Over the shady verge-no mad winds tease Their hoary heads; but quietly they weep Their sprinkling leaves—half fountains and half trees: There lilies be—and fairer than all these,

THE TWO SWANS

A solitary Swan her breast of snow Launches against the wave that seems to freeze Into a chaste reflection, still below, Twin-shadow of herself wherever she may go.

And forth she paddles in the very noon Of solemn midnight, like an elfin thing Charmed into being by the argent moon-Whose silver light for love of her fair wing Goes with her in the shade, still worshipping Her dainty plumage: -all around her grew A radiant circlet, like a fairy ring; And all behind, a tiny little clue

Of light, to guide her back across the waters blue.

And sure she is no meaner than a fay Redeemed from sleepy death, for beauty's sake, By old ordainment:—silent as she lay, Touched by a moonlight wand I saw her wake, And cut her leafy slough and so forsake The verdant prison of her lily peers, That slept amidst the stars upon the lake— A breathing shape—restored to human fears, And new-born love and grief—self-conscious of her tears.

And now she clasps her wings around her heart, And near that lonely isle begins to glide, Pale as her fears, and oft-times with a start Turns her impatient head from side to side In universal terrors—all too wide To watch: and often to that marble keep Upturns her pearly eyes, as if she spied Some foe, and crouches in the shadows steep That in the gloomy wave go diving fathoms deep.

And well she may, to spy that fearful thing All down the dusky walls in circlets wound; Alas! for what rare prize, with many a ring Girding the marble casket round and round? His folded tail, lost in the gloom profound,

Terribly darkeneth the rocky base;
But on the top his monstrous head is crowned
With prickly spears, and on his doubtful face
Gleam his unwearied eyes, red watchers of the place.

Alas! of the hot fires that nightly fall,
No one will scorch him in those orbs of spite,
So he may never see beneath the wall
That timid little creature, all too bright,
That stretches her fair neck, slender and white,
Invoking the pale moon, and vainly tries
Her throbbing throat, as if to charm the night
With song—but, hush—it perishes in sighs,
And there will be no dirge sad-swelling, though she dies!

She droops—she sinks—she leans upon the lake, Fainting again into a lifeless flower; But soon the chilly springs anoint and wake Her spirit from its death, and with new power She sheds her stifled sorrows in a shower Of tender song, timed to her falling tears—That wins the shady summit of that tower, And, trembling all the sweeter for its fears, Fills with imploring moan that cruel monster's ears.

And, lo! the scaly beast is all deprest,
Subdued like Argus by the might of sound—
What time Apollo his sweet lute addrest
To magic converse with the air, and bound
The many monster eyes, all slumber-drowned:—
So on the turret-top that watchful Snake
Pillows his giant head, and lists profound,
As if his wrathful spite would never wake,
Charmed into sudden sleep for Love and Beauty's sake!

His prickly crest lies prone upon his crown, And thirsty lip from lip disparted flies, To drink that dainty flood of music down—His scaly throat is big with pent-up sighs—And whilst his hollow ear entranced lies,

THE TWO SWANS

His looks for envy of the charmèd sense Are fain to listen, till his steadfast eyes, Stung into pain by their own impotence, Distil enormous tears into the lake immense.

Oh, tuneful Swan! oh, melancholy bird!
Sweet was that midnight miracle of song,
Rich with ripe sorrow, needful of no word
To tell of pain, and love, and love's deep wrong—
Hinting a piteous tale—perchance how long
Thy unknown tears were mingled with the lake,
What time disguised thy leafy mates among—
And no eye knew what human love and ache
Dwelt in those dewy leaves, and heart so nigh to break.

Therefore no poet will ungently touch
The water-lily, on whose eyelids dew
Trembles like tears; but ever hold it such
As human pain may wander through and through,
Turning the pale leaf paler in its hue—
Wherein life dwells, transfigured, not entombed,
By magic spells. Alas! who ever knew
Sorrow in all its shades, leafy and plumed,
Or in gross husks of brutes eternally inhumed?

And now the winged song has scaled the height Of that dark dwelling, builded for despair, And soon a little casement flashing bright Widens self-opened into the cool air—
That music like a bird may enter there And soothe the captive in his stony cage; For there is nought of grief, or painful care, But plaintive song may happily engage
From sense of its own ill, and tenderly assuage.

And forth into the light, small and remote, A creature, like the fair son of a king, Draws to the lattice in his jewelled coat Against the silver moonlight glistening, And leans upon his white hand listening

To that sweet music that with tenderer tone Salutes him, wondering what kindly thing Is come to soothe him with so tuneful moan, Singing beneath the walls as if for him alone!

And while he listens, the mysterious song, Woven with timid particles of speech, Twines into passionate words that grieve along The melancholy notes, and softly teach The secrets of true love,—that trembling reach His earnest ear, and through the shadows dun He missions like replies, and each to each Their silver voices mingle into one,

Like blended streams that make one music as they run.

"Ah, Love! my hope is swooning in my heart,-"

"Ay, sweet! my cage is strong and hung full high-"

" Alas! our lips are held so far apart,

Thy words come faint,—they have so far to fly !—"

"If I may only shun that serpent-eye!-"

"Ah me! that serpent-eye doth never sleep;-"

"Then nearer thee, Love's martyr, I will die!--"

"Alas, alas! that word has made me weep! For pity's sake remain safe in thy marble keep!"

"My marble keep! it is my marble tomb—"

"Nay, sweet! but thou hast there thy living breath—"

"Aye to expend in sighs for this hard doom;-"

"But I will come to thee and sing beneath,
And nightly so beguile this serpent wreath;—"

"Nay, I will find a path from these despairs."
"Ah! needs then thou must tread the back of death,

Making his stony ribs thy stony stairs.— Behold his ruby eye, how fearfully it glares!"

Full sudden at these words, the princely youth Leaps on the scaly back that slumbers, still Unconscious of his foot, yet not for ruth, But numbed to dulness by the fairy skill Of that sweet music (all more wild and shrill

THE TWO SWANS

For intense fear) that charmed him as he lay— Meanwhile the lover nerves his desperate will, Held some short throbs by natural dismay, Then down the serpent-track begins his darksome way.

Now dimly seen—now toiling out of sight, Eclipsed and covered by the envious wall; Now fair and spangled in the sudden light, And clinging with wide arms for fear of fall: Now dark and sheltered by a kindly pall Of dusky shadow from his wakeful foe; Slowly he winds adown—dimly and small, Watched by the gentle Swan that sings below, Her hope increasing, still, the larger he doth grow.

But nine times nine the Serpent folds embrace
The marble walls about—which he must tread
Before his anxious foot may touch the base:
Long is the dreary path, and must be sped!
But Love, that holds the mastery of dread,
Braces his spirit, and with constant toil
He wins his way, and now, with arms outspread,
Impatient plunges from the last long coil:
So may all gentle Love ungentle Malice foil!

The song is hushed, the charm is all complete, And two fair Swans are swimming on the lake: But scarce their tender bills have time to meet, When fiercely drops adown that cruel Snake—His steely scales a fearful rustling make, Like autumn leaves that tremble and foretell The sable storm;—the plumy lovers quake—And feel the troubled waters pant and swell, Heaved by the giant bulk of their pursuer fell.

His jaws, wide yawning like the gates of Death, His horrible pursuit—his red eyes glare The waters into blood—his eager breath Grows hot upon their plumes:—now, minstrel fair! She drops her ring into the waves, and there

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FAR

It widens all around, a fairy ring Wrought of the silver light—the fearful pair Swim in the very midst, and pant and cling The closer for their fears, and tremble wing to wing.

Bending their course over the pale grey lake, Against the pallid East, wherein light played In tender flushes, still the baffled Snake Circled them round continually, and bayed Hoarsely and loud, forbidden to invade The sanctuary ring: his sable mail Rolled darkly through the flood, and writhed and made A shining track over the waters pale, Lashed into boiling foam by his enormous tail.

And so they sailed into the distance dim, Into the very distance—small and white, Like snowy blossoms of the spring that swim Over the brooklets—followed by the spite Of that huge Serpent, that with wild affright Worried them on their course, and sore annoy, Till on the grassy marge I saw them 'light, And change, anon, a gentle girl and boy, Locked in embrace of sweet unutterable joy!

Then came the Morn, and with her pearly showers Wept on them, like a mother, in whose eyes Tears are no grief; and from his rosy bowers The Oriental sun began to rise, Chasing the darksome shadows from the skies: Wherewith that sable Serpent far away Fled, like a part of night-delicious sighs From waking blossoms purified the day, And little birds were singing sweetly from each spray. THOMAS HOOD

THE EARL OF MAR'S DAUGHTER

324 THE EARL OF MAR'S DAUGHTER

It was intill a pleasant time, Upon a simmer's day, The noble Earl of Mar's daughter Went forth to sport and play.

As thus she did amuse hersell, Below a green aik tree, There she saw a sprightly doo ¹ Set on a tower sae hie.

"O Cow-me-doo, my love sae true,
If ye'll come down to me,
Ye'se hae a cage o' guid red gowd
Instead o' simple tree:

"I'll put gowd hingers 2 roun' your cage, And siller roun' your wa'; I'll gar 3 ye shine as fair a bird As ony o' them a'."

But she hadnae these words well spoke, Nor yet these words well said, Till Cow-me-doo flew frae the tower And lighted on her head.

Then she has brought this pretty bird Hame to her bowers and ha', And made him shine as fair a bird As ony o' them a'.

When day was gane, and night was come, About the evening tide This lady spied a sprightly youth Stand straight up by her side.

"From whence came ye, young man?" she said;
"That does surprise me sair;
My door was bolted right secure,
What way hae ye come here?"

1 Dove

² Trappings ³ Make

FAR

- "O had ' your tongue, ye lady fair, Lat a' your folly be; Mind ye not on your turtle-doo Last day ye brought wi' thee?"
- "O tell me mair, young man," she said,
 "This does surprise me now;
 What country hae ye come frae?
 What pedigree are you?"
- "My mither lives on foreign isles, She has nae mair but me; She is a queen o' wealth and state, And birth and high degree.
- "Likewise well skilled in magic spells, As ye may plainly see, And she transformed me to yon shape, To charm such maids as thee.
- "I am a doo the live-lang day,
 A sprightly youth at night;
 This aye gars me appear mair fair
 In a fair maiden's sight.
- "And it was but this verra day
 That I came ower the sea;
 Your lovely face did me enchant;
 I'll live and dee wi' thee."
- "O Cow-me-doo, my luve sae true, Nae mair frae me ye'se gae"; "That's never my intent, my luve,
- "That's never my intent, my luve, As ye said, it shall be sae. . . ."

¹ Hold

THE BROOMFIELD HILL

THE BROOMFIELD HILL

Brome, brome on hill,
The gentle brome on hill, hill,
Brome, brome on Hive hill,
The gentle brome on Hive hill,
The brome stands on Hive hill-a . . .

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"O where were ye, my milk-white steed, That I hae coft 1 sae dear,

That wadna' watch and waken me When there was maiden here?"

"I stamped wi' my foot, master, And gard my bridle ring, But na kin thing wald waken ye, Till she was past and gane."

"And wae betide ye, my gay goss-hawk,
That I did love sae dear,
That wadna' watch and waken me

That wadna' watch and waken me When there was maiden here."

"I clappèd wi' my wings, master, And aye my bells I rang,

And aye cryed, Waken, waken, master, Before the ladye gang."

"But haste and haste, my guide white steed, To come the maiden till,

Or a' the birds of gude green wood Of your flesh shall have their fill."

"Ye need no burst your gude white steed Wi' racing o'er the howm; 2 Nae bird flies faster through the wood,

Than she fled through the broom."

THE CHANGELING

Toll no bell for me, dear Father, dear Mother, Waste no sighs;

There are my sisters, there is my little brother Who plays in the place called Paradise,

¹ Bought ² The green margin of a river

Your children all, your children for ever; But I, so wild,

Your disgrace, with the queer brown face, was never, Never, I know, but half your child!

In the garden at play, all day, last summer,
Far and away I heard
The sweet "tweet-tweet" of a strange new-comer,
The dearest, clearest call of a bird.

It lived down there in the deep green hollow,
My own old home, and the fairies say
The word of a bird is a thing to follow,
So I was away a night and a day.

One evening, too, by the nursery fire, We snuggled close and sat round so still, When suddenly as the wind blew higher, Something scratched on the window-sill, A pinched brown face peered in—I shivered; No one listened or seemed to see; The arms of it waved and the wings of it quivered. Whoo-I knew it had come for me! Some are as bad as bad can be ! All night long they danced in the rain, Round and round in a dripping chain, Threw their caps at the window-pane, Tried to make me scream and shout And fling the bedclothes all about: I meant to stay in bed that night, And if only you had left a light They would never have got me out!

Sometimes I wouldn't speak, you see,
Or answer when you spoke to me,
Because in the long, still dusks of Spring
You can hear the whole world whispering;
The shy green grasses making love,
The feathers grow on the dear grey dove,
The tiny heart of the redstart beat,
The patter of the squirrel's feet,

THE CHANGELING

The pebbles pushing in the silver streams, The rushes talking in their dreams,

The swish-swish of the bat's black wings, The wild-wood bluebell's sweet ting-tings, Humming and hammering at your ear,

Everything there is to hear In the heart of hidden things.

But not in the midst of the nursery riot,
That's why I wanted to be quiet,
Couldn't do my sums, or sing,
Or settle down to anything.

And when, for that, I was sent upstairs
I did kneel down to say my prayers;
But the King who sits on your high church

But the King who sits on your high church steeple Has nothing to do with us fairy people!

'Times I pleased you, dear Father, dear Mother,
Learned all my lessons and liked to play,
And dearly I loved the little pale brother
Whom some other bird must have called away.
Why did they bring me here to make me
Not quite bad and not quite good,

Why, unless They're wicked, do They want, in spite, to take me

Back to Their wet, wild wood?

Now, every night I shall see the windows shining,

The gold lamp's glow, and the fire's red gleam,

While the best of us are twining twigs and the rest of us are whining

In the hollow by the stream.

Black and chill are Their nights on the wold;

And They live so long and They feel no pain:

I shall grow up, but never grow old,

I shall always, always be very cold,

I shall never come back again!

CHARLOTTE MEW

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THE HOST OF THE AIR

O'Driscoll drove with a song
The wild duck and the drake
From the tall and the tufted reeds
Of the drear Hart Lake.

And he saw how the reeds grew dark At the coming of night tide, And dreamed of the long dim hair Of Bridget his bride.

He heard while he sang and dreamed A piper piping away, And never was piping so sad, And never was piping so gay.

And he saw young men and young girls Who danced on a level place And Bridget his bride among them, With a sad and a gay face.

The dancers crowded about him, And many a sweet thing said, And a young man brought him red wine And a young girl white bread.

But Bridget drew him by the sleeve, Away from the merry bands, To old men playing at cards With a twinkling of ancient hands.

The bread and the wine had a doom, For these were the host of the air; He sat and played in a dream Of her long dim hair.

He played with the merry old men And thought not of evil chance, Until one bore Bridget his bride Away from the merry dance.

THE HOST OF THE AIR

He bore her away in his arms, The handsomest young man there, And his neck and his breast and his arms Were drowned in her long dim hair.

O'Driscoll scattered the cards And out of his dream awoke: Old men and young men and young girls Were gone like a drifting smoke;

But he heard high up in the air A piper piping away, And never was piping so sad, And never was piping so gay.

W. B. YEATS

THE LOVE-TALKER

328

I MET the Love-Talker one eve in the glen, He was handsomer than any of our handsome young men, His eyes were blacker than the sloe, his voice sweeter far Than the crooning of old Kevin's pipes beyond in Coolnagar.

I was bound for the milking with a heart fair and free— My grief! my grief! that bitter hour drained the life from me;

I thought him human lover, though his lips on mine were cold,

And the breath of death blew keen on me within his hold.

I know not what way he came, no shadow fell behind, But all the sighing rushes swayed beneath a faery wind, The thrush ceased its singing, a mist crept about, We two clung together—with the world shut out.

Beyond the ghostly mist I could hear my cattle low, The little cow from Ballina, clean as driven snow, The dun cow from Kerry, the roan from Inisheer, Oh, pitiful their calling—and his whispers in my ear! His eyes were a fire; his words were a snare; I cried my mother's name, but no help was there; I made the blessed Sign; then he gave a dreary moan, A wisp of cloud went floating by, and I stood alone.

Running ever through my head, is an old-time rune—
"Who meets the Love-Talker must weave her shroud soon."
My mother's face is furrowed with the salt tears that fall,
But the kind eyes of my father are the saddest sight of all.

I have spun the fleecy lint, and now my wheel is still,
The linen length is woven for my shroud fine and chill,
I shall stretch me on the bed where a happy maid I lay—
Pray for the soul of Mairė Og at dawning of the day!

ETHNA CARBERY

329 MARIANA

With blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all:
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the pear to the garden-wall.
The broken sheds looked sad and strange:
Unlifted was the clinking latch;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

Her tears fell with the dews at even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.

MARIANA

She only said, "The night is dreary, He cometh not," she said; She said, "I am aweary, aweary, I would that I were dead!"

Upon the middle of the night,

Waking she heard the night-fowl crow:
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.

She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blackened waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The clustered marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark:
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding grey.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.

She only said, "The night is dreary, He cometh not," she said; She said, "I am aweary, aweary, I would that I were dead!"

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creaked;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about.
Old faces glimmered thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.

She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.
Then, said she, "I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said;
She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,
Oh God, that I were dead!"
Alfred, Lord Tennyson

KEITH OF RAVELSTON

330

The murmur of the mourning ghost
That keeps the shadowy kine,
"Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!"

KEITH OF RAVELSTON

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The merry path that leads
Down the golden morning hill,
And thro' the silver meads;

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The stile beneath the tree,
The maid that kept her mother's kine,
The song that sang she!

She sang her song, she kept her kine, She sat beneath the thorn When Andrew Keith of Ravelston Rode thro' the Monday morn.

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring, His belted jewels shine! Oh, Keith of Ravelston, The sorrows of thy line!

Year after year, where Andrew came, Comes evening down the glade, And still there sits a moonshine ghost Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair, She keeps the shadowy kine; Oh, Keith of Ravelston, The sorrows of thy line!

I lay my hand upon the stile, The stile is lone and cold, The burnie that goes babbling by Says naught that can be told.

Yet, stranger! here, from year to year, She keeps her shadowy kine; Oh, Keith of Ravelston, The sorrows of thy line!

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood— Why blanch thy cheeks for fear?

The ancient stile is not alone, 'Tis not the burn I hear!

She makes her immemorial moan, She keeps her shadowy kine; Oh, Keith of Ravelston, The sorrows of thy line!

Sydney Dobell

331

UNWELCOME

WE were young, we were merry, we were very very wise, And the door stood open at our feast, When there passed us a woman with the West in her eyes, And a man with his back to the East.

O, still grew the hearts that were beating so fast, The loudest voice was still. The jest died away on our lips as they passed, And the rays of July struck chill.

The cups of red wine turned pale on the board, The white bread black as soot. The hound forgot the hand of her lord, She fell down at his foot.

Low let me lie, where the dead dog lies, Ere I sit me down again at a feast, When there passes a woman with the West in her eyes, And a man with his back to the East. MARY COLERIDGE

332

ON YES TOR

Beneath our feet, the shuddering bogs Made earthquakes of their own, For greenish-grizzled furtive frogs And lizards lithe and brown:

ON YES TOR

And high to east and south and west, Girt round the feet with gorse, Lay, summering, breast by giant breast, The titan brood of tors;

Golden and phantom-pale they lay, Calm in the cloudless light, Like gods that, slumbering, still survey The obsequious infinite.

Plod, plod, through herbage thin or dense; Past chattering rills of quartz; Across brown bramble-coverts, whence The shy black ouzel darts;

Through empty leagues of broad, bare lands, Beneath the empty skies, Clutched in the grip of those vast hands, Cowed by those golden eyes,

We fled beneath their scornful stare, Like terror-hunted dogs, More timid than the lizards were, And shyer than the frogs.

EDMUND GOSSE

333 THE WITCHES' SONG

- "I HAVE beene all day looking after
 A raven feeding upon a quarter;
 And, soone as she turned her back to the south,
 I snatched this morsell out of her mouth."...
- "I last night lay all alone
 O' the ground, to heare the madrake grone;
 And pluckt him up, though he grew full low:
 And, as I had done, the cocke did crow."...
- "And I ha' been plucking (plants among) Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,

Night-shade, moone-wort, libbards-bane; And twise by the dogges was like to be tane."...

"Yes: I have brought, to helpe your vows, Hornèd poppie, cypresse boughes, The fig-tree wild, that grows on tombes, And juice that from the larch-tree comes, The basiliske's bloud, and the viper's skin; And now our orgies let's begin."

BEN JONSON

334 THE RAVEN

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,— While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping.

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door. "'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door;

Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December, And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore:

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before; So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,

"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door— Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; This it is and nothing more."

THE RAVEN

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer, "Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore; But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came

rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door.

That I scarce was sure I heard you "—here I opened wide the door:—

Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?"

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore:"

Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before. "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore: Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; 'Tis the wind and nothing more.'

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore. Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door.

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door: Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

33

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,— "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly.

Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore; For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door-

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber

With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour. Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he fluttered.

Till I scarcely more than muttered,—"Other friends have

flown before:

On the morrow he will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken, "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store.

Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster

Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore:

Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore Of 'Never-nevermore.'"

THE RAVEN

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling, Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of vore

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore

Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core:

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining. On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er, But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er

She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer

Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore! Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!

Whether Tempter sent or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted, On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore: Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil--prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that Heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn, It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore: Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting. On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door; And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore!

EDGAR ALLAN POE

335 THE WITCH'S BALLAD

O, I hae come from far away,
From a warm land far away,
A southern land across the sea,
With sailor-lads about the mast,
Merry and canny, and kind to me.

THE WITCH'S BALLAD

And I hae been to yon town
To try my luck in yon town;
Nort, and Mysie, Elspie too.
Right braw we were to pass the gate,
Wi' gowden-clasps on girdles blue.

Mysie smiled wi' miminy mouth,
Innocent mouth, miminy mouth;
Elspie wore a scarlet gown.
Nort's grey eyes were unco' gleg.¹
My Castile comb was like a crown.

We walk'd abreast all up the street, Into the market up the street; Our hair with marigolds was wound, Our bodices with love-knots laced, Our merchandise with tansy bound.

Nort had chickens, I had cocks; Gamesome cocks, loud-crowing cocks; Mysie ducks, and Elspie drakes,— For a wee groat or a pound We lost nae time wi' gives and takes.

—Lost nae time for well we knew, In our sleeves full well we knew, When the gloaming came that night, Duck nor drake, nor hen nor cock Would be found by candle-light.

And when our chaffering all was done, All was paid for, sold and done, We drew a glove on ilka hand, We sweetly curtsied, each to each. And deftly danced a saraband.

The market-lassies looked and laughed,
Left their gear, and looked and laughed;
They made as they would join the game,
But soon their mithers, wild and wud,²
With whack and screech they stopped the same.

¹ Wild and lively

Sae loud the tongues o' randies 1 grew,
The flytin' 2 and the skirlin' grew,
At all the windows in the place,
Wi' spoons or knives, wi' needle or awl,
Was thrust out every hand and face.

And down each stair they thronged anon, Gentle, semple, thronged anon; Souter 3 and tailor, frowsy Nan, The ancient widow young again, Simpering behind her fan.

Without a choice, against their will, Doited, dazed, against their will, The market lassie and her mither, The farmer and his husbandman, Hand in hand dance a' thegither.

Slow at first, but faster soon,
Still increasing, wild and fast,
Hoods and mantles, hats and hose,
Blindly doffed and cast away,
Left them naked, heads and toes.

They would have torn us limb from limb,
Dainty limb from dainty limb;
But never one of them could win
Across the line that I had drawn
With bleeding thumb a-widdershin.

But there was Jeff the provost's son, Jeff the provost's only son; There was Father Auld himsel', The Lombard frae the hostelry, And the lawyer Peter Fell.

All goodly men we singled out, Waled ⁵ them well, and singled out, And drew them by the left hand in;

¹ Carousers

² Brawling

³ Cobbler

⁴ Spellbound

⁵ Chose

THE WITCH'S BALLAD

Mysie the priest, and Elspie won The Lombard, Nort the lawyer carle, I mysel' the provost's son.

Then, with cantrip 1 kisses seven,
Three times round with kisses seven,
Warped and woven there spun we
Arms and legs and flaming hair,
Like a whirlwind on the sea.

Like a wind that sucks the sea,
Over and in and on the sea,
Good sooth it was a mad delight;
And every man of all the four
Shut his eyes and laughed outright.

Laughed as long as they had breath,
Laughed while they had sense or breath;
And close about us coiled a mist
Of gnats and midges, wasps and flies,
Like the whirlwind shaft it rist.

Drawn up I was right off my feet,
Into the mist and off my feet;
And, dancing on each chimney-top,
I saw a thousand darling imps
Keeping time with skip and hop.

And on the provost's brave ridge-tile,
On the provost's grand ridge-tile,
The Blackamoor first to master me
I saw, I saw that winsome smile,
The mouth that did my heart beguile,
And spoke the great Word over me,
In the land beyond the sea.

I called his name, I called aloud,
Alas! I called on him aloud;
And then he filled his hand with stour,²
And threw it towards me in the air;
My mouse flew out, I lost my pow'r!

¹ Witching ² Dust: reek

My lusty strength, my power were gone;
Power was gone, and all was gone.
He will not let me love him more!
Of bell and whip and horse's tail
He cares not if I find a store.

But I am proud if he is fierce!
I am as proud as he is fierce;
I'll turn about and backward go,
If I meet again that Blackamoor,
And he'll help us then, for he shall know
I seek another paramour.

And we'll gang once more to yon town,
Wi' better luck to yon town;
We'll walk in silk and cramoisie,
And I shall wed the provost's son
My lady of the town I'll be!

For I was born a crowned king's child, Born and nursed a king's child, King o' a land ayont the sea, Where the Blackamoor kissed me first, And taught me art and glamourie.

Each one in her wame shall hide
Her hairy mouse, her wary mouse,
Fed on madwort and agramie,—
Wear amber beads between her breasts,
And blind-worm's skin about her knee.

The Lombard shall be Elspie's man, Elspie's gowden husband-man; Nort shall take the lawyer's hand; The priest shall swear another vow; We'll dance again the saraband!

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

ANNAN WATER

Annan Water's wading deep,
"And my Love Annie's wondrous bonny;
And I am loath she should wet her feet,
Because I love her best of ony."

He's loupen on his bonny gray,

He rode the right gate ¹ and the ready; ²

For all the storm he wadna stay,

For seeking of his bonny lady.

And he has ridden o'er field and fell,

Through moor, and moss, and many a mire;
His spurs of steel were sair to bide,

And from her four feet flew the fire.

"My bonny gray, now play your part!

If ye be the steed that wins my dearie,
With corn and hay ye'll be fed for aye,
And never spur shall make you wearie."

The gray was a mare, and a right gude mare; But when she wan the Annan Water, She should not have ridden the ford that night Had a thousand marks been wadded at her.

"O boatman, boatman, put off your boat, Put off your boat for golden money!" But for all the gold in fair Scotland, He dared not take him through to Annie.

"O I was sworn so late yestreen, Not by a single oath, but mony! I'll cross the drumly stream to-night, Or never could I face my honey."

The side was steep, and the bottom deep, From bank to brae the water pouring; The bonny gray mare she swat for fear, For she heard the Water-Kelpy roaring.

¹ Road 2 Nearest

He spurred her forth into the flood,

I wot she swam both strong and steady;
But the stream was broad, and her strength did fail,

And he never saw his bonny lady!

337

SONG

AH! County Guy, the hour is nigh:
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea,
The lark, his lay who thrilled all day,
Sits hushed his partner nigh:
Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?—

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier;
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky,
And high and low the influence know—
But where is County Guy?

SIR WALTER SCOTT

338

DEADMAN'S DIRGE

Prayer unsaid, and Mass unsung, Deadman's dirge must still be rung: Dingle-dong, the dead-bells sound! Mermen chant his dirge around!

Wash him bloodless, smooth him fair, Stretch his limbs, and sleek his hair:

Dingle-dong, the dead-bells go!

Mermen swing them to and fro!

DEADMAN'S DIRGE

In the wormless sand shall he Feast for no foul glutton be: Dingle-dong, the dead-bells chime! Mermen keep the tone and time!

We must with a tombstone brave Shut the shark out from his grave: Dingle-dong, the dead-bells toll! Mermen dirgers ring his knoll!

Such a slab will we lay o'er him, All the dead shall rise before him: Dingle-dong, the dead-bells boom! Mermen lay him in his tomb! GEORGE DARLEY

BOATS AT NIGHT

How lovely is the sound of oars at night And unknown voices, borne through windless air, From shadowy vessels floating out of sight Beyond the harbour lantern's broken glare To those piled rocks that make on the dark wave Only a darker stain. The splashing oars Slide softly on as in an echoing cave And with the whisper of the unseen shores Mingle their music, till the bell of night Murmurs reverberations low and deep That droop towards the land in swooning flight Like whispers from the lazy lips of sleep. The oars grow faint. Below the cloud-dim hill The shadows fade and now the bay is still. EDWARD SHANKS

A VOICE SINGS

HEAR, sweet spirit, hear the spell, Lest a blacker charm compel! So shall the midnight breezes swell With thy deep long-lingering knell.

339

340

And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chaunters, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chaunt for thee,
Miserere Domine!

Hark, the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars; and say,
Miserere Domine!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

341 THE WANDERING SPECTRE

Wae's me, wae's me,
The acorn's not yet
Fallen from the tree
That's to grow the wood,
That's to make the cradle,
That's to rock the bairn,
That's to grow a man,
That's to lay me.

342 LUCIFER IN STARLIGHT

On a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose.

Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend
Above the rolling ball in cloud part screened,
Where sinners hugged their spectre of repose.
Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.
And now upon his western wing he leaned,
Now his huge bulk o'er Afric's sands careened,
Now the black planet shadowed Arctic snows.
Soaring through wider zones that pricked his scars
With memory of the old revolt from Awe,
He reached a middle height, and at the stars,
Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and sank.
Around the ancient track marched rank on rank,
The army of unalterable law.

George Meredith

THERE WAS A KNIGHT

There was a knicht riding frae the east, fennifer gentle an' rosemaree.

Who had been wooing at monie a place,
As the doo 1 flies owre the mulberry tree.

He cam' unto a widow's door, And speird 2 whare her three dochters were.

"The auldest ane's to a washing gane, The second's to a baking gane."

"The youngest ane's to a wedding gane, And it will be nicht or 3 she be hame."

He sat him down upon a stane, Till thir three lasses cam' tripping hame.

The auldest ane she let him in, And pinned the door wi' a siller pin.

The second ane she made his bed, And laid saft pillows unto his head.

The youngest ane was bauld ⁴ and bricht, And she tarried for words wi' this unco knicht.—

- "Gin ye will answer me questions ten, The morn ye sall me made my ain:—
- "O what is higher nor 5 the tree? And what is deeper nor the sea?
- "Or what is heavier nor the lead? And what is better nor the bread?
- "Or what is whiter nor the milk? Or what is safter nor the silk?
- "Or what is sharper nor a thorn? Or what is louder nor a horn?

¹ Dove ² Asked ³ Ere ⁴ Bold ⁵ Than

FAR.

- "Or what is greener nor the grass?"
 Or what is waur 1 nor a woman was?"
- "O heaven is higher nor the tree, And hell is deeper nor the sea.
- "O sin is heavier nor the lead, The blessing's better nor the bread.
- "The snaw is whiter nor the milk, And the down is safter nor the silk.
- "Hunger is sharper nor a thorn, And shame is louder nor a horn.
- "The pies are greener nor the grass, And Clootie's waur nor a woman was."

As sune as she the fiend did name, Fennifer gentle an' rosemaree, He flew awa' in a blazing flame, As the doo flies owre the mulberry tree.

344 THE FALSE KNIGHT UPON THE ROAD

"O whare are ye gaun?"

Quo' the fause knicht upon the road:

"I'm gaun to the scule."
Quo' the wee boy, and still he stude.

"What is that upon your back?"

Quo' the fause knicht upon the road:

"Atweel 2 it is my bukes."

Quo' the wee boy, and still he stude.

"What's that ye've got in your arm?"

Quo' the fause knicht upon the road:

"Atweel it is my peit."
Quo' the wee boy, and still he stude.

¹ Worse ² Why, sure ⁹ Peat for school fire

THE FALSE KNIGHT UPON THE ROAD

- "Wha's aucht they sheep?"

 Quo' the fause knicht upon the road:
- "They're mine and my mither's."
 Quo' the wee boy, and still he stude.
- "How monie o' them are mine?"

 Quo' the fause knicht upon the road:
- "A' they that hae blue tails."

 Quo' the wee boy, and still he stude.
- "I wiss ye were on yon tree:"
 Quo' the fause knicht upon the road:
- "And a gude ladder under me."

 Quo' the wee boy, and still he stude.
- "And the ladder for to break:"

 Quo' the fause knicht upon the road:
- "And you for to fa' down."
 Quo' the wee boy, and still he stude.
- "I wiss ye were in yon sie:"
 Quo' the fause knicht upon the road:
- "And a gude bottom 2 under me."
 Quo' the wee boy, and still he stude.
- "And the bottom for to break:"

 Quo' the fause knicht upon the road:
- "And ye to be drowned."

 Quo' the wee boy, and still he stude.

CHRISTABEL

'Trs the middle of night by the castle clock, And the owls have awakened the crowing cock; Tu-whit!——Tu-whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock, How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich, Hath a toothless mastiff bitch;

¹ Who owns ² Vessel, ship

345

From her kennel beneath the rock She maketh answer to the clock, Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour; Ever and aye, by shine and shower, Sixteen short howls, not over loud; Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothèd knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke, The sighs she heaved were soft and low, And naught was green upon the oak But moss and rarest mistletoe: She kneels beneath the huge oak tree, And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is she cannot tell.—
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

CHRISTABEL

The night is chill; the forest bare; Is it the wind that moaneth bleak? There is not wind enough in the air To move away the ringlet curl From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl The one red leaf, the last of its clan, That dances as often as dance it can, Hanging so light, and hanging so high, On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan—
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandaled were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair...

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

346

THE FRUIT PLUCKER

ENCINCTURED with a twine of leaves, That leafy twine his only dress, A lovely Boy was plucking fruits, By moonlight, in a wilderness. The moon was bright, the air was free, And fruits and flowers together grew On many a shrub and many a tree: And all put on a gentle hue, Hanging in the shadowy air Like a picture rich and rare.

It was a climate where, they say,
The night is more beloved than day.
But who that beauteous Boy beguiled,
That beauteous Boy to linger here?
Alone, by night, a little child,
In place so silent and so wild—
Has he no friend, no loving mother near?

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

347 THE HAUNTED PALACE

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago),
And every gentle air that dallied
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid
A wingèd odour went away.

Wanderers, in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne, where sitting
(Porphyrogene),
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

THE HAUNTED PALACE

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home, the glory,
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out for ever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

THE HOUSE OF RICHESSE

348

NEIGHBOURING THE GATE OF HELL INTO WHICH MAMMON

... That houses forme within was rude and strong,
Like an huge cave, hewne out of rocky clift,
From whose rough vaut the ragged breaches hong,
Embost with massy gold of glorious gift,
And with rich metall loaded every rift,

That heavy ruine they did seeme to threat;
And over them Arachne high did lift
Her cunning web, and spred her subtile net,
Enwrappèd in fowle smoke and clouds more blacke then jet.

Both roofe, and floore, and wals were all of gold,
But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkenesse, that none could behold
The hew thereof: for vew of chearefull day
Did never in that house it selfe display,
But a faint shadow of uncertain light;
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away:
Or as the Noone cloathèd with clowdy night,
Does shew to him that walkes in feare and sad affright.

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene,

But huge great yron chests and coffers strong,

All bard with double bends, that none could weene
Them to efforce by violence or wrong;
On every side they placed were along.

But all the ground with sculs was scattered,

And dead mens bones, which round about were flong,

Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left unburied. . . .

EDMUND SPENSER

349

THE OLD CITY

Thou hast come from the old city,
From the gate and the tower,
From King and priest and serving man
And burnished bower,
From beggar's whine and barking dogs,
From prison sealed—
Thou hast come from the old city
Into the field.

¹ Bands

THE OLD CITY

The gables in the old city Are stooping awry, They gloom upon the muddy lanes And smother the sky, And nightly through those mouldy lanes, Moping and slow, They who builded the old city The cold ghosts go.

There is plague in the old city, And the priests are sped To graveyard and vault To bury the dead; Brittle bones and dusty breath To death must yield— Fly, fly, from the old city Into the field!

RUTH MANNING-SANDERS

350

THE TWO SPIRITS

First Spirit.

O Thou, who plumed with strong desire Wouldst float above the earth, beware! A shadow tracks the flight of fire— Night is coming! Bright are the regions of the air, And among the winds and beams It were delight to wander there— Night is coming!

Second Spirit. The deathless stars are bright above; If I would cross the shade of night, Within my heart is the lamp of love, And that is day! And the moon will smile with gentle light On my golden plumes where'er they move; The meteors will linger round my flight; And make night day.

First Spirit.

But if the whirlwinds of darkness waken
Hail, and lightning, and stormy rain;
See, the bounds of the air are shaken—
Night is coming!
The red swift clouds of the hurricane
Yon declining sun have overtaken,
The clash of the hail sweeps over the plain—

Night is coming!

Second Spirit. I see the light, and I hear the sound;
I'll sail on the flood of the tempests dark,
With the calm within and the light around
Which makes night day:
And then, when the gloom is deep and stark,
Look from thy dull earth, slumber-bound;
My moon-like flight thou then may'st mark
On high, far away.

Some say there is a precipice

Where one vast pine is frozen to ruin
O'er piles of snow and chasms of ice

'Mid Alpine mountains;

And that the languid storm pursuing
That wingèd shape, for ever flies

Round those hoar branches, aye renewing
Its aëry fountains.

Some say, when nights are dry and clear,
And the death-dews sleep on the morass,
Sweet whispers are heard by the traveller,
Which make night day;

And a silver shape, like his early love, doth pass

Up-borne by her wild and glittering hair,
And when he awakes on the fragrant grass,
He finds night day.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY



"LILY BRIGHT AND SHINE-A"



SILLY SWEETHEART

351

SILLY Sweetheart, say not nay,
Come away:
All I tell is sweet and merry;
Soon rings evensong, and soon
Where was blossom hangs a berry;
Where was darkness shines a moon.
Prythee, Sweetheart, then I say,
Come, come away.

O away,
Come away:
Maids there are with cheeks like roses,
Thine are roses in the snow.
Fie, the lass whose dainty nose is
Tilted not as one I know.
Nought heeds she, Alackaday!
My, Come, come away.

Come away:
Honeycomb by bees made sweet is;
Dew on apple, bloom on plum;
Hearken, my heart's lightest beat is
Drumming, drumming; haste and come

O away,

Say not nay, then;
Make no stay, then;
Dance thy dainty foot and straying
Come, come away!

LILY BRIGHT AND SHINE-A

352 HERE COMES A LUSTY WOOER

"HERE comes a lusty wooer, My a dildin, my a daldin; Here comes a lusty wooer, Lily bright and shine-a."

"Pray who do you woo?

My a dildin, my a daldin;

Pray who do you woo?

Lily bright and shine-a."

"Woo! Your fairest daughter! My a dildin, my a daldin; Woo! your fairest daughter! Lily bright and shine-a."

"There! there! she is for you, My a dildin, my a daldin;
There! there! she is for you,
Lily bright and shine-a."

353 THREE KNIGHTS FROM SPAIN

We are three Brethren come from Spain,
All in French garlands;
We are come to court your daughter Jane,
And adieu to you, my darlings.

My daughter Jane!—she is too young,
All in French garlands;
She cannot bide your flattering tongue,
And adieu to you, my darlings.

Be she young, or be she old,
All in French garlands;
'Tis for a bride she must be sold,
And adieu to you, my darlings.

A bride, a bride, she shall not be All in French garlands;

THREE KNIGHTS FROM SPAIN

Till she go through this world with me, And adieu to you, my darlings.

Then shall you keep your daughter Jane, All in French garlands; Come once, we come not here again, And adieu to you, my darlings.

Turn back, turn back, you Spanish Knights, All in French garlands; Scour, scour your spurs, till they be bright, And adieu to you, my darlings.

Sharp shine our spurs, all richly wrought, All in French garlands;
In towns afar our spurs were bought
And adieu to you, my darlings.

Smell my lilies, smell my roses,
All in French garlands;
Which of my maidens do you choose?
And adieu to you, my darlings.

Not she. Not she. Thy youngest, Jane!

All in French garlands;

We ride—and ride not back again,

And adieu to you, my darlings.

In every pocket a thousand pound, All in French garlands;
On every finger a gay gold ring,
And adieu to you, my darlings.
And adieu to you, my darlings.

354

THE WHUMMIL BORE

Seven lang years I hae served the King,
Fa fa fa fa lilly:
And I never got a sight of his daughter but ane:
With my glimpy, glimpy, glimpy eedle,

Lillum too tee a ta too a tee a ta a tally.

LILY BRIGHT AND SHINE-A

I saw her thro' a whummil bore, Fa fa fa fa lilly:

And I ne'er got a sight of her no more.

With my glimpy, glimpy, glimpy eedle,

Lillum too tee a ta too a tee a ta a tally.

Twa was putting on her gown, Fa fa fa fa lilly:

And ten was putting pins therein.

With my glimpy, glimpy, glimpy eedle.

Lillum too tee a ta too a tee a ta a tally.

Twa was putting on her shoon, Fa fa fa fa lilly:

And twa was buckling them again.

With my glimpy, glimpy, glimpy eedle.

Lillum too tee a ta too a tee a ta a tally.

Five was combing down her hair, Fa fa fa fa lilly:

And I ne'er got a sight of her nae mair.

With my glimpy, glimpy, glimpy eedle,

Lillum too tee a ta too a tee a ta a tally.

Her neck and breast was like the snow, Fa fa fa fa lilly:

Then from the bore I was forced to go.

With my glimpy, glimpy, glimpy eedle,

Lillum too tee a ta too a tee a ta a tally.

355

HEY, WULLY WINE

HEY, Wully wine, and How, Wully wine, I hope for hame ye'll no' incline; Ye'll better light, and stay a' night, And I'll gie thee a lady fine.

I maun ride hame, I maun gang hame, And bide nae langer here; The road is lang, the mirk soon on, And howlets mak' me fear.

HEY, WULLY WINE

Light down, and bide wi' us a' night,
We'll choose for ye a bonnie lass,
Ye'll get your wield and pick o' them a'
And the time it soon awa' will pass.

Wha will ye gie, if I wi' ye bide, To be my bonny bonny bride, And lie down lovely by my side?

I'll gie thee Kate o' Dinglebell, A bonny body like yersell.

I'll stick her high in yon pear-tree Sweet and meek, and sae is she: I' lo'ed her ance, but she's no' for me Yet I thank ye for your courtesy.

I'll gie thee Rozie o' the Cleugh, I'm sure she'll please thee weel eneugh.

Up wi' her on the bare bane dyke, She'll be rotten or ¹ I'll be ripe: She's made for some ither, and no' me, Yet I thank ye for your courtesy.

Then I'll gie ye Nell o' sweet Sprinkell, Owre Galloway she bears the bell.

I'll set her up in my bed-head, And feed her wi' new milk and bread; She's for nae ither, but just for me, Sae I thank ye for your courtesy.

356 DOWN IN YONDER MEADOW

Down in yonder meadow where the green grass grows, Pretty Pollie Pillicote bleaches her clothes. She sang, she sang, oh, so sweet, She sang, Oh, come over! across the street.

1 Ere

He kissed her, he kissed her, he bought her a gown, A gown of rich cramasie out of the town. He bought her a gown and a guinea gold ring, A guinea, a guinea, a guinea gold ring; Up street, and down, shine the windows made of glass, Oh, isn't Pollie Pillicote a braw young lass? Cherries in her cheeks, and ringlets her hair, Hear her singing Handy, Dandy up and down the stair.

QUOTH JOHN TO JOAN

357

Quoth John to Joan, will thou have me: I prithee now, wilt? and I'll marry thee, My cow, my calf, my house, my rents, And all my lands and tenements:

Oh, say, my Joan, will not that do?
I cannot come every day to woo.

I've corn and hay in the barn hard-by,
And three fat hogs pent up in the sty,
I have a mare and she is coal black,
I ride on her tail to save my back.
Then, say, my Joan, will not that do?
I cannot come every day to woo.

I have a cheese upon the shelf,
And I cannot eat it all myself;
I've three good marks that lie in a rag,
In a nook of the chimney, instead of a bag.
Then, say, my Joan, will not that do?
I cannot come every day to woo.

To marry I would have thy consent,
But faith I never could compliment;
I can say nought but "Hoy, gee ho!"
Words that belong to the cart and the plough.
Oh, say, my Joan, will not that do?
I cannot come every day to woo.

MY MISTRESS IS AS FAIR AS FINE

358 MY MISTRESS IS AS FAIR AS FINE

My mistress is as fair as fine,
Milk-white fingers, cherry nose.
Like twinkling day-stars look her eyne,
Lightening all things where she goes.
Fair as Phoebe, though not so fickle,
Smooth as glass, though not so brickle.

My heart is like a ball of snow
Melting at her lukewarm sight;
Her fiery lips like night-worms glow,
Shining clear as candle-light.
Neat she is, no feather lighter;
Bright she is, no daisy whiter.

359 DIAPHENIA

DIAPHENIA, like the daffdowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams—
How blest were I if thou wouldst prove me.

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power,
For, dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessèd,
When all thy praises are expressèd,
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the Spring,
Or the bees their careful king.
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!
HENRY CONSTABLE.

AEGLAMOUR'S LAMENT

360

362

HERE she was wont to go, and here, and here!
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:
The world may find the spring by following her;
For other print her airy steps ne'er left:
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk;
But like the soft west-wind she shot along;
And where she went, the flowers took thickest root
As she had sowed them with her odourous foot.

BEN JONSON

361 MY TRUE-LOVE HATH MY HEART

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his, By just exchange one for the other given; I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss; There never was a better bargain driven.

His heart in me keeps me and him in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides;
He loves my heart, for once it was his own;
I cherish his because in me it bides.

His heart his wound received from my sight,
My heart was wounded with his wounded heart;
For as from me on him his heart did light,
So still methought in me his heart did smart.

Both equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss, My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

A BIRTHDAY

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickest fruit.

A BIRTHDAY

My heart is like a rainbow shell That paddles in a halcyon sea; My heart is gladder than all these Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

363

LIFE OF LIFE

"Voice in the Air, singing"

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire; then screen them
In those looks, where whose gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
Through the vest which seeks to hide them;
As the radiant lines of morning
Through the clouds ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee,
But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendour,
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

364 A SONNET OF THE MOON

Look how the pale Queen of the silent night Doth cause the ocean to attend upon her, And he, as long as she is in his sight, With his full tide is ready her to honour:

But when the silver waggon of the Moon Is mounted up so high he cannot follow, The sea calls home his crystal waves to moan, And with low ebb doth manifest his sorrow.

So you that are the sovereign of my heart, Have all my joys attending on your will, My joys low-ebbing when you do depart, When you return, their tide my heart doth fill.

So as you come, and as you do depart,
Joys ebb and flow within my tender heart.

CHARLES BEST

365 THE OUTLAW OF LOCH LENE

O MANY a day have I made good ale in the glen,
That came not of stream or malt, like the brewing of men:
My bed was the ground; my roof, the green-wood above;
And the wealth that I sought, one far kind glance from my
Love.

Alas, on that night when the horses I drove from the field That I was not near from terror my angel to shield!

THE OUTLAW OF LOCH LENE

She stretched forth her arms; her mantle she flung to the wind,

And swam o'er Loch Lene, her outlawed lover to find.

O would that a freezing sleet-winged tempest did sweep,
And I and my love were alone, far off on the deep;
I'd ask not a ship, or a bark, or a pinnace, to save—
With her hand round my waist, I'd fear not the wind or the
wave.

'Tis down by the lake where the wild tree fringes its sides, The maid of my heart, my fair one of Heaven resides: I think, as at eve she wanders its mazes among, The birds go to sleep by the sweet wild twist of her song.

JEREMIAH JOHN CALLANAN

366 O WHAT IF THE FOWLER

O what if the fowler my blackbird has taken? The roses of dawn blossom over the sea; Awaken, my blackbird, awaken, awaken, And sing to me out of my red fuchsia tree!

O what if the fowler my blackbird has taken?
The sun lifts his head from the lip of the sea—
Awaken, my blackbird, awaken, awaken,
And sing to me out of my red fuchsia tree!

O what if the fowler my blackbird has taken?

The mountain grows white with the birds of the sea;
But down in my garden forsaken, forsaken,
I'll weep all the day by my red fuchsia tree!

CHARLES DALMON

WHITHER AWAY?

367

"WHERE are you going, Master mine?"
"Mistress of mine, farewell!
Pledge me a cup of golden wine!
Light shall be dark and darkness shine
Before I tell!"

"O go you by the firwoods blue?
And by the Fairies' Trysting Tree?"
"No, for the path is grown with rue
And nightshade's purple fruit, since you
Walked there with me!"

"O go you by the pastures high—A grassy road and daisies fair?"

"No, for I saw them fade and die
On the bright evening, love, that I
Sat with you there."

MARY COLERIDGE

368 BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

Ir was in and about the Martinmas time, When the green leaves were a falling, That Sir John Graeme, in the West Country, Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town, To the place where she was dwelling: "O haste and come to my master dear, Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O hooly, hooly 1 rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by;—
"Young man, I think you're dying."

"O it's I'm sick, and very, very sick,
And 't is a' for Barbara Allan."—
"O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho your heart's blood were a spilling.

"O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,
"When ye was in the tavern a-drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?"

¹ Slowly, softly

BARBARA ALLAN

He turned his face unto the wall, And death was with him dealing: "Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all, And be kind to Barbara Allan."

She had not gane a mile but twa, When she heard the dead-bell ringing, And every jow that the dead-bell gied, It cryed, Woe to Barbara Allan!

"O mother, mother, make my bed! O make it saft and narrow! Since my love died for me to-day, I'll die for him to-morrow."

369

PROUD MAISIE

Proud Maisie is in the wood, Walking so early; Sweet Robin sits on the bush, Singing so rarely.

- "Tell me, thou bonny bird, When shall I marry me?"
- "When six braw gentlemen Kirkward shall carry ye."
- "Who makes the bridal bed, Birdie, say truly?"
- "The grey-headed sexton
 That delves the grave duly."
- "The glowworm o'er grave and stone Shall light thee steady; The owl from the steeple sing Welcome, proud lady."

SIR WALTER SCOTT

A LEAVE TAKING

370

Let us go hence, my songs; she will not hear.

Let us go hence together without fear;

Keep silence now, for singing-time is over,

And over all old things and all things dear.

She loves not you nor me as all we love her.

Yea, though we sang as angels in her ear,

She would not hear.

Let us rise up and part; she will not know.

Let us go seaward as the great winds go,

Full of blown sand and foam; what help is here?

There is no help, for all these things are so,

And all the world is bitter as a tear.

And how these things are, though ye strove to show,

She would not know.

Let us go home and hence; she will not weep.
We gave love many dreams and days to keep,
Flowers without scent, and fruits that would not grow,
Saying, "If thou wilt, thrust in thy sickle and reap."
All is reaped now; no grass is left to mow;
And we that sowed, though all we fell on sleep,
She would not weep.

Let us go hence and rest; she will not love.

She shall not hear us if we sing hereof,

Nor see love's ways, how sore they are and steep.

Come hence, let be, lie still; it is enough.

Love is a barren sea, bitter and deep;

And though she saw all heaven in flower above,

She would not love.

Let us give up, go down; she will not care.
Though all the stars made gold of all the air,
And the sea moving saw before it move
One moon-flower making all the foam-flowers fair;
Though all those waves went over us, and drove
Deep down the stifling lips and drowning hair,
She would not care.

A LEAVE TAKING

Let us go hence, go hence; she will not see.

Sing all once more together; surely she,
She, too, remembering days and words that were,
Will turn a little toward us, sighing; but we,
We are hence, we are gone, as though we had not been there.
Nay, and though all men seeing had pity on me,
She would not see.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

371 THE UNQUIET GRAVE

"THE wind doth blow to-day, my love, And a few small drops of rain; I never had but one true love, In cold grave she was lain.

"I'll do as much for my true love
As any young man may;
I'll sit and mourn all at her grave
For a twelvemonth and a day."

The twelvemonth and a day being up,
The dead began to speak:
"Oh who sits weeping on my grave,

"Oh who sits weeping on my grave, And will not let me sleep?"

"'T is I, my love, sits on your grave, And will not let you sleep; For I crave one kiss of your clay-cold lips, And that is all I seek."

"You crave one kiss of my clay-cold lips; But my breath smells earthy strong; If you have one kiss of my clay-cold lips, Your time will not be long.

"'Tis down in yonder garden green, Love, where we used to walk, The finest flower that ere was seen Is withered to a stalk.

"The stalk is withered dry, my love, So will our hearts decay; So make yourself content, my love, Till God calls you away."

372

A LAMENT: 1547

"DEPARTE, departe, departe—
Allace! I most departe
From hir that hes my hart,
With hairt full soir;
Aganis my will in deid,
And can find no remeid:
I wait the pains of deid—
Can do no moir....

"Adew, my ain sueit thing,
My joy and comforting,
My mirth and sollesing
Of erdly gloir:
Fair weill, my lady bricht,
And my remembrance rycht;
Fair weill and haif gud nycht:
I say no moir."

ALEXANDER SCOTT

373

I DIED TRUE

Lay a garland on my hearse Of the dismal yew; Maidens, willow branches bear; Say I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm From my hour of birth. Upon my buried body lie Lightly, gentle earth!

JOHN FLETCHER

374

SONG

How should I your true love know From another one? By his Cockle hat and staffe, And his Sandal shoone.

He is dead and gone Lady,
He is dead and done,—
At his head a grasse-greene Turfe,
At his heeles a stone.

White his Shrowd as the Mountain Snow, Larded with sweet flowers: Which bewept to the grave did not go, With true-love showres.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

375 IT WAS THE TIME OF ROSES

It was not in the winter Our loving lot was cast: It was the time of roses— We plucked them as we passed!

That churlish season never frowned On early lovers yet! O, no—the world was newly crowned With flowers, when first we met.

'Twas twilight, and I bade you go, But still you held me fast: It was the time of roses— We plucked them as we passed.''...

THOMAS HOOD

AULD ROBIN GRAY

376

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye ¹ at hame, And a' the warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman ² lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride, But saving a croun he had naething else beside:

To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea,

And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa a week but only twa, When my father brak his arm, and the cow was stown awa; My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea— And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin; I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win; Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e Said:—" Jennie, for their sakes, O, marry me!"

My heart it said nay; I look'd for Jamie back; But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack; His ship it was a wrack.... Why didna Jamie dee? Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me?

My father urgit sair: my mother didna speak, But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break: They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at the sea, Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four, When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door, I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he— Till he said:—" I'm come hame to marry thee."

O, sair, sair did we greet,³ and muckle ⁴ did we say; We took but ae kiss, and I bad him gang away; I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee, And why was I born to say, Wae's me!

¹ Cows ² Husband ³ Weep ⁴ Much

AULD ROBIN GRAY

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife ay to be,
For auld Robin Gray, he is kind unto me.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY

377 THE LAWLANDS O' HOLLAND

"The love that I hae chosen,
I'll therewith be content;
The saut sea sall be frozen
Before that I repent.
Repent it sall I never
Until the day I dee;
But the Lawlands o' Holland
Hae twinned my love and me.

"My love he built a bonny ship,
And set her to the main,
Wi' twenty-four brave mariners
To sail her out and hame.
But the weary wind began to rise,
The sea began to rout,
And my love and his bonny ship
Turned withershins about.

"There sall nae mantle cross my back,
No kaim gae in my hair,
Neither sall coal nor candle-light
Shine in my bower mair;
Nor sall I choose anither love,
Until the day I dee,
Sin' the Lawlands o' Holland,
Hae twinned my love and me."

"Noo haud your tongue, my daughter dear, Be still, and bide content; There's ither lads in Galloway; Ye needna sair lament."

"O there is nane in Galloway,
There's nane at a' for me.
I never lo'ed a lad but ane,
And he's drowned in the sea."

378 THE CHURCHYARD ON THE SANDS

My love lies in the gates of foam,
The last dear wreck of shore;
The naked sea-marsh binds her home,
The sand her chamber door.

The gray gull flaps the written stones,
The ox-birds chase the tide;
And near that narrow field of bones
Great ships at anchor ride.

Black piers with crust of dripping green, One foreland, like a hand, O'er intervals of grass between Dim lonely dunes of sand.

A church of silent weathered looks, A breezy reddish tower, A yard whose wounded resting-nooks Are tinged with sorrel flower.

In peace the swallow's eggs are laid Along the belfry walls; The tempest does not reach her shade, The rain her silent halls.

But sails are sweet in summer sky,
The lark throws down a lay;
The long salt levels steam and dry,
The cloud-heart melts away.

And patches of the sea-pink shine,
The pied crows poise and come;
The mallow hangs, the bind-weeds twine,
Where her sweet lips are dumb.

THE CHURCHYARD ON THE SANDS

The passion of the wave is mute;
No sound or ocean shock;
No music save the thrilling flute
That marks the curlew flock....

LORD DE TABLEY

379

ROSE AYLMER

Aн, what avails the sceptred race,
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

380

TO HELEN

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicæan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad air, have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

EDGAR ALLAN POE

381 "THERE IS A LADY SWEET AND KIND"

THERE is a Lady sweet and kind, Was never face so pleased my mind; I did but see her passing by, And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles, Her wit, her voice, my heart beguiles, Beguiles my heart, I know not why, And yet I love her till I die....

Cupid is winged and doth range, Her country so my love doth change: But change she earth, or change she sky, Yet will I love her till I die.

THOMAS FORD

382 "LOVE NOT ME FOR COMELY GRACE"

Love not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part:
No, nor for my constant heart!
For these may fail or turn to ill:
So thou and I shall sever:
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why!
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever.

383

NOW WOLDE

Now wolde I faine some merthės ¹ make, All only for my lady sake, When her I see; But now I am so far fro her It will not be.

1 Praises

NOW WOLDE

Though I be far out of her sight I am her man both day and night And so will be.

Therefore wolde; as I love her,
She loved me.

When she is mery, then I am glad; When she is sory, then I am sad; And cause why,¹ For he liveth not that loveth her As well as I.

She saith that she hath seen it written
That "seldom seen is soon forgotten";
It is not so.
For in good feith, save only her,
I love no mo.²

384 EGYPT'S MIGHT IS TUMBLED DOWN

Egypt's might is tumbled down
Down a-down the deeps of thought;
Greece is fallen and Troy town,
Glorious Rome hath lost her crown,
Venice' pride is nought.

But the dreams their children dreamed Fleeting, unsubstantial, vain, Shadowy as the shadows seemed, Airy nothing, as they deemed, These remain.

MARY COLERIDGE

¹ Good reason why ² More

385

DREAM LOVE

Young Love lies sleeping
In May-time of the year.
Among the lilies,
Lapped in the tender light:
White lambs come grazing,
White doves come building there;
And round about him
The May-bushes are white.

Soft moss the pillow
For oh, a softer cheek;
Broad leaves cast shadow
Upon the heavy eyes:
There winds and waters
Grow lulled and scarcely speak;
There twilight lingers
The longest in the skies.

Young Love lies dreaming;
But who shall tell the dream?
A perfect sunlight
On rustling forest tips;
Or perfect moonlight
Upon a rippling stream;
Or perfect silence,
Or song of cherished lips.

Burn odours round him
To fill the drowsy air;
Weave silent dances
Around him to and fro;
For oh, in waking
The sights are not so fair,
And song and silence
Are not like these below.

Young Love lies dreaming
Till summer days are gone,—

DREAM LOVE

Dreaming and drowsing
Away to perfect sleep:
He sees the beauty
Sun hath not looked upon,
And tastes the fountain
Unutterably deep.

Him perfect music
Doth hush unto his rest,
And through the pauses
The perfect silence calms.
Oh, poor the voices
Of earth from east to west,
And poor earth's stillness
Between her stately palms.

Young Love lies drowsing
Away to poppied death;
Cool shadows deepen
Across the sleeping face:
So fails the summer
With warm, delicious breath;
And what hath autumn
To give us in its place?

Draw close the curtains
Of branched evergreen;
Change cannot touch them
With fading fingers sere:
Here the first violets
Perhaps will bud unseen,
And a dove, may be,
Return to nestle here.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

386 AT COMMON DAWN

AT common dawn there is a voice of bird So sweet, 'tis kin to pain; For love of earthly life it needs be heard, And lets not sleep again.

81

This bird I did one time at midnight hear In wet November wood Say to himself his lyric faint and clear As one at daybreak should.

He ceased; the covert breathed no other sound, Nor moody answer made; But all the world at beauty's worship found, Was waking in the glade.

VIVIAN LOCKE ELLIS



ËCHOTHEN SHALL AGAIN TELL HER I FOLLOW." •



387

GLYCINE'S SONG

A SUNNY shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted:
And poised therein a bird so bold—
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!

He sank, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled Within that shaft of sunny mist; His eyes of fire, his beak of gold, All else of amethyst!

And thus he sang: "Adieu! adieu! Love's dreams prove seldom true. The blossoms, they make no delay: The sparkling dew-drops will not stay.

Sweet month of May,
We must away;
Far, far away!
To-day! to-day!"
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

388

THE CRYSTAL CABINET

THE Maiden caught me in the wild, Where I was dancing merrily; She put me into her Cabinet, And locked me up with a golden key.

This Cabinet is formed of Gold And Pearl and Crystal shining bright,

"TELL HER I FOLLOW"

And within it opens into a World And a little lovely Moony Night.

Another England there I saw Another London with its Tower, Another Thames and other Hills, And another pleasant Surrey Bower.

Another Maiden like herself, Translucent, lovely, shining clear, Threefold each in the other closed— O, what a pleasant trembling fear!

O, what a smile! a Threefold Smile Filled me, that like a flame I burned; I bent to kiss the lovely Maid, And found a Threefold Kiss returned.

I strove to seize the inmost form With ardour fierce and hands of flame, But burst the Crystal Cabinet, And like a Weeping Babe became—

A Weeping Babe upon the wild, And Weeping Woman pale reclined, And in the outward air again I filled with woes the passing wind.

William Blake

389

THE CHASE

Art thou gone in haste?

I'll not forsake thee;
Runn'st thou ne'er so fast?

I'll overtake thee:
O'er the dales, o'er the downs,

Through the green meadows,
From the fields through the towns,

To the dim shadows.

THE CHASE

All along the plain,
To the low fountains,
Up and down again
From the high mountains;
Echo then shall again
Tell her I follow,
And the floods to the woods
Carry my holla!
Holla!
Ce! la! ho! ho! hu!

WILLIAM ROWLEY

390

TONY O!

Over the bleak and barren snow A voice there came a-calling; "Where are you going to, Tony O! Where are you going this morning?"

"I am going where there are rivers of wine, The mountains bread and honey; There Kings and Queens do mind the swine, And the poor have all the money."

COLIN FRANCIS

39 I

ROMANCE

When I was but thirteen or so I went into a golden land, Chimborazo, Cotopaxi Took me by the hand.

My father died, my brother too,
They passed like fleeting dreams.
I stood where Popocatapetl
In the sunlight gleams.

I dimly heard the master's voice And boys far-off at play, Chimborazo, Cotopaxi Had stolen me away.

"TELL HER I FOLLOW"

I walked in a great golden dream To and fro from school— Shining Popocatapetl The dusty streets did rule.

I walked home with a gold dark boy, And never a word I'd say, Chimborazo, Cotopaxi Had taken my speech away:

I gazed entranced upon his face Fairer than any flower— O shining Popocatapetl It was thy magic hour:

The houses, people, traffic seemed
Thin fading dreams by day,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
They had stolen my soul away!
WALTER J. TURNER

392

HALLO MY FANCY

In melancholic fancy, Out of myself, In the vulcan dancy, All the world surveying, Nowhere staying,

Just like a fairy elf;
Out o'er the tops of highest mountains skipping,
Out o'er the hill, the trees and valleys tripping,
Out o'er the ocean seas, without an oar or shipping,—
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Amidst the misty vapours
Fain would I know
What doth cause the tapers;
Why the clouds benight us
And affright us.
While we travel here below;

HALLO MY FANCY

Fain would I know what makes the roaring thunder, And what these lightnings be that rend the clouds asunder, And what these comets are on which we gaze and wonder-Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

> Fain would I know the reason, Why the little ant, All the summer season, Layeth up provision On condition

To know no winter's want, And how housewives, that are so good and painful, Do unto their husbands prove so good and gainful; And why the lazy drones to them do prove disdainful— Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?...

> Amidst the foamy ocean, Fain would I know What doth cause the motion. And returning In its journeying, And doth so seldom swerve?

And how the little fishes that swim beneath salt waters, Do never blind their eye; methinks it is a matter An inch above the reach of old Erra Pater!-

Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I be resolved How things are done; And where the bull was calved Of bloody Phalaris, And where the tailor is

That works to the man i' the moon! Fain would I know how Cupid aims so rightly; And how the little fairies do dance and leap so lightly, And where fair Cynthia makes her ambles nightly— Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

> In conceit like Phaeton I'll mount Phoebus' chair

"TELL HER I FOLLOW"

Having ne'er a hat on,
All my hair a-burning
In my journeying;
Hurrying through the air.
Fain would I hear his fiery horses neighing
And see how they on foamy bits are playing,
All the stars and planets I will be surveying!—
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

O from what ground of nature Doth the pelican, That self devouring creature Prove so froward And untoward,

Her vitals for to strain!

And why the subtle fox, while in death's wounds a-lying,
Do not lament his pangs by howling and by crying,
And why the milk-swan doth sing when she's a-dying—

Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I conclude this, At least make essay; What similitude is: Why fowls of a feather Flock and fly together,

And lambs know beasts of prey;
How Nature's alchemists, these small laborious creatures,
Acknowledge still a prince in ordering their matters,
And suffer none to live who slothing lose their features—
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?...

To know this world's centre Height, depth, breadth and length, Fain would I adventure To search the hid attractions Of magnetic actions

And adamantine strength.

Fain would I know, if in some lofty mountain,
Where the moon sojourns, if there be tree or fountain;

HALLO MY FANCY

If there be beasts of prey, or yet be fields to hunt in— Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?...

> Hallo my fancy, hallo, Stay, stay at home with me, I can no longer follow, For thou hast betrayed me, And bewrayed me;

It is too much for thee.

Stay, stay at home with me, leave off thy lofty soaring; Stay then at home with me, and on thy books be poring; For he that goes abroad, lays little up in storing—Thou'rt welcome my fancy, welcome home to me.

WILLIAM CLELAND

393

SONNET

There was an Indian, who had known no change,
Who strayed content along a sunlit beach
Gathering shells. He heard a sudden strange
Commingled noise: looked up; and gasped for speech.
For in the bay, where nothing was before,
Moved on the sea, by magic, huge canoes,
With bellying clothes on poles, and not one oar,
And fluttering coloured signs and clambering crews.

And he, in fear, this naked man alone,
His fallen hands forgetting all their shells,
His lips gone pale, knelt low behind a stone,
And stared, and saw, and did not understand,
Columbus's doom-burdened caravels
Slant to the shore, and all their seamen land.

J. C. Squire

"TELL HER I FOLLOW"

394 ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold, And many goodly states and kingdoms seen: Round many western islands have I been Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies When a new planet swims into his ken; Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

John Keats

395 "TO SEA"

To sea, to sea! The calm is o'er;
The wanton water leaps in sport,
And rattles down the pebbly shore;
The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,
And unseen Mermaids' pearly song
Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.
Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar:

To sea, to sea! the calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea! our wide-winged bark Shall billowy cleave its sunny way, And with its shadow, fleet and dark, Break the caved Tritons' azure day, Like mighty eagle soaring light O'er antelopes on Alpine height.

The anchor heaves, the ship swings free, The sails swell full: To sea, to sea!

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

BERMUDAS

396

BERMUDAS

Where the remote Bermudas ride, In the Ocean's bosom unespied, From a small boat, that rowed along, The listening winds received this song:

"What should we do but sing His praise, That led us through the watery maze, Unto an isle so long unknown, And yet far kinder than our own? Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks That lift the deep upon their backs, He lands us on a grassy stage, Safe from the storms' and prelates' rage: He gave us this eternal Spring Which here enamels everything. And sends the fowls to us in care On daily visits through the air: He hangs in shades the orange bright. Like golden lamps in a green night, And does in the pomegranates close Jewels more rich than Ormus shows; He makes the figs our mouths to meet, And throws the melons at our feet; But apples plants of such a price No tree could ever bear them twice. With cedars, chosen by His hand From Lebanon, He stores the land, And makes the hollow seas, that roar, Proclaim the ambergris on shore. He cast (of which we rather boast) The Gospel's pearl upon our coast: And in these rocks for us did frame A temple where to sound His name. Oh! let our voice His praise exalt, Till it arrive at Heaven's vault, Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may Echo beyond the Mexique bay."

"TELL HER I FOLLOW"

Thus sung they, in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

Andrew Marvell

397

THE OLD SHIPS

I have seen old ships sail like swans asleep
Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,
With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep
For Famagusta and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire;
And all those ships were certainly so old—
Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun
Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
The pirate Genoese
Hell-raked them till they rolled
Blood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold.
But now through friendly seas they softly run,
Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,
Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.

But I have seen
Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn
And image tumbled on a rose-swept bay
A drowsy ship of some yet older day;
And, wonder's breath indrawn,
Thought I—who knows—who knows—but in that same

(Fished up beyond Aeaea, patched up new—Stern painted brighter blue—)
That talkative, bald-headed seaman came
(Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)
From Troy's doom-crimson shore,
And with great lies about his wooden horse
Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.

THE OLD SHIPS

It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows?
—And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
To see the mast burst open with a rose,
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

James Elroy Flecker

398 THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

IN SEVEN PARTS

ARGUMENT: How a Ship having passed the Line is driven by storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the Tropical Latitude of the great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancient Mariner came back to his own Country.

PART I

It is an ancient Mariner, And he stoppeth one of three. "By thy long grey beard and glittering eye, Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide, And I am next of kin; The guests are met, the feast is set: May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand, "There was a ship," quoth he. "Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!" Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye— The Wedding-Guest stood still, And listens like a three years' child: The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone: He cannot choose but hear; And thus spake on that ancient man, The bright-eyed Mariner.

"TELL HER I FOLLOW"

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared, Merrily did we drop Below the kirk, below the hill, Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left, Out of the sea came he! And he shone bright, and on the right Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day, Till over the mast at noon—" The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast, For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall, Red as a rose is she; Nodding their heads before her goes The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast, Yet he cannot choose but hear; And thus spake on that ancient man, The bright-eyed Mariner.

"And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow, As who pursued with yell and blow Still treads the shadow of his foe, And forward bends his head, The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast, And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow, And it grew wondrous cold: And ice, mast-high, came floating by, As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there, The ice was all around: It cracked and growled, and roared and howled, Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross, Thorough the fog it came; As if it had been a Christian soul, We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat, And round and round it flew. The ice did split with a thunder-fit; The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind; The Albatross did follow, And every day, for food or play, Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud, It perched for vespers nine; Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white, Glimmered the white Moon-shine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner! From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—Why look'st thou so?"

—"With my cross-bow I shot the Albatross."

Part II

The Sun now rose upon the right: Out of the sea came he, Still hid in mist, and on the left Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind, But no sweet bird did follow, Nor any day for food or play Came to the mariners' hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head, The glorious Sun uprist: Then all averred, I had killed the bird That brought the fog and mist. 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay, That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew. The furrow followed free; We were the first that ever burst Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down, 'Twas sad as sad could be; And we did speak only to break The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky, The bloody Sun, at noon, Right up above the mast did stand, No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day, We stuck, nor breath nor motion; As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where, And all the boards did shrink;

Water, water, every where, Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ! That ever this should be! Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout The death-fires danced at night; The water, like a witch's oils, Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assured were Of the Spirit that plagued us so; Nine fathom deep he had followed us From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought, Was withered at the root; We could not speak, no more than if We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks Had I from old and young! Instead of the cross, the Albatross About my neck was hung.

PART III

"There passed a weary time. Each throat Was parched, and glazed each eye. A weary time! a weary time! How glazed each weary eye, When looking westward, I beheld A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck, And then it seemed a mist; It moved and moved, and took at last A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist! And still it neared and neared: As if it dodged a water-sprite, It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked, We could nor laugh nor wail; Through utter drought all dumb we stood! I bit my arm, I sucked the blood, And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked, Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more! Hither to work us weal; Without a breeze, without a tide, She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame, The day was well nigh done! Almost upon the western wave Rested the broad bright Sun; When that strange shape drove suddenly Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars, (Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud) How fast she nears and nears! Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun, Like restless gossameres?

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun Did peer, as through a grate?

And is that Woman all her crew? Is that a Death? and are there two? Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free, Her locks were yellow as gold: Her skin was as white as leprosy, The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she, Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came, And the twain were casting dice; "The game is done! I've won! I've won!" Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips: the stars rush out: At one stride comes the dark; With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea, Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon, Too quick for groan or sigh, Each turned his face with a ghastly pang, And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men, (And I heard nor sigh nor groan) With heavy thump, a lifeless lump, They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,— They fled to bliss or woe! And every soul, it passed me by, Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

PART IV

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner! I fear thy skinny hand! And thou art long, and lank, and brown, As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye, And thy skinny hand, so brown."— "Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest! This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone, Alone on a wide wide sea! And never a saint took pity on My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful! And they all dead did lie: And a thousand thousand slimy things Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea, And drew my eyes away; I looked upon the rotting deck, And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray; But or ever a prayer had gusht, A wicked whisper came, and made My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close, And the balls like pulses beat; For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky Lay like a load on my weary eye, And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs, Nor rot nor reek did they: The look with which they looked on me Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell A spirit from on high; But oh! more horrible than that Is the curse in a dead man's eye! Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse, And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky, And no where did abide: Softly she was going up, And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemocked the sultry main, Like April hoar-frost spread; But where the ship's huge shadow lay, The charmèd water burnt alway A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship, I watched the water-snakes: They moved in tracks of shining white, And when they reared, the elfish light Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship I watched their rich attire: Blue, glossy green, and velvet black, They coiled and swam; and every track Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue Their beauty might declare: A spring of love gushed from my heart, And I blessed them unaware: Sure my kind saint took pity on me, And I blessed them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray; And from my neck so free The Albatross fell off, and sank Like lead into the sea.

Part V

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole! To Mary Queen the praise be given! She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven, That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold, My garments all were dank; Sure I had drunken in my dreams, And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs: I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessèd ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind: It did not come anear; But with its sound it shook the sails, That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life! And a hundred fire-flags sheen, To and fro they were hurried about! And to and fro, and in and out, The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud, And the sails did sigh like sedge;

And the rain poured down from one black cloud; The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship, Yet now the ship moved on! Beneath the lightning and the Moon The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose, Nor spake, nor moved their eyes; It had been strange, even in a dream, To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on; Yet never a breeze up-blew; The mariners all 'gan work the ropes, Where they were wont to do; They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son Stood by me, knee to knee: The body and I pulled at one rope, But he said nought to me."—

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"—
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
"Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms, And clustered round the mast; Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths, And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound, Then darted to the Sun; Slowly the sounds came back again, Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky I heard the sky-lark sing; Sometimes all little birds that are, How they seemed to fill the sea and air With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments, Now like a lonely flute; And now it is an angel's song, That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on A pleasant noise till noon, A noise like of a hidden brook In the leafy month of June, That to the sleeping woods all night Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we silently sailed on, Yet never a breeze did breathe: Slowly and smoothly went the ship, Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep, From the land of mist and snow, The spirit slid: and it was he That made the ship to go. The sails at noon left off their tune, And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast, Had fixed her to the ocean; But in a minute she 'gan stir, With a short uneasy motion—Backwards and forwards half her length With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go, She made a sudden bound: It flung the blood into my head, And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay, I have not to declare; But ere my living life returned, I heard and in my soul discerned Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man? By him who died on cross, With his cruel bow he laid full low The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself In the land of mist and snow, He loved the bird that loved the man Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice, As soft as honey-dew: Quoth he, "The man hath penance done, And penance more will do."

PART VI

First Voice. "But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?"

Second Voice. "Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go; For she guides him smooth or grim.

See, brother, see! how graciously She looketh down on him."

First Voice. "But why drives on that ship so fast, Withouten wave or wind?"

Second Voice. "The air is cut away before, And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high! Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated."—

I woke, and we were sailing on As in a gentle weather: 'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high; The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck, For a charnel-dungeon fitter: All fixed on me their stony eyes, That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died, Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me, Nor sound nor motion made: Its path was not upon the sea, In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek Like a meadow-gale of spring— It mingled strangely with my fears, Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, Yet she sailed softly too: Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze— On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed The light-house top I see? Is this the hill? is this the kirk? Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar, And I with sobs did pray— O let me be awake, my God! Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass, So smoothly it was strewn! And on the bay the moonlight lay, And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less, That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light, Till rising from the same, Full many shapes, that shadows were, In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow Those crimson shadows were: I turned my eyes upon the deck— Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat, And, by the holy rood! A man all light, a seraph-man, On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand: It was a heavenly sight! They stood as signals to the land, Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand, No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars, I heard the Pilot's cheer; My head was turned perforce away, And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy, I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice: It is the Hermit good! He singeth loud his godly hymns That he makes in the wood. He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away The Albatross's blood.

PART VII

This Hermit good lives in that wood Which slopes down to the sea. How loudly his sweet voice he rears! He loves to talk with marineres That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve— He hath a cushion plump: It is the moss that wholly hides The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk, "Why, this is strange, I trow! Where are those lights so many and fair, That signal made but now?"

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said—
"And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag My forest-brook along; When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow, And the owlet whoops to the wolf below, That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look— (The Pilot made reply) I am a-feared"—"Push on, push on!" Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship, But I nor spake nor stirred; The boat came close beneath the ship, And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on, Still louder and more dread: It reached the ship, it split the bay; The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound, Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship, The boat spun round and round; And all was still, save that the hill Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked And fell down in a fit; The holy Hermit raised his eyes, And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree, I stood on the firm land! The Hermit stepped forth from the boat, And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The Hermit crossed his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched With a woful agony, Which forced me to begin my tale; And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour, That agony returns: And till my ghastly tale is told, This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land; I have strange power of speech; That moment that his face I see, I know the man that must hear me: To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door! The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been Alone on a wide wide sea: So lonely 'twas, that God himself Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast, 'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk, And all together pray, While each to his great Father bends, Old men, and babes, and loving friends And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!

113

He prayeth well, who loveth well Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best All things both great and small; For the dear God who loveth us, He made and loveth all."—

The Mariner, whose eye is bright, Whose beard with age is hoar, Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned, And is of sense forlorn: A sadder and a wiser man, He rose the morrow morn.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

THE CHILD AND THE MARINER

399

This sailor knows of wondrous lands afar, More rich than Spain, when the Phoenicians shipped Silver for common ballast, and they saw Horses at silver mangers eating grain; This man has seen the wind blow up a mermaid's hair Which, like a golden serpent, reared and stretched To feel the air away beyond her head. . . . He many a tale of wonder told: of where, At Argostoli, Cephalonia's sea Ran over the earth's lip in heavy floods; And then again of how the strange Chinese Conversed much as our homely Blackbirds sing. He told us how he sailed in one old ship Near that volcano Martinique, whose power Shook like dry leaves the whole Caribbean seas; And made the sun set in a sea of fire Which only half was his; and dust was thick On deck, and stones were pelted at the mast. . . .

THE CHILD AND THE MARINER

He told how isles sprang up and sank again, Between short voyages, to his amaze; How they did come and go, and cheated charts; Told how a crew was cursed when one man killed A bird that perched upon a moving barque; And how the sea's sharp needles, firm and strong, Ripped open the bellies of big, iron ships; Of mighty icebergs in the Northern seas, That haunt the far horizon like white ghosts. He told of waves that lift a ship so high. That birds could pass from starboard unto port Under her dripping keel.

Oh, it was sweet
To hear that seaman tell such wondrous tales. . . .
WILLIAM H. DAVIES

400

THE PARROTS

Somewhere, somewhen I've seen, But where or when I'll never know, Parrots of shrilly green With crests of shriller scarlet flying Out of black cedars as the sun was dying Against cold peaks of snow.

From what forgotten life
Of other worlds I cannot tell
Flashes that screeching strife:
Yet the shrill colour and shrill crying
Sing through my blood and set my heart replying
And jangling like a bell.

WILFRID GIBSON

OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desart. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

ST. ANTHONY'S TOWNSHIP

The trees of the elder lands,
Give ear to the march of Time,
To his steps that are heavy and slow
In the streets of ruined cities
That were great awhile ago—
Skeletons bare to the skies
Or mummies hid in the sands,
Wasting to rubble and lime.
Ancient are they and wise;

But the gum-trees down by the creek, Gnarled, archaic and grey, Are even as wise as they.
They have learned in a score of years The lore that their brethren know; For they saw a town arise, Arise and pass.

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402

ST. ANTHONY'S TOWNSHIP

There are pits by the dry, dead river, Whence the diggers won their gold, A circle traced in the grass, A hearthstone long a-cold, A path none come to seek—
The trail of the pioneers—
Where the sheep wind to and fro; And the rest is a tale that is told By voices quavering and weak Of men grown old.

GILBERT SHELDON

403

SILENCE

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave—under the deep—deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound;
No voice is hushed—no life treads silently,
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke, over the idle ground:
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox, or wild hyaena, calls,
And owls, that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

404

KUBLA KHAN

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:

And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree; And here were forests ancient as the hills, Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover! A savage place! as holy and enchanted As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted By woman wailing for her demon-lover! And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething, As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing, A mighty fountain momently was forced: Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail, Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail: And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever It flung up momently the sacred river. Five miles meandering with a mazy motion Through wood and dale the sacred river ran, Then reached the caverns measureless to man. And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean: And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure Floated midway on the waves; Where was heard the mingled measure From the fountain and the caves. It was a miracle of rare device, A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long

KUBLA KHAN

I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise...

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

405

LOST LOVE

His eyes are quickened so with grief, He can watch a grass or leaf Every instant grow; he can Clearly through a flint wall see, Or watch the startled spirit flee From the throat of a dead man.

Across two counties he can hear,
And catch your words before you speak.
The woodlouse, or the maggot's weak
Clamour rings in his sad ear;
And noise so slight it would surpass
Credence:—drinking sound of grass,
Worm talk, clashing jaws of moth
Chumbling holes in cloth:
The groan of ants who undertake
Gigantic loads for honour's sake,
Their sinews creak, their breath comes thin:
Whir of spiders when they spin,
And minute whispering, mumbling, sighs
Of idle grubs and flies.

This man is quickened so with grief, He wanders god-like or like thief Inside and out, below, above, Without relief seeking lost love.

ROBERT GRAVES

406 ECSTASY

I saw a frieze on whitest marble drawn
Of boys who sought for shells along the shore,
Their white feet shedding pallor in the sea,
The shallow sea, the spring-time sea of green
That faintly creamed against the cold, smooth pebbles. . . .

One held a shell unto his shell-like ear And there was music carven in his face, His eyes half-closed, his lips just breaking open To catch the lulling, mazy, coralline roar Of numberless caverns filled with singing seas.

And all of them were hearkening as to singing
Of far-off voices thin and delicate,
Voices too fine for any mortal wind
To blow into the whorls of mortal ears—
And yet those sounds flowed from their grave, sweet faces.

And as I looked I heard that delicate music, And I became as grave, as calm, as still As those carved boys. I stood upon that shore, I felt the cool sea dream around my feet, My eyes were staring at the far horizon...

WALTER J. TURNER

407

THE SEA OF DEATH

... And there were spring-faced cherubs that did sleep Like water-lilies on that motionless deep, How beautiful! with bright unruffled hair On sleek unfretted brows, and eyes that were Buried in marble tombs, a pale eclipse! And smile-bedimpled cheeks, and pleasant lips, Meekly apart, as if the soul intense Spake out in dreams of its own innocence....

THE SEA OF DEATH

So lay they garmented in torpid light, Under the pall of a transparent night, Like solemn apparitions lulled sublime To everlasting rest,—and with them Time Slept, as he sleeps upon the silent face Of a dark dial in a sunless place.

408

THE FROZEN OCEAN

The sea would flow no longer,
It wearied after change,
It called its tides and breakers in,
From where they might range.

It sent an icy message
To every wave and rill;
They lagged, they paused, they stiffened,
They froze, and were still.

It summoned in its currents,

They reached not where they led;
It bound its foaming whirlpools.

"Not the old life," it said,

"Not fishes for the fishermen, Not bold ships as before, Not beating loud for ever Upon the seashore,

"But cold white foxes stepping On to my hard proud breast, And a bird coming sweetly And building a nest.

"My icebergs shall be mountains,
My silent fields of snow
Unmarked shall join the lands' snowfields—
Where, no man shall know."

VIOLA MEYNELL

THE END OF THE WORLD

409

THE snow had fallen many nights and days; The sky was come upon the earth at last, Sifting thinly down as endlessly As though within the system of blind planets Something had been forgot or overdriven. The dawn now seemed neglected in the grey Where mountains were unbuilt and shadowless trees Rootlessly paused or hung upon the air. There was no wind, but now and then a sigh Crossed that dry falling dust and rifted it Through crevices of slate and door and casement. Perhaps the new moon's time was even past. Outside, the first white twilights were too void Until a sheep called once, as to a lamb, And tenderness crept everywhere from it; But now the flock must have strayed far away. The lights across the valley must be veiled, The smoke lost in the greyness or the dusk. For more than three days now the snow had thatched That cow-house roof where it had ever melted With yellow stains from the beasts' breath inside: But yet a dog howled there, though not quite lately. Someone passed down the valley swift and singing, Yes, with locks spreaded like a son of morning; But if he seemed too tall to be a man It was that men had been so long unseen, Or shapes loom larger through a moving snow. And he was gone and food had not been given him. When snow slid from an overweighted leaf, Shaking the tree, it might have been a bird Slipping in sleep or shelter, whirring wings; Yet never bird fell out, save once a dead one-And in two days the snow had covered it. The dog had howled again—or thus it seemed Until a lean fox passed and cried no more. All was so safe indoors where life went on

THE END OF THE WORLD

Glad of the close enfolding snow-O glad To be so safe and secret at its heart, Watching the strangeness of familiar things. They knew not what dim hours went on, went by, For while they slept the clock stopt newly wound As the cold hardened. Once they watched the road, Thinking to be remembered. Once they doubted If they had kept the sequence of the days, Because they heard not any sound of bells. A butterfly, that hid until the Spring Under a ceiling's shadow, dropt, was dead. The coldness seemed more nigh, the coldness deepened As a sound deepens into silences; It was of earth and came not by the air; The earth was cooling and drew down the sky. The air was crumbling. There was no more sky. Rails of a broken bed charred in the grate, And when he touched the bars he thought the sting Came from their heat—he could not feel such cold . . . She said, "O do not sleep, Heart, heart of mine, keep near me. No, no; sleep. I will not lift his fallen, quiet eyelids, Although I know he would awaken then— He closed them thus but now of his own will. He can stay with me while I do not lift them."

GORDON BOTTOMLEY





OLD TALES AND & BALLADRY & & &



FLANNAN ISLE

410

"Though three men dwell on Flannan Isle To keep the lamp alight,
As we steered under the lee, we caught
No glimmer through the night."—

A passing ship at dawn had brought The news; and quickly we set sail, To find out what strange thing might ail The keepers of the deep-sea light.

The Winter day broke blue and bright, With glancing sun and glancing spray, While o'er the swell our boat made way, As gallant as a gull in flight.

But as we neared the lonely Isle,
And looked up at the naked height,
And saw the lighthouse towering white,
With blinded lantern, that all night
Had never shot a spark
Of comfort through the dark,
So ghostly in the cold sunlight
It seemed, that we were struck the while
With wonder all too dread for words.

And as into the tiny creek
We stole beneath the hanging crag,
We saw three queer, black, ugly birds—
Too big, by far, in my belief,
For cormorant or shag—

OLD TALES AND BALLADRY

Like seamen sitting bolt-upright Upon a half-tide reef: But, as we neared, they plunged from sight, Without a sound, or spurt of white.

And still too mazed to speak,
We landed; and made fast the boat;
And climbed the track in single file,
Each wishing he were safe afloat,
On any sea, however far,
So it be far from Flannan Isle:
And still we seemed to climb, and climb,
As though we'd lost all count of time,
And so must climb for evermore.
Yet, all too soon, we reached the door
The black, sun-blistered lighthouse-door,
That gaped for us ajar.

As, on the threshold, for a spell,
We paused, we seemed to breathe the smell
Of limewash and of tar,
Familiar as our daily breath,
As though 'twere some strange scent of death:
And so, yet wondering, side by side,
We stood a moment, still tongue-tied:
And each with black foreboding eyed
The door, ere we should fling it wide,
To leave the sunlight for the gloom:
Till, plucking courage up, at last,
Hard on each other's heels we passed,
Into the living-room.

Yet, as we crowded through the door, We only saw a table, spread
For dinner, meat and cheese and bread;
But, all untouched; and no one there:
As though, when they sat down to eat,
Ere they could even taste,
Alarm had come; and they in haste
Had risen and left the bread and meat:

FLANNAN ISLE

For at the table-head a chair Lay tumbled on the floor.

We listened; but we only heard The feeble cheeping of a bird That starved upon its perch: And, listening still, without a word, We set about our hopeless search.

We hunted high, we hunted low; And soon ransacked the empty house; Then o'er the Island, to and fro, We ranged, to listen and to look In every cranny, cleft or nook That might have hid a bird or mouse: But, though we searched from shore to shore We found no sign in any place: And soon again stood face to face Before the gaping door: And stole into the room once more As frightened children steal. Ay: though we hunted high and low, And hunted everywhere. Of the three men's fate we found no trace Of any kind in any place, But a door ajar, and an untouched meal, And an overtoppled chair.

And as we listened in the gloom
Of that forsaken living-room—
A chill clutch on our breath—
We thought how ill-chance came to all
Who kept the Flannan Light:
And how the rock had been the death
Of many a likely lad:
How six had come to a sudden end,
And three had gone stark mad:
And one whom we'd all known as friend
Had leapt from the lantern one still night,
And fallen dead by the lighthouse wall:

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OLD TALES AND BALLADRY

And long we thought On the three we sought, And of what might yet befall.

Like curs a glance has brought to heel, We listened, flinching there: And looked, and looked, on the untouched meal, And the overtoppled chair.

We seemed to stand for an endless while, Though still no word was said, Three men alive on Flannan Isle, Who thought on three men dead.

WILFRID GIBSON

411

THE GOLDEN VANITY

THERE was a gallant ship, and a gallant ship was she,

Eck iddle du, and the Lowlands low;

And she was called The Goulden Vanitie.

As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

She had not sailed a league, a league but only three, When she came up with a French gallee.

As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

Out spoke the little cabin-boy, out spoke he; "What will you give me if I sink that French gallee?

As ye sail to the Lowlands low."

"I'll give thee gold, and I'll give thee fee, And my eldest daughter thy wife shall be If you sink her off the Lowlands low."

"Then row me up ticht in a black bull's skin, And throw me oer deck-buird, sink I or swim. As ye sail to the Lowlands low."

So they've rowed him up ticht in a black bull's skin, And have thrown him oer deck-buird, sink he or swim.

As they sail to the Lowlands low.

THE GOLDEN VANITY

About, and about, and about went he, Until he cam up with the French gallee. As they sailed to the Lowlands low.

O some were playing cards, and some were playing dice, The boy he had an auger bored holes two at twice; He let the water in, and it dazzled in their eyes, As they sailed to the Lowlands low.

Then some they ran with cloaks, and some they ran with caps,

To try if they could stap the saut-water draps.

As they sailed to the Lowlands low.

About, and about, and about went he, Until he cam back to The Goulden Vanitie. As they sailed to the Lowlands low.

"Now throw me oer a rope and pu me up on buird, And prove unto me as guid as your word.

As ye sail to the Lowlands low."

"We'll no throw ye oer a rope, nor pu you up on buird, Nor prove unto you as guid as our word. As we sail to the Lowlands low."

"You promised me gold, and you promised me fee, Your eldest daughter my wife she should be.

As ye sail to the Lowlands low."

"You shall have gold, and you shall have fee, But my eldest daughter your wife shall never be. As we sail to the Lowlands low."

Out spoke the little cabin-boy, out spoke he;
"Then hang me, I'll sink ye as I sunk the French gallee.

As ye sail to the Lowlands low."

The boy he swam round all by the starboard side, When they pu'd him up on buird it's there he soon died; They threw him o'er deck-buird to go down with the tide, And sink off the Lowlands low.

BROWN ROBYN

It fell upon a Wodensday
Brown Robyn's men went to sea,
But they saw neither moon nor sun,
Nor starlight with their ee.

"We'll cast kevels us amang, See wha the unhappy man may be:" The kevel fell on Brown Robyn, The master-man was hee.

"It is nae wonder," said Brown Robyn,
"Altho I dinna thrive;
[For if the deidly sins be seven,
Befallen me hae five.]

"But tie me to a plank o wude, And throw me in the sea; And if I sink, ye may bid me sink, But if I swim, lat me bee."

They've tyed him to a plank o wude, And thrown him in the sea; He didna sink, tho they bade him sink; He swimd, and they lat him be.—

He hadna been into the sea
An hour but barely three,
Till by and came Our Blessed Lady,
Her dear young son her wi.

"Will ye gang to your men again? Or will ye gang wi me? Will ye gang to the high heavens, Wi my dear son and me?"

"I winna gang to my men again,
For they woud be feared at mee;
But I woud gang to the high heavens,
Wi thy dear son and thee."

BROWN ROBYN

"It's for nae honour ye did to me, Brown Robyn,
It's for nae guid ye did to mee;
But a' is for your fair confession
You've made upon the sea."

413

ONE FRIDAY MORN

One Friday morn when we set sail,

Not very far from land,

We there did espy a fair pretty maid

With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand,

With a comb and a glass in her hand.

While a comb and a glass in her hand.

While the raging seas did roar,

And the stormy winds did blow,

While we jolly sailor-boys were up into the top,

And the land-lubbers lying down below, below, below,

And the land-lubbers lying down below.

Then up starts the captain of our gallant ship,
And a brave young man was he:
"I've a wife and a child in fair Bristol town,
But a widow I fear she will be."

And the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow.

Then up starts the mate of our gallant ship,
And a bold young man was he:
"Oh! I have a wife in fair Portsmouth town,
But a widow I fear she will be."

And the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow.

Then up starts the cook of our gallant ship,
And a gruff old soul was he:
"Oh! I have a wife in fair Plymouth town,
But a widow I fear she will be."

And the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow.

And then up spoke the little cabin-boy,
And a pretty little boy was he;
"Oh! I am more grieved for my daddy and my mammy
Than you for your wives all three."

And the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow.

Then three times round went our gallant ship, And three times round went she; And three times round went our gallant ship, And she sank to the bottom of the sea....

And the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow.

While we jolly sailor-boys were up into the top,
And the land-lubbers lying down below, below,
And the land-lubbers lying down below.

414 THE SHIP

There was no song nor shout of joy
Nor beam of moon or sun,
When she came back from the voyage
Long ago begun;
But twilight on the waters
Was quiet and grey,
And she glided steady, steady and pensive,
Over the open bay.

Her sails were brown and ragged,
And her crew hollow-eyed,
But their silent lips spoke content
And their shoulders pride;
Though she had no captives on her deck,
And in her hold
There were no heaps of corn or timber
Or silks or gold.

J. C. SQUIRE

THE MOON-CHILD

THE MOON-CHILD

415

A LITTLE lonely child am I
That have not any soul:
God made me as the homeless wave,
That has no goal.

A seal my father was, a seal That once was man; My mother loved him tho' he was 'Neath mortal ban.

He took a wave and drowned her,
She took a wave and lifted him:
And I was born where shadows are
In sea-depths dim.

All through the sunny blue-sweet hours I swim and glide in waters green:

Never by day the mournful shores

By me are seen.

But when the gloom is on the wave A shell unto the shore I bring:
And then upon the rocks I sit
And plaintive sing.

I have no playmate but the tide

The seaweed loves with dark brown eyes:
The night-waves have the stars for play,
For me but sighs.

"FIONA MACLEOD" (WILLIAM SHARP)

416

THE MERMAID

To you fause stream that, by the sea, Hides mony an elf and plum,¹ And rives wi' fearful din the stanes, A witless knicht did come.

1 Pool

The day shines clear. Far in he's gane, Whar shells are silver bright; Fishes war loupin' 1 a' aroun' An' sparklin' to the light.

When, as he laved, sounds came sae sweet Frae ilka rock ajee; ² The brief ³ was out; 'twas him it doomed The mermaid's face to see.

Frae 'neath a rock sune, sune she rose, An' stately on she swam, Stopped i' the midst, and becked and sang For him to stretch his han';

Gowden glist the yellow links
That roun' her neck she'd twine;
Her een war o' the skyie blue,
Her lips did mock the wine.

The smile upon her bonnie cheek
Was sweeter than the bee;
Her voice excelled the birdie's sang
Upon the birchen tree.

Sae couthie, couthie did she look, And meikle had she fleeched; ⁴ Out shot his hand—alas! alas! Fast in the swirl he screeched.

The mermaid leuched; ⁵ her brief was dane; The kelpie's blast was blawin': Fu' low she dived, ne'er cam' again; For deep, deep was the fawin'.

Aboon the stream his wraith was seen:
Warlocks tirled lang at gloamin':
That e'en was coarse; 6 the blast blew hoarse
Ere lang the waves war foamin'.

¹ Leaping ² Crooked, awry ³ Spell ⁴ Charmed and cozened ⁵ Laughed ⁶ Foul

417

QUO' THE TWEED

Quo' the Tweed to the Till,
"What gars ye gang sae still?"
Quo' the Till to the Tweed,
"Though ye rin wi' speed,
And I rin slaw,
For ilka ane that ye droon,
I droon twa."

418

SIR PATRICK SPENCE

The king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
"O whar will I get ae guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?"

Up and spak an eldern knicht, Sat at the king's richt kne; "Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid letter, And signd it wi his hand, And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence, Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red, A loud lauch lauched he; The next line that Sir Patrick red, The teir blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has done this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se!

"Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all, Our guid schip sails the morne." "O say na sae, my master deir,

Fir I feir a deadlie storme.

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone Wi' the auld moone in hir arme, And I feir, I feir, my deir master, That we will cum to harme."

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith ¹
To weet ² their cork-heil'd schoone;
Bot lang owre ³ a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang may their ladies sit Wi' thair fans into their hand Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand, Wi' thair gold kems in their hair, Waiting for thair ain deir lords, For they'll se thame no mair.

Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip,
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.

419 ALLISON GROSS

O Allison Gross, that lives in yon towr, The ugliest witch i the north country, Has trysted me ae day up till her bowr, An monny fair speech she made to me.

She stroaked my head, an she kembed my hair, An she set me down saftly on her knee; Says, Gin 4 ye will be my luver so true, Sae monny braw things as I woud you gi'e.

¹ Right loth ² Wet ³ But long ere ⁴ If

ALLISON GROSS

She showd me a mantle o red scarlet, Wi gouden flowrs an fringes fine; Says, Gin ye will be my luver so true, This goodly gift it sal be thine.

"Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,
Haud far awa, an lat me be;
I never will be your luver sae true,
An I wish I were out o your company."

She neist brought a sark o the saftest silk, Well wrought wi pearles about the ban; Says, Gin you will be my ain true love, This goodly gift you sal comman.

She showd me a cup of the good red gold, Well set wi jewls sae fair to see;
Says, Gin you will be my luver sae true,
This goodly gift I will you gi'e.

"Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,
Haud far awa, and lat me be;
For I woudna ance kiss your ugly mouth
For a' the gifts that ye could gi'e."

She's turnd her right and roun about,
An thrice she blaw on a grass-green horn,
An she sware by the moon and the stars aboon,
That she'd gar me rue the day I was born.

Then out has she taen a silver wand,
An she's turnd her three times roun an roun;
She's mutterd sich words till my strength it faild,
An I fell down senceless upon the groun.

She's turnd me into an ugly worm,
And gard me writhle about the tree;
An ay, on ilka Saturdays night,
My sister Maisry came to me,

Wi silver bason an silver kemb,

To kemb my heady upon her knee;
But or I had kissd her ugly mouth,

I'd rather a writhled about the tree.

But as it fell out on last Hallow-even,
When the seely court was ridin by,
The queen lighted down on a gowany bank,
Nae far frae the tree where I wont to lye.

She took me up in her milk-white han,
An she's stroakd me three times oer her knee;
She chang'd me again to my ain proper shape,
An I nae mair maun writhle about the tree.

420 SIR HUGH, OR, THE JEW'S DAUGHTER

Four and twenty bonny boys
Were playing at the ba',
And by it came him sweet Sir Hugh,
And he playd o'er them a'.

He kicked the ba' with his right foot, And catchd it wi' his knee, And throuch-and-thro the Jew's window He gard the bonny ba' flee.

He's doen him to the Jew's castell,
And walkd it round about;
And there he saw the Jew's daughter,
At the window looking out.

"Throw down the ba', ye Jew's daughter, Throw down the ba' to me!" "Never a bit," says the Jew's daughter,

"Till up to me come ye."

"How will I come up? How can I come up?
How can I come to thee?
For as ye did to my auld father
The same ye'll do to me."

SIR HUGH, OR, THE JEW'S DAUGHTER

She's gane till her father's garden,
And pu'd an apple red and green;
'T was a' to wyle him—sweet Sir Hugh,
And to entice him in.

She's led him in through ae dark door, And sae has she thro nine; She's laid him on a dressing-table, And stickit him like a swine.

And first came out the thick, thick blood, And syne came out the thin, And syne came out the bonny heart's blood; There was nae mair within.

She's rowd him in a cake o' lead,
Bade him lie still and sleep;
She's thrown him in Our Lady's draw-well,
Was fifty fathom deep.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung, And a' the bairns came hame, When every lady gat hame her son, The Lady Maisry gat nane.

She's ta'en her mantle her about, Her coffer 1 by the hand, And she's gane out to seek her son, And wanderd o'er the land.

She's doen her to the Jew's castell, Where a' were fast asleep: "Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh, I pray you to me speak."

She's doen her to the Jew's garden,

Thought he had been gathering fruit:

"Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,

I pray you to me speak!

¹ Hand-bag

She neard Our Lady's deep draw-well, Was fifty fathom deep:

"Whareer ye be, my sweet Sir Hugh, I pray you to me speak."

"Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear, Prepare my winding sheet, And at the birks 1 o' merry Lincoln The morn I will you meet."

Now Lady Maisry is gane hame, Made him a winding sheet, And at the birks o' merry Lincoln The dead corpse did her meet.

And a' the bells o' merry Lincoln Without men's hands were rung, And a' the books o' merry Lincoln Were read without man's tongue,

When bells war rung, and mass was sung And a' men bound for bed, Every mither had her son, But sweet Sir Hugh was dead.

421 EDWARD

"Why does your brand so drop wi' blood, Edward, Edward, Why does your brand so drop wi' blood, And why so sad go ye O?" "O I have killed my hawk so good,

Mother, mother,
O I have killed my hawk so good,
And I had no more but he O."

"Your hawk's blood was never so red, Edward, Edward,

Your hawk's blood was never so red, My dear son I tell thee O."

1 Birch-wood

EDWARD

"O I have killed my red-roan steed,
Mother, mother,

O I have killed my red-roan steed, That erst was so fair and free O."

"Your steed was old, and ye have got more, Edward, Edward,

Your steed was old, and ye have got more, Some other grief you bear O."

"O I have killed my father dear,

Mother, mother,

O I have killed my father dear, Alas, and woe is me O!"

"And what penance will ye do for that, Edward, Edward?

And what penance will ye do for that?

My dear son, now tell me O."

" I'll set my foot in yonder boat,

Mother, mother,

I'll set my foot in yonder boat, And I'll fare over the sea O."

"And what will ye do wi' your towers and your hall, Edward, Edward?

And what will ye do wi' your towers and your hall, That were so fair to see O?"

" I'll let them stand till they down fall, Mother, mother,

I'll let them stand till they down fall, For here never more may I be O."

"And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife, Edward, Edward?

And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife, When ye go over the sea O?"

"The world's wide, let them beg their life,
Mother, mother,

The world's wide, let them beg their life, For them never more will I see O."

"And what will ye leave to your own mother dear, Edward, Edward?

And what will ye leave to your own mother dear?

My dear son, now tell me O."

"The curse of hell from me shall ye bear, Mother, mother,

The curse of hell from me shall ye bear, Such counsels ye gave to me O."

THE LAIRD O' LOGIE

422

I will sing, if ye will hearken,
If ye will hearken unto me;
The King has ta'en a poor prisoner,
The wanton laird of Young Logie.

Young Logie's laid in Edinburgh chapel, Carmichael's the keeper o' the key; I heard a may 1 lamenting sair A' for the laird of Young Logie.

"Lament, lament na, May Margaret, And o' your weeping let me be; For ye maun to the king your sell, And ask the life of Young Logie.

May Margaret has kilted her green cleiding,²
And she's currlld back her yellow hair;
"If I canna get young Logie's life,
Farewell to Scotland for ever mair!"

When she came before the king, She knelit low doon on her knee:

"It's what's your will wi' me, May Margaret, And what needs a' this courtesie?"

"A boon, a boon, my noble liege, A boon, a boon, I beg o' thee!

¹ The young wife ² Skirts of bright green

THE LAIRD O' LOGIE

And the first boon that I come to crave, It's to grant me the life o' Young Logie."

"O na, O na, May Margaret,
Na, in sooth it mauna 1 be;
For the 2 morn, ere I taste meat or drink,
Hee 3 hangèd shall Young Logie be."

She has stolen the king's redding-kaim, ⁴
Likewise the queen her wedding-knife;
And sent the tokens to Carmichael,
To cause Young Logie get ⁵ his life.

She sent him a purse o' the red gowd, Another o' the white monie; And sent him a pistol into each hand, And bade him shoot when he gat free.

When he came to the Tolbooth stair,
There he let his volley flee,
It made the king in his chamber start,
E'en in the bed where he might be.

"Gae out, gae out, my merrie men a',
And gar Carmichael come speak wi' me,
For I'll lay my life the pledge o' that,
That yon's the volley of Young Logie."

When Carmichael came before the king, He fell low down upon his knee; The very first word that the king spake, Was, "Where's the laird o' Young Logie?"

Carmichael turn'd him round about, I wat the salt tear blinded his ee, "There came a token frae your grace, Has ta'en the laird awa frae me."

5 Save

¹ Must not ² This ³ High ⁴ Hair-comb

"Hast thou played me that Carmichael?— Hast thou played me that?" quoth he;

"The morn the Justice Court's to stand, And Logie's place ye maun supplie."

Carmichael's awa to May Margaret's bower, Even as fast as he may dree;

"O if Young Logie be within,
Tell him to come and speak with me."

May Margaret's turn'd her round about, I wat a loud laughter gae she: "The egg is chipp'd, the bird is flown,

"The egg is chipp'd, the bird is flown, Ye'll see nae mair o' Young Logie."

Tane is shipped at the pier o' Leith, T'other at the Queen's Ferrie, And she's gotten a father to her bairn, The wanton laird of Young Logie.

FAIR ANNIE

The reivers 2 they stole Fair Annie,
As she walked by the sea;
But a noble knight was her ransom soon,
Wi' gowd and white monie.3

She bided in strangers' land wi' him, And none knew whence she cam; She lived in the castle wi' her love, But never told her name.—

"It's narrow, narrow, mak your bed, And learn to lie your lane; ⁴ For I'm gaun owre the sea, Fair Annie, A braw Bride to bring hame. Wi' her I will get gowd and gear, Wi' you I ne'er gat nane.

4 Alone

423

¹ The one ² Raiders ³ Gold and silver

FAIR ANNIE

- "But wha will bake my bridal bread, Or brew my bridal ale? And wha will welcome my bright Bride, That I bring owre the dale?"
- "It's I will bake your bridal bread, And brew your bridal ale; And I will welcome your bright Bride, That you bring owre the dale."
- "But she that welcomes my bright Bride Maun gang like maiden fair; She maun lace on her robe sae jimp, And comely braid her hair.
- "Bind up, bind up your yellow hair, And tie it on your neck; And see you look as maiden-like As the day that first we met."
- "O how can I gang maiden-like, When maiden I am nane? Have I not borne six sons to thee, And am wi' child again?"
- "I'll put cooks into my kitchen,
 And stewards in my hall,
 And I'll have bakers for my bread,
 And brewers for my ale;
 But you're to welcome my bright Bride,
 That I bring owre the dale."

Three months and a day were gane and past,
Fair Annie she gat word
That her love's ship was come at last,
Wi' his bright young Bride aboard.

She's ta'en her young son in her arms, Anither in her hand; And she's gane up to the highest tower, Looks over sea and land.

"Come doun, come doun, my mother dear, Come aff the castle wa'! I fear if langer ye stand there, Ye'll let yoursell doun fa'."

She's ta'en a cake o' the best bread, A stoup o' the best wine, And a' the keys upon her arm, And to the yett is gane.¹

"O ye're welcome hame, my ain gude lord,
To your castles and your towers;
Ye're welcome hame, my ain gude lord,
To your ha's, but and your bowers.
And welcome to your hame, fair lady!
For a' that's here is yours."

"O whatna lady's that, my lord, That welcomes you and me? Gin I be lang about this place, Her friend I mean to be."—

Fair Annie served the lang tables
Wi' the white bread and the wine;
But ay she drank the wan water
To keep her colour fine.

And she gaed by the first table,
And smiled upon them a';
But ere she reached the second table,
The tears began to fa'.

She took a napkin lang and white, And hung it on a pin; It was to wipe away the tears, As she gaed out and in.

When bells were rung and mass was sung, And a' men bound for bed, The bridegroom and the bonny Bride In ae 4 chamber were laid.—

¹ To the gate is gone ² Halls ³ If ⁴ One 148

FAIR ANNIE

Fair Annie's ta'en a harp in her hand, To harp thir twa 1 asleep; But ay, as she harpit and she sang, Fu' sairly did she weep.

"O gin my sons were seven rats, Rinnin' on the castle wa', And I mysell a grey grey cat, I soon wad worry them a'!

"O gin my sons were seven hares, Rinnin' owre you lily lea, And I mysell a good greyhound, Soon worried they a' should be !"-

Then out and spak the bonny young Bride, In bride-bed where she lay: "That's like my sister Annie," she says; "Wha is it doth sing and play?

" I'll put on my gown," said the new-come Bride "And my shoes upon my feet; I will see wha doth sae sadly sing. And what is it gars her greet.2

"What ails you, what ails you, my housekeeper, That ye mak sic a mane? 3 Has ony wine-barrel cast its girds, Or is a' your white bread gane?"

" It isna because my wine is spilt, Or that my white bread's gane: But because I've lost my true love's love. And he's wed to anither ane."

"Noo tell me wha was your father?" she says, " Noo tell me wha was your mother? And had ye ony sister?" she says, "And had ye ever a brother?"

¹ The twain ² Makes her weep ³ Such lament

"The Earl of Wemyss was my father, The Countess of Wemyss my mother, Young Elinor she was my sister dear, And Lord John he was my brother."

"If the Earl of Wemyss was your father, I wot sae was he mine;
And it's O my sister Annie!
Your love ye sallna tyne.

"Tak your husband, my sister dear; You ne'er were wrangd for me, Beyond a kiss o' his merry mouth As we cam owre the sea.

"Seven ships, loaded weel, Cam owre the sea wi' me; Ane o' them will tak me hame, And six I'll gie to thee."

HELEN OF KIRCONNELL

... I WISH I were where Helen lies, Night and day on me she cries; O that I were where Helen lies On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought, And curst the hand that fired the shot, When in my arms burd Helen dropt, And died for sake o' me!

O think na but my heart was sair When my love dropt down and spak nae mair; I laid her down wi' meikle care On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water-side, None but my foe to be my guide,

1 Shall not lose

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HELEN OF KIRCONNELL

None but my foe to be my guide, On fair Kirconnell lea;

I lighted down, my sword to draw, I hackèd him in pieces sma', I hackèd him in pieces sma', For her that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare, I'll make a garland of thy hair Shall bind my heart for evermair, Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies, Night and day on me she cries; Out of my bed she bids me rise, Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green, A winding-sheet drawn ower my een, And I in Helen's arms lying, On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies, Night and day on me she cries; And I am weary of the skies, Since my love died for me.

425

THE BONNIE BOWER

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW

My love he built me a bonnie bower, And clad it a' wi' lily flower; A brawer bower ye ne'er did see, Than my true-love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day, He spied his sport, and went away; And brought the king that very night, Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear; He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear: ¹ My servants all for life did flee, And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet, making my mane; I watched the corpse, mysel alane; I watched his body night and day; No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back, And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat; I digged a grave, and laid him in, And happed him with the sod sae green.

But think na' ye my heart was sair, When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair? O, think na' ye my heart was wae, When I turned about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again, Since that my lovely knight is slain; Wi' ae lock o' his yellow hair I'll chain my heart for evermair.

426

WEEP NO MORE

Weep no more, nor sigh nor groan Sorrow calls no time that's gone: Violets plucked, the sweetest rain Makes not fresh nor grow again;

¹ Seized his all

WEEP NO MORE

Trim thy locks, look chearfully,
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see.
Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

JOHN FLETCHER

427

THE TWA SISTERS

There were twa sisters sat in a bowr; Binnorie, O Binnorie:

There came a knight to be their wooer By the bonny mill-dams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest wi' glove an ring, But he lov'd the youngest above a' thing.²

He courted the eldest wi' brotch an knife, But lov'd the youngest as his life.

The eldest she was vexèd sair, An' much envi'd her sister fair.

Into 3 her bow'r she could not rest, Wi' grief an spite she almos brast.

Upon a morning fair an' clear, She cried upon her sister dear:—

"O sister, come to yon sea stran, An see our father's ships come to lan."

She's ta'en her by the milk-white han, An led her down to yon sea stran.

The youngest stood upon a stane, The eldest came an threw her in.

¹ More

² Everything ³ Within

She tooke her by the middle sma,' An dashed her bonny back to the jaw.¹

"O sister, sister, tak my han, And Ise mack² you heir to a' my lan.

"O sister, sister, tak my middle, An yes get 3 my goud and my gouden girdle.

"O sister, sister, save my life, An I swear Ise never be nae man's wife."

"Foul fa' the han that I should tacke, It twin'd me an my wardles make.4

"Your cherry cheeks an yallow hair Gars me gae maiden for evermair."

Sometimes she sank, an sometimes she swam, Till she came down yon bonny mill-dam.

O out it came the miller's son, An' saw the fair maid swimmin in.

"O father, father, draw your dam, Here's either a mermaid or a swan."

The miller quickly drew the dam, An there he found a drown'd woman.

You coudna see her yallow hair For gold and pearle that were so rare.

You coudna see her middle sma' For gouden girdle that was sae braw.

You coudna see her fingers white, For gouden rings that was sae gryte.⁵

An by there came a harper fine, That harped to the king at dine.

¹ And dashed her backwards into the waves

² And I'll make ³ You shall have

⁴ It parted me and my world's mate ⁵ Great

THE TWA SISTERS

When he did look that lady upon, He sigh'd and made a heavy moan.

He's taen three locks o' her yallow hair, An wi' them strung his harp sae fair.

The first tune he did play and sing, Was, "Farewell to my father the king."

The nextin tune that he play'd syne, Was, "Farewell to my mother the queen."

The lastin tune that he play'd then, Was, "Wae to my sister, fair Ellen."

428 SWEET WILLIAM AND MAY MARGARET

THERE came a ghost to Margret's door, With many a grievous groan; And aye he tirled at the pin, But answer made she none....

"Is that my father Philip?
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true-love Willie,
From Scotland new come home?"

'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John,
But 'tis thy true-love Willie,
From Scotland new come home.

"O sweet Margret, O dear Margret, I pray thee speak to me; Give me my faith and troth, Margret, As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou's never get, Nor yet will I thee lend, Till that thou come within my bower And kiss me cheek and chin."

"If I shou'd come within thy bower, I am no earthly man;
And shou'd I kiss thy ruby lips,
Thy days would not be lang.

"O sweet Margret, O dear Margret, I pray thee speak to me; Give me my faith and troth, Margret, As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou's never get, Nor yet will I thee lend, Till thou take me to yon kirk-yard, And wed me with a ring."

"My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard Afar beyond the sea; And it is but my spirit, Margret, That's now speaking to thee."

She stretched out her lily-white hand, And, for to do her best: "Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willie; God send your soul good rest."...

Now she has kilted her robes o' green A piece below her knee, And a' the live-lang winter night The dead corp followed she.

"Is there any room at your head, Willie, Or any room at your feet? Or any room at your side, Willie, Wherein that I may creep?"

"There's nae room at my head, Margret, There's nae room at my feet; There's nae room at my side, Margret, My coffin's made so meet."

SWEET WILLIAM AND MAY MARGARET

Then up and crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the grey;
"'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Margret,
That you were gane awa'."

429 THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her, A week but barely ane, Whan word came to the carline wife That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her, A week but barely three, Whan word came to the carline wife That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease, Nor fashes in the flood, Till my three sons come hame to me, In earthly flesh and blood."—

It fell about the Martinmass,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch, Nor yet in ony sheugh; But at the gates o' Paradise That birk grew fair eneugh....

"Blow up the fire, my maidens, Bring water from the well; For a' my house shall feast this night. Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed, She's made it large and wide; And she's ta'en her mantle her about, Sat down at the bedside.

"Lie still, lie still but a little wee while, Lie still but if we may; Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes She'll go mad ere it be day.

"Our mother has nae mair but us; See where she leans asleep; The mantle that was on herself, She has happ'd it round our feet."

Up then crew the red, red cock, And up and crew the grey; The eldest to the youngest said, "'Tis time we were away!"

The cock he hadna crawed but once, And clapped his wings at a', When the youngest to the eldest said, "Brother, we must awa'.

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin worm doth chide;
Gin we be mist out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

'Fare ye weel, my mother dear! Fareweel to barn and byre! And fare ye weel, the bonny lass That kindles my mother's fire!"



EVENING AND DREAM



DREAM-PEDLARY

430

431

If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell;
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rang the bell,
What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
Until I die.
Such peace from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy.
THOMAS LOYELL BEDDOES

THE EVENING SUN

The evening sun was sinking down
On low green hills and clustered trees;
It was a scene as fair and lone
As ever felt the soothing breeze

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2 F

EVENING AND DREAM

That cools the grass when day is gone, And gives the waves a brighter blue, And makes the soft white clouds sail on— Like spirits of ethereal dew

Which all the morn had hovered o'er
The azure flowers, where they were nursed,
And now return to Heaven once more,
Where their bright glories shone at first.
Emily Brontë

TO THE EVENING STAR

432

Thou Fair-haired Angel of the Evening,
Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains, light
Thy bright torch of love; thy radiant crown
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!
Smile on our loves; and while thou drawest the
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes
In timely sleep. Let thy West Wind sleep on
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full soon,
Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,
And the lion glares through the dun forest:
The fleeces of the flocks are covered with
Thy sacred dew: protect them with thine influence.
WILLIAM BLAKE

433 TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOON

Shut not so soon; the dull-eyed night
Hath not as yet begun
To make a seisure on the light,
Or to seale up the Sun.

TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOON

No Marigolds yet closèd are; No shadowes great appeare: Nor doth the early Shepheard's Starre Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye;
And let the whole world then dispose
It selfe to live or dye.

ROBERT HERRICK

434 OF THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN

What, hast thou run thy Race? Art going down? Thou seemest angry, why dost on us frown? Yea wrap thy head with Clouds, and hide thy face, As threatning to withdraw from us thy Grace? Oh leave us not! When once thou hid'st thy head, Our Hórizon with darkness will be spread. Tell's, who hath thee offended? Turn again: Alas! too late—Entreaties are in vain!...

JOHN BUNYAN

435

VIRTUE

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright
The bridal of the earth and skie:
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses, A box where sweets compacted lie, My music shows ye have your closes, And all must die.

EVENING AND DREAM

Only a sweet and vertuous soul,

Like seasoned timber, never gives;

But though the whole world turn to coal,

Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT

436

NIGHT

The sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower,
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell green fields and happy groves, Where flocks have took delight. Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves The feet of angels bright;

Unseen they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are covered warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm.
If they see any weeping,
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tygers howl for prey, They pitying stand and weep; Seeking to drive their thirst away, And keep them from the sheep.

NIGHT

But if they rush dreadful, The angels, most heedful, Receive each mild spirit, New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold,
Saying, "Wrath, by his meekness,
And, by his health, sickness
Is driven away
From our immortal day.

"And now beside thee, bleating lamb, I can lie down and sleep; Or think on Him who bore thy name, Graze after thee and weep.

For, washed in life's river, My bright mane for ever Shall shine like the gold, As I guard o'er the fold."

WILLIAM BLAKE

437

NURSE'S SONG

When the voices of children are heard on the green, And laughing is heard on the hill, My heart is at rest within my breast, And everything else is still.

"Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down And the dews of night arise; Come, come, leave off play, and let us away Till the morning appears in the skies."

"No, no, let us play, for it is yet day, And we cannot go to sleep; Besides, in the sky the little birds fly, And the hills are all covered with sheep."

EVENING AND DREAM

"Well, well, go and play till the light fades away, And then go home to bed." The little ones leapèd and shouted and laughed And all the hills echoèd.

WILLIAM BLAKE

438 THE EVENING PRIMROSE

When once the sun sinks in the west,
And dew-drops pearl the evening's breast;
Almost as pale as moonbeams are,
Or its companionable star,
The evening primrose opes anew
Its delicate blossoms to the dew;
And, shunning hermit of the light,
Wastes its fair bloom upon the night;
Who, blindfold to its fond caresses,
Knows not the beauty he possesses.
Thus it blooms on till night is bye
And day looks out with open eye,
Abashed at the gaze it cannot shun,
It faints and withers, and is done.

EMILY BRONTE

"TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY MAN"

Time, you old gipsy man, Will you not stay, Put up your caravan Just for one day?

All things I'll give you
Will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet
Of silver the best,
Goldsmiths shall beat you
A great golden ring
Peacocks shall bow to you,
Little boys sing,

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"TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY MAN"

Oh, and sweet girls will Festoon you with may. Time, you old gipsy, Why hasten away?

Last week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome,
Morning, and in the crush
Under Paul's dome;
Under Paul's dial
You tighten your rein—
Only a moment,
And off once again;
Off to some city
Now blind in the womb,
Off to another
Ere that's in the tomb.

Time, you old gipsy man, Will you not stay, Put up your caravan Just for one day?

RALPH HODGSON

440

AFTERWARDS

When the Present has latched its postern behind my tremulous stay,

And the May month flaps its glad green leaves like wings, Delicate-filmed as new-spun silk, will the neighbours say, "He was a man who used to notice such things"?

If it be in the dusk when, like an eyelid's soundless blink,
The dewfall-hawk comes crossing the shades to alight
Upon the wind-warped upland thorn, a gazer may think,
"To him this must have been a familiar sight."

If I pass during some nocturnal blackness, mothy and warm, When the hedgehog travels furtively over the lawn,

EVENING AND DREAM

One may say, "He strove that such innocent creatures should come to no harm,
But he could do little for them; and now he is gone."

If, when hearing that I have been stilled at last, they stand at the door,

Watching the full-starred heavens that winter sees,
Will this thought rise on those who will meet my face no
more.

"He was one who had an eye for such mysteries"?

And will any say when my bell of quittance is heard in the gloom,

And a crossing breeze cuts a pause in its outrollings, Till they rise again, as they were a new bell's boom,

"He hears it not now, but used to notice such things"?
THOMAS HARDY

STEPPING WESTWARD

44 I

"What, you are stepping westward?"—"Yea."
—'Twould be a wildish destiny,
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of chance;
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on?"

The dewy ground was dark and cold; Behind, all gloomy to behold; And stepping westward seemed to be A kind of heavenly destiny; I liked the greeting; 'twas a sound Of something without place or bound; And seemed to give me spiritual right To travel through that region bright.

STEPPING WESTWARD

The voice was soft, and she who spake
Was walking by her native lake;
The salutation had to me
The very sound of courtesy;
Its power was felt; and while my eye
Was fixed upon the glowing sky,
The echo of the voice enwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

442 FOLDING THE FLOCKS

SHEPHERDS all, and Maidens fair, Fold your Flocks up; for the Air 'Gins to thicken, and the Sun Already his great course hath run. See the Dew-drops how they kiss Every little Flower that is: Hanging on their Velvet Heads, Like a Rope of Cristal Beads. See the heavy Clouds low falling. And bright Hesperus down calling The dead Night from under Ground. At whose rising, Mists unsound, Damps and Vapours fly apace, Hov'ring o'er the smiling Face Of these Pastures, where they come, Striking dead both Bud and Bloom; Therefore, from such Danger, lock Ev'ry one of his loved Flock; And let your Dogs lie loose without, Lest the Wolf come as a scout From the Mountain, and, ere day, Bear a Lamb or Kid away; Or the crafty, thievish Fox Break upon your simple Flocks:

To secure yourself from these
Be not too secure in ease;
Let one Eye his watches keep,
While the other Eye doth sleep;
So shall you good Shepherds prove,
And deserve your Master's love.
Now, good night! may Sweetest Slumbers
And soft Silence fall in numbers
On your Eye-lids: So, farewell;
Thus I end my Evening knell.

JOHN FLETCHER

443

TO THE NIGHT

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey
Star-inwrought;
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out:
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

TO THE NIGHT

Thy brother Death came, and cried
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noon-tide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

444 LIGHT THE LAMPS UP, LAMPLIGHTER!

(For a Lamplighter, a Grandmother, the Angel Gabriel, and Any Number of Others)

LIGHT the lamps up, Lamplighter,
The people are in the street—
Without a light
They have no sight,
And where will they plant their feet?
Some will tread in the gutter,
And some in the mud—oh dear!
Light the lamps up, Lamplighter,
Because the night is here.

Light the candles, Grandmother,
The children are going to bed—
Without a wick
They'll stumble and stick,
And where will they lay their head?

Some will lie on the staircase, And some in the hearth—oh dear! Light the candles, Grandmother, Because the night is here.

Light the stars up, Gabriel,
The cherubs are out to fly—
If heaven is blind
How will they find
Their way across the sky?
Some will splash in the Milky Way,
Or bump on the moon—oh dear!
Light the stars up, Gabriel,
Because the night is here.

ELEANOR FARJEON

445

WILL YOU COME?

Will you come? Will you ride So late At my side? O, will you come?

Will you come?
Will you come
If the night
Has a moon,
Full and bright?
O, will you come?

Would you come?
Would you come
If the noon
Gave light,
Not the moon?
Beautiful, would you come?

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WILL YOU COME?

Would you have come?
Would you have come
Without scorning,
Had it been
Still morning?
Beloved, would you have come?

If you come
Haste and come.
Owls have cried;
It grows dark
To ride.
Beloved, beautiful, come!

EDWARD THOMAS

446

COME!

Wull ye come in early Spring,
Come at Easter, or in Mäy?
Or when Whitsuntide mid bring
Longer light to show your wäy?
Wull ye come, if you be true,
Vor to quicken love anew?
Wull ye call in Spring or Fall?
Come now soon by zun or moon?
Wull ye come?

Come wi' väice to väice the while
All their words be sweet to hear;
Come that feäce to feäce mid smile,
While their smiles do seem so dear;
Come within the year to seek
Woone you have sought woonce a week?
Come while flow'rs be on the bow'rs,
And the bird o' songs a-heärd.
Wull ye come?

Ees come to ye, an' come vor ye, is my word, I wull come.

WILLIAM BARNES

HYMN TO DIANA

447

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair, Now the sun is laid to sleep, Seated in thy silver chair, State in wonted manner keep; Hesperus entreats thy light, Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close:
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

BEN JONSON

448 THE CLOUDS HAVE LEFT THE SKY

THE clouds have left the sky, The wind hath left the sea, The half-moon up on high Shrinketh her face of dree.

She lightens on the comb Of leaden waves, that roar And thrust their hurried foam Up on the dusky shore.

Behind the western bars The shrouded day retreats, And unperceived the stars Steal to their sovran seats.

THE CLOUDS HAVE LEFT THE SKY

And whiter grows the foam, The small moon lightens more; And as I turn me home, My shadow walks before.

ROBERT BRIDGES

449 WITH HOW SAD STEPS

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies! How silently, and with how wan a face! What! may it be that even in heavenly place That busy archer his sharp arrows tries? Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case: I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.

Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me, Is constant love deemed there but want of wit? Are beauties there as proud as here they be? Do they above love to be loved, and yet Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess? Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

IN DISPRAISE OF THE MOON

450

I would not be the Moon, the sickly thing, To summon owls and bats upon the wing; For when the noble Sun is gone away, She turns his night into a pallid day.

She hath no air, no radiance of her own, That world unmusical of earth and stone. She wakes her dim, uncoloured, voiceless hosts, Ghost of the Sun, herself the sun of ghosts.

The mortal eyes that gaze too long on her
Of Reason's piercing ray defrauded are.
Light in itself doth feed the living brain;
That light, reflected, but makes darkness plain.

MARY COLERIDGE

451 THE WANING MOON

And like a dying lady, lean and pale, Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil, Out of her chamber, led by the insane And feeble wanderings of her fading brain, The moon arose up in the murky east, A white and shapeless mass.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

452 WE'LL GO NO MORE A-ROVING

So, we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon.
GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

453 SONG OF THE NIGHT AT DAYBREAK

ALL my stars forsake me, And the dawn-winds shake me. Where shall I betake me?

SONG OF THE NIGHT AT DAYBREAK

Whither shall I run
Till the set of sun,
Till the day be done?

To the mountain-mine, To the boughs o' the pine, To the blind man's eyne,

To a brow that is Bowed upon the knees, Sick with memories.

ALICE MEYNELL

454 THE NIGHT WILL NEVER STAY

The night will never stay,
The night will still go by,
Though with a million stars
You pin it to the sky;
Though you bind it with the blowing wind
And buckle it with the moon,
The night will slip away
Like sorrow or a tune.

ELEANOR FARJEON

455 LINES FOR A BED AT KELMSCOTT MANOR

"The wind's on the wold And the night is a-cold, And Thames runs chill Twixt mead and hill, But kind and dear Is the old house here, And my heart is warm Midst winter's harm. Rest then and rest, And think of the best Twixt summer and spring When all birds sing

177

In the town of the tree, And ye lie in me And scarce dare move Lest earth and its love Should fade away Ere the full of the day.

I am old and have seen
Many things that have been,
Both grief and peace,
And wane and increase.
No tale I tell
Of ill or well,
But this I say,
Night treadeth on day,
And for worst and best
Right good is rest."

WILLIAM MORRIS

456 ROCK, BALL, FIDDLE

HE that lies at the stock, Shall have the gold rock; He that lies at the wall, Shall have the gold ball; He that lies in the middle, Shall have the gold fiddle.

457 BEFORE SLEEPING

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John, Bless the bed that I lie on.
Before I lay me down to sleep
I give my soul to Christ to keep.
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels there aspread,
Two to foot, and two to head,
And four to carry me when I'm dead.

BEFORE SLEEPING

I go by sea, I go by land,
The Lord made me with His right hand.
If any danger come to me,
Sweet Jesus Christ deliver me.
He's the branch and I'm the flower,
Pray God send me a happy hour,
And if I die before I wake,
I pray that Christ my soul will take.

458 ON A QUIET CONSCIENCE

CLOSE thine eyes, and sleep secure; Thy soul is safe, thy body sure. He that guards thee, he that keeps, Never slumbers, never sleeps. A quiet conscience in the breast Has only peace, has only rest. The wisest and the mirth of kings Are out of tune unless she sings:

Then close thine eyes in peace and sleep secure, No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure.

CHARLES I.

459 SONG

While Morpheus thus does gently lay
His powerful charge upon each part
Making thy spirits even obey
The silver charms of his dull art;

I, thy Good Angel, from thy side,— As smoke doth from the altar rise, Making no noise as it doth glide,— Will leave thee in this soft surprise;

And from the clouds will fetch thee down A holy vision, to express
Thy right unto an earthly crown;
No power can make this kingdom less.

But gently, gently, lest I bring
A start in sleep by sudden flight,
Playing aloof, and hovering,
Till I am lost unto the sight.

This is a motion still and soft;
So free from noise and cry,
That Jove himself, who hears a thought,
Knows not when we pass by.
Henry Killigrew.

THE EVE OF SAINT MARK

460

Upon a Sabbath-day it fell; Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell. That called the folk to evening prayer; The city streets were clean and fair From wholesome drench of April rains; And, on the western window panes, The chilly sunset faintly told Of unmatured green vallies cold, Of the green thorny bloomless hedge, Of rivers new with spring-tide sedge, Of primroses by sheltered rills, And daisies on the aguish hills. Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell: The silent streets were crowded well With staid and pious companies, Warm from their fire-side oratories: And moving, with demurest air, To even-song, and vesper-prayer. Each arched porch, and entry low, Was filled with patient folk and slow, With whispers hush, and shuffling feet, While played the organ loud and sweet. The bells had ceased, the prayers begun, And Bertha had not yet half done

THE EVE OF ST. MARK

A curious volume, patched and torn,
That all day long, from earliest morn,
Had taken captive her two eyes,
Among its golden broideries;
Perplexed her with a thousand things,—
The stars of Heaven, and angels' wings,
Martyrs in a fiery blaze,
Azure saints in silver rays,
Moses' breastplate, and the seven
Candlesticks John saw in Heaven,
The winged Lion of Saint Mark,
And the Covenantal Ark,
With its many mysteries,
Cherubim and golden mice.

Bertha was a maiden fair. Dwelling in the old Minster-square; From her fire-side she could see. Sidelong, its rich antiquity, Far as the Bishop's garden-wall; Where sycamores and elm-trees tall, Full-leaved, the forest had outstript, By no sharp north-wind ever nipt, So sheltered by the mighty pile, Bertha arose, and read awhile, With forehead 'gainst the window-pane, Again she tryed, and then again, Until the dusk eve left her dark Upon the legend of St. Mark. From plaited lawn-frill, fine and thin, She lifted up her soft warm chin, With aching neck and swimming eyes, And dazed with saintly imageries.

All was gloom, and silent all, Save now and then the still foot-fall Of one returning homewards late, Past the echoing minster-gate.

The clamorous daws, that all the day Above tree-tops and towers play, Pair by pair had gone to rest, Each in its ancient belfry-nest, Where asleep they fall betimes, To music of the drowsy chimes. All was silent, all was gloom, Abroad and in the homely room: Down she sat, poor cheated soul! And struck a lamp from the dismal coal: Leaned forward, with bright drooping hair And slant book, full against the glare. Her shadow, in uneasy guise, Hovered about, a giant size, On ceiling-beam and old oak chair, The parrot's cage, and panel square; And the warm angled winter screen, On which were many monsters seen, Called doves of Siam, Lima mice, And legless birds of Paradise, Macaw, and tender Avadavat. And silken-furred Angora cat. Untired she read, her shadow still Glowered about, as it would fill The room with wildest forms and shades. As though some ghostly queen of spades Had come to mock behind her back. And dance, and ruffle her garments black. Untired she read the legend page, Of holy Mark, from youth to age, On land, on sea, in pagan chains, Rejoicing for his many pains. Sometimes the learned eremite, With golden star, or dagger bright, Referred to pious poesies Written in smallest crow-quill size Beneath the text; and thus the rhyme Was parcelled out from time to time:—

THE EVE OF ST. MARK

" 'Gif ye wol stonden 1 hardie wight-Amiddes of the blacke night— Righte in the churche porch, pardie Ye wol behold a companie Approchen thee full dolourouse: For sooth to sain from everich house Be it in city or village Wol come the Phantom and image Of ilka 2 gent and ilka carle Whom colde Deathe hath in parle And wol some day that very year Touchen with foule venime spear And sadly do them all to die.— Hem all shalt thou see verilie-And everichon shall by thee pass All who must die that year, Alas.' "Als 3 writith he of swevenis,4 Men han beforne they wake in bliss, Whanne that hir friendes thinke hem bound In crimpèd shroude farre under grounde: And how a litling child mote be A saint er its nativitie. Gif that the modre—God her blesse!— Kepen in solitarinesse, And kissen devoute the holy croce— Of Goddes love, and Sathan's force,-He writith; and thinges many mo, Of swiche thinges I may not show. Bot I must tellen verilie Somdel of Sainte Cicilie.

At length her constant eyelids come Upon the fervent martyrdom; Then lastly to his holy shrine, Exalt amid the tapers' shine At Venice. . . .

And chieflie what he auctoriethe Of Sainte Markis life and dethe: "

JOHN KEATS

¹ If you will stand ² Every ³ Likewise ⁴ Visions

LAID IN MY QUIET BED

461

Laid in my quiet bed, in study as I were, I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts appear; And every thought did shew so lively in mine eyes, That now I sighed, and then I smiled, as cause of thought did rise.

I saw the little boy in thought how oft that he Did wish of God, to scape the rod, a tall young man to be. The young man eke that feels his bones with pains opprest, How he would be a rich old man, to live and lie at rest. The rich old man that sees his end draw on so sore, How he would be a boy again, to live so much the more. Whereat full oft I smiled, to see how all these three, From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change degree. . . .

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

462 AT NIGHT

Home, home from the horizon far and clear, Hither the soft wings sweep; Flocks of the memories of the day draw near The dovecote doors of sleep.

Oh, which are they that come through sweetest light Of all these homing birds?

Which with the straightest and the swiftest flight?

Your words to me, your words!

ALICE MEYNELL

463 ECHO

Come to me in the silence of the night;
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

184

ECHO

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;
Where thirsting longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again though cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

464 THE SHADOW OF NIGHT

How strange it is to wake
And watch while others sleep,
Till sight and hearing ache
For objects that may keep
The awful inner sense
Unroused, lest it should mark
The life that haunts the emptiness
And horror of the dark.

How strange the distant bay
Of dogs; how wild the note
Of cocks that scream for day,
In homesteads far remote;
How strange and wild to hear
The old and crumbling tower,
Amidst the darkness, suddenly
Take life and speak the hour....

The nightingale is gay,
For she can vanquish night;
Dreaming, she sings of day,
Notes that make darkness bright:

But when the refluent gloom
Saddens the gaps of song,
We charge on her the dolefulness,
And call her crazed with wrong.

COVENTRY PATMORE

465

OUT IN THE DARK

Out in the dark over the snow The fallow fawns invisible go With the fallow doe; And the winds blow Fast as the stars are slow.

Stealthily the dark haunts round And, when the lamp goes, without sound At a swifter bound Than the swiftest hound, Arrives, and all else is drowned;

And I and star and wind and deer, Are in the dark together,—near, Yet far,—and fear Drums on my ear In that sage company drear.

How weak and little is the light, All the universe of sight, Love and delight, Before the might, If you love it not, of night.

EDWARD THOMAS

466

NOCTURNE

The red flame flowers bloom and die, The embers puff a golden spark. Now and again a horse's eye Shines like a topaz in the dark.

NOCTURNE

A prowling jackal jars the hush,
The drowsy oxen chump and sigh—
The ghost moon lifts above the bush
And creeps across the starry sky.

Low in the south the "Cross" is bright,
And sleep comes dreamless, undefiled,
Here in the blue and silver night,
In the star-chamber of the Wild.

CROSBIE GARSTIN

ONODDID GIMBI.

467

THE ANGEL

I DREAMT a Dream! what can it mean? And that I was a maiden Queen Guarded by an Angel mild: Witless woe was ne'er beguiled!

And I wept both night and day, And he wiped my tears away; And I wept both day and night, And hid from him my heart's delight.

So he took his wings and fled; Then the morn blushed rosy red; I dried my tears, and armed my fears With ten thousand shields and spears.

Soon my Angel came again; I was armed, he came in vain; For the time of youth was fled, And grey hairs were on my head.

WILLIAM BLAKE

468

"ANGEL SPIRITS OF SLEEP"

Angel spirits of sleep, White-robed, with silver hair, In your meadows fair, Where the willows weep,

And the sad moonbeam On the gliding stream Writes her scattered dream:

Angel spirits of sleep,
Dancing to the weir
In the hollow roar
Of its waters deep;
Know ye how men say
That ye haunt no more
Isle and grassy shore
With your moonlit play;
That ye dance not here,
White-robed spirits of sleep,
All the summer night
Threading dances light?

ROBERT BRIDGES

469

A DREAM

ONCE a dream did weave a shade O'er my Angel-guarded bed, That an Emmet lost its way Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, 'wildered, and forlorn, Dark, benighted, travel-worn, Over many a tangled spray, All heart-broke I heard her say:

"O my children! do they cry? Do they hear their father sigh? Now they look abroad to see: Now return and weep for me."

Pitying, I dropped a tear; But I saw a glow-worm near, Who replied: "What wailing wight Calls the watchman of the night?

A DREAM

"I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round:
Follow now the beetle's hum;
Little wanderer, hie thee home."
WILLIAM BLAKE

470

THE LAND OF DREAMS

Awake, awake, my little Boy!
Thou wast thy Mother's only joy:
Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep?
Awake! thy Father does thee keep.

"O, what land is the Land of Dreams, What are its mountains, and what are its streams? O Father! I saw my Mother there, Among the Lillies by waters fair.

"Among the lambs clothèd in white, She walked with her Thomas in sweet delight. I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn; O! when shall I again return?"

Dear Child, I also by pleasant streams Have wandered all night in the Land of Dreams, But tho' calm and warm the waters wide, I could not get to the other side.

"Father, O Father! what do we here, In this Land of unbelief and fear? The Land of Dreams is better far Above the light of the Morning Star."

WILLIAM BLAKE





THE GARDEN . .



471 I KNOW A LITTLE GARDEN-CLOSE

I know a little garden-close Set thick with lily and red rose, Where I would wander if I might From dewy dawn to dewy night, And have one with me wandering.

And though within it no birds sing, And though no pillared house is there, And though the apple boughs are bare Of fruit and blossom, would to God, Her feet upon the green grass trod, And I beheld them as before.

There comes a murmur from the shore, And in the close two fair streams are, Drawn from the purple hills afar, Drawn down unto the restless sea; Dark hills whose heath-bloom feeds no bee, Dark shores no ship has ever seen, Tormented by the billows green Whose murmur comes unceasingly Unto the place for which I cry.

For which I cry both day and night, For which I let slip all delight, Whereby I grow both deaf and blind, Careless to win, unskilled to find, And quick to lose what all men seek.

193

THE GARDEN

Yet tottering as I am, and weak,
Still have I left a little breath
To seek within the jaws of death
An entrance to that happy place,
To seek the unforgotten face,
Once seen, once kissed, once reft from me
Anigh the murmuring of the sea.

WILLIAM MORRIS

472

FOLLOW

Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow, Though thou be black as night, And she made all of light, Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow.

Follow her whose light thy light depriveth, Though here thou liv'st disgraced, And she in heaven is placed, Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth.

Follow those pure beams whose beauty burneth, That so have scorchèd thee, As thou still black must be, Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her while yet her glory shineth:
There comes a luckless night,
That will dim all her light;
And this the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow still since so thy fates ordained;
The Sun must have his shade,
Till both at once do fade—
The Sun still proud, the shadow still disdained.
THOMAS CAMPION

UP-HILL

473

UP-HILL

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

474

LOVE

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back, Guilty of dust and sin. But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack From my first entrance in,

Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lacked anything.

"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here":
Love said, "You shall be he."

"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear! I cannot look on Thee."

Love took my hand, and smiling did reply, "Who made the eyes but I?"

THE GARDEN

"Truth, Lord; but I have marred them; let my shame Go where it doth deserve."

"And know you not," says Love, "who bore the blame?"
"My dear, then I will serve."

"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."

So I did sit and eat.

GEORGE HERBERT

475

A ROYAL GUEST

... YET if His Majesty our sovereign lord
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say, "I'll be your guest to-morrow night,"
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! "Let no man idle stand!

"Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat,
And order taken that there want no meat.
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light.

"Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,
The dazie o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place!"

Thus, if the king were coming, would we do,
And 't were good reason too;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.

¹ Canopy over dais

A ROYAL GUEST

But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven:
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain Him always like a stranger,
And, as at first, still lodge Him in a manger.

476

EVE

Eve, with her basket, was Deep in the bells and grass, Wading in bells and grass Up to her knees, Picking a dish of sweet Berries and plums to eat, Down in the bells and grass Under the trees.

Mute as a mouse in a Corner the cobra lay, Curled round a bough of the Cinnamon tall....

Now to get even and Humble proud heaven and—

Now was the moment or Never at all.

"Eva!" Each syllable Light as a flower fell, "Eva!" he whispered the Wondering maid, Soft as a bubble sung Out of a linnet's lung, Soft and most silverly "Eva!" he said.

Picture that orchard sprite, Eve, with her body white,

THE GARDEN

Supple and smooth to her Slim finger tips, Wondering, listening, Listening, wondering, Eve with a berry Half-way to her lips.

Oh, had our simple Eve Seen through the make-believe! Had she but known the Pretender he was! Out of the boughs he came, Whispering still her name, Tumbling in twenty rings Into the grass.

Here was the strangest pair In the world anywhere, Eve in the bells and grass Kneeling, and he Telling his story low.... Singing birds saw them go Down the dark path to The Blasphemous Tree.

Oh, what a clatter when Titmouse and Jenny Wren Saw him successful and Taking his leave! How the birds rated him, How they all hated him! How they all pitied Poor motherless Eve!

Picture her crying, Outside in the lane, Eve, with no dish of sweet Berries and plums to eat, Haunting the gate of the Orchard in vain. . . .

EVE

Picture the lewd delight
Under the hill to-night—
"Eva!" the toast goes round,
"Eva!" again.

RALPH HODGSON

477

EVE

"WHILE I sit at the door,
Sick to gaze within,
Mine eye weepeth sore
For sorrow and sin:
As a tree my sin stands
To darken all lands;
Death is the fruit it bore.

"How have Eden bowers grown Without Adam to bend them! How have Eden flowers blown, Squandering their sweet breath, Without me to tend them! The Tree of Life was ours, Tree twelvefold-fruited, Most lofty tree that flowers, Most deeply rooted: I chose the Tree of Death.

"Hadst thou but said me nay, Adam, my brother, I might have pined away; I, but none other: God might have let thee stay Safe in our garden By putting me away Beyond all pardon.

"I, Eve, sad mother
Of all who must live,
I, not another,
Plucked bitterest fruit to give
My friend, husband, lover.

199

THE GARDEN

O wanton eyes run over; Who but I should grieve?— Cain hath slain his brother: Of all who must die mother, Miserable Eve!"

Thus she sat weeping, Thus Eve our mother, Where one lay sleeping Slain by his brother. Greatest and least Each piteous beast To hear her voice Forgot his joys And set aside his feast.

The mouse paused in his walk And dropped his wheaten stalk; Grave cattle wagged their heads In rumination; The eagle gave a cry From his cloud station: Larks on thyme beds Forbore to mount or sing; Bees drooped upon the wing; The raven perched on high Forgot his ration; The conies in their rock, A feeble nation, Quaked sympathetical; The mocking-bird left off to mock: Huge camels knelt as if In deprecation: The kind hart's tears were falling; Chattered the wistful stork: Dove-voices with a dying fall Cooed desolation Answering grief by grief.

EVE

Only the serpent in the dust, Wriggling and crawling, Grinned an evil grin and thrust His tongue out with its fork.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

478

ADAM

Adam lay i-bowndyn, bowndyn in a bond, Fowre thowsand wynter thowt he not to long;

And al was for an appil, an appil that he tok, As clerkes fyndyn wretyn in here Book.

Ne hadde the appil take ben, the appil taken ben, Ne hadde never our lady a ben hevene qwen.

Blyssid be the tyme that appil take was! Therefore we mown syngyn Deo gracias.

479

THE SEVEN VIRGINS

All under the leaves and the leaves of life I met with virgins seven, And one of them was Mary mild, Our Lord's mother of Heaven.

"O what are you seeking, you seven fair maids All under the leaves of life? Come tell, come tell, what seek you All under the leaves of life?"

THE GARDEN

"We're seeking for no leaves, Thomas, But for a friend of thine; We're seeking for sweet Jesus Christ, To be our guide and thine."

"Go down, go down, to yonder town, And sit in the gallery, And there you'll see sweet Jesus Christ Nailed to a big yew-tree."

So down they went to yonder town As fast as foot could fall, And many a grievous bitter tear From the virgins' eyes did fall.

"O peace, Mother, O peace, Mother, Your weeping doth me grieve: I must suffer this," He said, "For Adam and for Eve.

"O Mother, take you John Evangelist All for to be your son, And he will comfort you sometimes, Mother, as I have done."

"O come, thou John Evangelist, Thou'rt welcome unto me; But more welcome my own dear Son, Whom I nursèd on my knee."

Then he laid his head on His right shoulder,
Seeing death it struck Him nigh—
"The Holy Ghost be with your soul,
I die, Mother dear, I die."...

LULLY, LULLAY

480

LULLY, LULLAY

Lully, lullay, lully, lullay; The fawcon hath born my make 1 away.

He bare hym up, he bare hym down, He bare hym in to an orchard browne.

In that orchard there was an halle That was hangid with purpill and pall.

And in that hall there was a bede,² Hit was hangid with gold so rede.

And yn that bede there lythe a knyght, His woundis bledying day and nyght.

By that bede side kneleth a may, And she wepeth both nyght and day.

And by that bedde side there stondith a ston, Corpus Christi wretyn ther'on.

481

BALME

... There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosie red,
As they in pure vermilion had beene dide,
Whereof great vertues over all were red: ³
For happie life to all, which thereon fed,
And life eke everlasting did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed sted
With his almightie hand, and did it call
The tree of life, the crime of our first father's fall.

In all the world like was not to be found,
Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull ground,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dread Dragon all did overthrow.

¹ Mate

² Bed

3 Told

THE GARDEN

Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof who so did eat, eftsoones did know
Both good and ill: O mornefull memory:
That tree through one man's fault hath doen us all
to dy.

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
A trickling streame of Balme, most soveraine
And daintie deare, which on the ground still fell,
And overflowèd all the fertill plaine,
And it had deawèd bene with timely raine:
Life and long health that gratious ointment gave,
And deadly woundes could heale, and reare againe
The senselesse corse appointed for the grave.
Into that same he fell: which did from death him
save. . . .

EDMUND SPENSER

482 MY MASTER HATH A GARDEN

My master hath a garden, full-filled with divers flowers, Where thou may'st gather posies gay, all times and hours,

Here nought is heard
But paradise-bird,
Harp, dulcimer, and lute,
With cymbal,
And timbrel,
And the gentle sounding flute.

Oh! Jesus, Lord, my heal and weal, my bliss complete, Make thou my heart thy garden-plot, true, fair and neat

That I may hear
This music clear,
Harp, dulcimer, and lute,
With cymbal,
And timbrel,
And the gentle sounding flute.

THIS IS THE KEY

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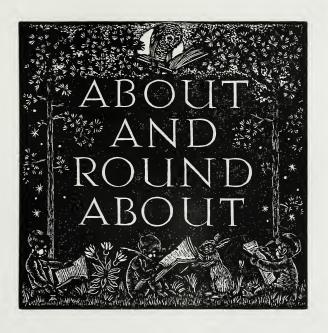
THIS IS THE KEY

This is the Key of the Kingdom: In that Kingdom is a city; In that city is a town; In that town there is a street; In that street there winds a lane; In that lane there is a yard; In that yard there is a house; In that house there waits a room; In that room an empty bed; And on that bed a basket—A Basket of Sweet Flowers:

Of Flowers, of Flowers;
A Basket of Sweet Flowers.

Flowers in a Basket;
Basket on the bed;
Bed in the chamber;
Chamber in the house;
House in the weedy yard;
Yard in the winding lane;
Lane in the broad street;
Street in the high town;
Town in the city;
City in the Kingdom—
This is the Key of the Kingdom;
Of the Kingdom this is the Key.







In Mr. Nahum's The Other Worlde, as I have said on page xxx, there were many passages written about and roundabout the poems contained in it. Some of these I copied out. With others that I have added since, they appear in the following pages. If the reader prefer poems and poems only in such a collection as this, would he of his kindness and courtesy ignore everything else? Otherwise, will he please forgive any blunders he may discover?

I. "THIS IS THE KEY."

This jingle (like Nos. 15, 16 and others) is one of hundreds of nursery and dandling rhymes which I found in Mr. Nahum's book. Compared with more formal poems they are like wild flowers—pimpernel, eyebright, thyme, woodruff, and others even tinier, even quieter, but having their own private and complete little beauty if looked at closely. Who made them, how old they are; nobody knows. But when Noah's Ark stranded on the slopes of Mount Ararat, maybe a blossoming weed or two was nodding at the open third-storey window out of which over the waters of the flood the dove had followed the raven, and there, rejoicing in the sunshine and the green, sat Japheth's wife dandling little Magog on her lap, and crooning him some such lullaby.

3.

On the one side is printed the old Scots, and on the other the best I can do to put it into the English of our own time. According to the dictionary the thistle-cock that cries shame on the sleepers still drowsing in their beds is the corn-bunting—

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a cousin of the yellow-hammer. He has a small harsh monotonous voice as if for the very purpose. Whereas the nightingale might seem to cry, "Nay, nay: it is in dreams you wander. Happy ones! Sleep on; sleep on."

4. "I PASSED BY HIS GARDEN."

Whatever fate befell the Sluggard, I should like to have taken a walk in his garden, among those branching thistles, green thorns and briers. Maybe he sailed off at last to the Isle of Nightmare, or to the land where it is always afternoon, or was wrecked in Yawning Gap. He must, at any rate, have had an even heavier head than Dr. Watts supposed if he never so much as lifted it from his pillow to brood awhile on that still, verdurous scene. And the birds!

Indeed, to lie, between sleep and wake, when daybreak is brightening of an April or a May morning, and so listen to the far-away singing of a thrush or to the whistling of a robin or a wren is to seem to be transported back into the garden of Eden. Dreamers, too, may call themselves travellers.

Mr. Nahum's picture to this rhyme was of a man in rags looking into a small round mirror or looking-glass, but at what you couldn't see.

6. "The Merchant bows" (line 7)

-(as do the happy to the New Moon, for luck), for his merchandise is being wafted over the sea under the guidance of the Seaman's, or Ship, or Lode, or Pole Star. It shines in the constellation of the Little Bear, and "is the cheefe marke whereby mariners governe their course in saylings by nyghte." To find the "marke," look towards the north some cloudless night for the constellation of Seven Stars called the Plough or the Dipper or Charles's Wain (or Waggon), which "enclyneth his ravisshinge courses abouten the soverein heighte of the worlde "day and night throughout the year. Its hinder stars (Dubhe and Merak) are named "the pointers," because if you follow the line of them with the eye into the empty skies, the next brightish star it will alight on is the Seaman's Star. Close beside the second of the seven is a mere speck of a star. that is called by country people Jack-by-the-middle-horse. On this same star looked Shakespeare—as did the 1st Carrier in his Henry IV.: "Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile be

hanged. Charles' waine is over the near Chimney, and yet our horse not packt"; and as did his 2nd Gentleman in Othello:

Montano. What from the Cape can you discerne at Sea?

Ist Gentleman. Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the Heaven, and the Maine
Descry a Saile. . . .

2nd Gentleman. . . . Do but stand upon the Foaming Shore, The chidden Billow seemes to pelt the Clowds.

The wind-shaked-Surge, with high and monstrous Maine.

Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare, And quench the Guards of the ever-fixed Pole.

I never did like mollestation view On the enchafèd Flood....

Faintly shimmering, too, in the northern heavens is that other numerous starry cluster, known the world over as Seven—to us as the Seven Sisters or the Pleiades. A strange seven; for only six stars are now clearly visible to the naked eye, one having vanished, it would seem, within human memory. When? where?—none can tell. They play in light as close together as dewdrops in a cobweb hung from thorn to thorn. Nearby, on winter's cold breast burns the most marvellous of the constellations—the huntsman Orion, with his Rigel and Bellatrix and Betelgeuse; his dog Sirius at his heels. "Seek him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning, and maketh the day dark with night..."

9. "LIKE A CHILD, HALF IN TENDERNESS AND MIRTH."

At a first reading, perhaps, this line will not appear to flow so smoothly as the rest. But linger an instant on the word child, and you will have revealed to yourself one of Shelley's, and indeed one of every poet's loveliest devices with words—to let the music of his verse accord with its meaning, and at the same time to please and charm the ear with a slight variation from the regular beat and accent of the metre. So, too, in the middle lines of the next stanza. This variation, which is called rhythm,

is the very proof of its writer's sincerity. For if the sound of his verse (or of his voice) rings false, he cannot have completely realised what he was writing or saying. When a man says what he means, he says it as if he meant it. The tune of what he says sounds right. When a man does not mean what he says, he finds it all but impossible to say it as if he did. The tune goes wrong.

Just so with reading. So from a gay and tiny Compendious English Grammar of 1780 I have borrowed these four brief

wholesome rules for reading:

(1) . . . Observe well the pauses, accents and emphases; and never stop but where the sense will admit of it.

(2) Humour your voice a little, according to the subject. . . .

(3) Do not read too fast, lest [in lip or mind] you get a habit of stammering; adding or omitting words; and be sure that your understanding keep pace with your tongue.

(4) In reading Verse, pronounce every word just as if it were prose, observing the stops with great exactness, and giving each word its proper accent; and if it be not harmonious, the

Poet, and not the Reader, is to blame."

Better, perhaps, be sure of your ear before you blame the poet. But in general, if these rules are followed, there can be little danger of reading like a parrot, or like a small boy in his first breeches at a Dame's school. To *think* while one reads; that is the main thing: so as not to be, as Sidney says,—just

... like a child that some fair book doth find, With gilded leaves or coloured vellum plays, Or, at the most, on some fair pictures stays, But never heeds the fruit of writer's mind.

13. "Comes dancing from the East."

I found a story about this dancing in Mrs. Wright's Rustic Speech and Folklore. It is the story of a woman who lived in a district called Hockley, in the parish of Broseley. She said that she had heard of such "dancing" but did not believe it to be true, "till on Easter morning last, I got up early, and then I saw the sun dance, and dance, and dance, three times, and I called to my husband and said, "Rowland, Rowland, get up and see the sun dance!" I used," she said, "not to believe it, but now I can never doubt more." The neighbours agreed with her that the sun did dance on Easter morning, and that

some of them had seen it. "Seeing," goes the old proverb, "is believing"—which is true no less of the "inward eye." I once tried to comfort a very little boy who was unhappy because there was a Bear under his bed. Candle in hand, I talked and talked, and proved that there wasn't a real bear for miles and miles around, not at any rate until we reached the Zoo, and there—black, brown, sloth, spectacled, grizzly and polar alike—all of them, poor creatures, were cabined, cribbed and shut up in barred cages. He listened, tears still shining in his eyes, his small face sharp and clear. "Why certainly, certainly not," I ended, "there can't be a real bear for miles around!" He smiled as if pitying me. "Ah yes, Daddie," he answered with a die-away sob, "but, you see, you's talking of real bears, and mine wasn't real."

14. "Us Idle Wenches."

It was a jolly bed in sooth,
Of oak as strong as Babel.
And there slept Kit and Sall and Ruth
As sound as maids are able.

Ay—three in one—and there they dreamed, Their bright young eyes hid under; Nor hearkened when the tempest streamed Nor recked the rumbling thunder.

For marvellous regions strayed they in, Each moon-far from the other— Ruth in her childhood, Kit in heaven, And Sall with ghost for lover.

But soon as ever sun shone sweet,
And birds sang, Praise for rain, O—
Leapt out of bed three pair of feet
And danced on earth again, O!

17. OLD MAY SONG.

This, like No. 2, and the next song must be as old as the dewponds on the Downs. They were wont to be sung, I have read, by five or six men, with a fiddle, or flute, or clarionet accompaniment. When I was a boy I can remember one First of May seeing a Jack-in-the-Green in the street—a man in a kind

of wicker cage hung about with flowers and leaves-with Maid Marian, Friar Tuck and the rest, dancing and singing beside him. A great friend of mine, when she was a little girl of eight, was so frightened at sight of this leafy prancing creature on her way to school that she turned about and ran for a mile without stopping.

THE DAISY. 19.

There is far too little of Geoffrey Chaucer's-that most lovable, shrewd, compassionate, and natural of poets-in this There was much more of him, I noticed, in Mr. Nahum's Tome II. At first sight his words look a little strange; but not for long; and if every dotted letter is made a syllable of, his rhythm will flow like water over bright green waterweed.

It is a curious, though little thing, that while, among the one hundred and seventy varieties of flowers Shakespeare mentions, he has no less than fifty-seven several references to the rose, twenty-one to the green grass, eighteen to violets, and even to the serviceable but rank nettle a round dozen, he has but a scant five to Chaucer's beloved daisy. Flowers, it is true, as says Canon Ellacombe (who collected all such references into his delight-full book, Plant-lore and Garden-craft of Shakespeare), never sweeten the Plays for their own sake alone, and there are no foxgloves, snowdrops or forget-me-nots in them at all. Still, had he loved daisies as children do, he could hardly have resisted them even for "their own sake alone." Is not bairnwort another name for the daisy?

"A yellow cup, it hath," says Pliny, "and the same is crowned, as it were with a garland, consisting of five and fifty little leaves, set round about it in manner of fine pales. These be flowers of the meadow, and most of such are of no use at all." No use at all, none—except only to make skylark of every heart whose owner has eyes in his head for a daisy's simple looks, its marvellous making, and the sheer happiness of their multitudes wide open in the sun or round-headed and

adrowse in the evening twilight.

Chaucer's picture portrait is well known. So is that in his own words in the Canterbury Tales. But here is another, less familiar, by Robert Greene-of "Sir Jeffery Chaucer," as he calls him. Water chamlet is a rich coloured silken plush, and a whittell is a knife:

His stature was not very tall. Leane he was, his legs were small, Hosed within a stock of red A buttoned bonnet on his head, From under which did hang, I weene, Silver haires both bright and sheene, His beard was white, trimmèd round, His count'nance blithe and merry found, A Sleevelesse Iacket large and wide, With many pleights and skirts Side, Of water Chamlet did he weare, A whittell by his belt he beare, His shooes were cornèd broad before, His Inkhorne at his side he wore, And in his hand he bore a booke, Thus did this auntient Poet looke.

20. "BRAVE PRICK-SONG"

—which means, I gather, that while the nightingale was—even into the dusk of dawn—yet singing her "air" or "descant," the lark joined in as if reading her notes from the daybreak stars pricking the sky.

21. "Cuckoo, Jug, Jug, Pu we, to witta woo!"
Four birds, I suppose, have part in this: cuckoo, nightingale (yoog, yoog), green-finch (?) and owl.

I rose anon, and thought I woulde gone Into the woods, to hear the birdis sing, When that the misty vapour was agone, And cleare and faire was the morrowing; The dew, also, like silver in shining, Upon the leaves, as any baume sweet.

And in I went to hear the birdis song,
Which on the branches, both in plain and vale,
So loudly y-sang, that all the wood y-rang,
Like as it should shiver in pieces smale;
And as me thoughten that the nightingale
With so great might her voice began out-wrest,
Right as her heart for love would all to-brest.

JOHN LYDGATE

22. "THE JEALOUS TROUT."

Thou that desir'st to fish with line and hook, Be it in pool, in river, or in brook, To bless thy bait and make the fish to bite, Lo, here's a means! if thou canst hit it right: Take Gum of Life, fine beat, and laid in soak In oil well drawn from that which kills the oak, Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt have sport thy fill; When twenty fail, thou shalt be sure to kill.

It's perfect and good, If well understood; Else not to be told For silver or gold.

So advises Master Will. Lauson in the Secrets of Angling, which was published in 1653; the ingredients (or ingrediments as I used to say when I was a child) of his "gum of life" being Cocculus Julia, Assafoetida, Honey, and Wheat-flour. The "that which kills the oak," I suppose, is ivy. But it looks as if there may have been a wink in his eye—to welcome the green in his reader's.

Here, on the same theme, are a few lines from a poem by Mr. Robert Bridges:

... Sometimes an angler comes, and drops his hook Within its hidden depths, and 'gainst a tree Leaning his rod, reads in some pleasant book, Forgetting soon his pride of fishery,
And dreams, or falls asleep,
While curious fishes peep
About his nibbled bait, or scornfully
Dart off and rise and leap. . . .

And these are by J. Wolcot:

Why flyest thou away with fear?
Trust me there's naught of danger near,
I have no wicked hooke
All covered with a snaring bait,
Alas, to tempt thee to thy fate,
And dragge thee from the brooke. . . .

Enjoy thy stream, O harmless fish;
And when an angler for his dish,
Through gluttony's vile sin,
Attempts, a wretch, to pull thee out,
God give thee strength, O gentle trout,
To pull the raskall in!

A less common and more skilful sport than fly, hook and bait, or even "tickling" can afford is to share their watery chaos with the fish, and catch them with the hands. This needs rare skill and cunning and—a disguise! "For dyeing of your hairs," savs Isaac Walton in The Compleat Angler, "do it thus: Take a pint of strong ale, half a pound of soot, and a little quantity of the juice of walnut-tree leaves, and an equal quantity of alum; put these together, into a pot, pan, or pipkin, and boil them half an hour; and having so done, let it cool; and being cold, put your hair into it, and there let it lie; it will turn your hair to be a kind of water or glass-colour or greenish; and the longer you let it lie, the deeper coloured it will be. You might be taught to make many other colours, but it is to little purpose: for doubtless the water-colour or glass-coloured hair is the most choice and the most useful for an angler, but let it not be too green."

"And Birds had drawn their Valentines." (line 4)

First thing in the early morning, if you go out on St. Valentine's Day, which is the 14th day of February, you will meet, if you meet anybody, your soon-to-be-loved one. So too the birds. In my young days, folks sent the daintiest pictures to their sweethearts on this day. Mr. Nahum had a drawer half full of them—with a few locks of hair and some withered flowers. And one or two of these Valentines were of beaten gold, with images of lovely things upon them, as if from another planet.

"This morning came up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer to be her Valentine; and brought her name writ upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty...." Mr. Samuel Pepys's Diary.

To-morrow is S. Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window
To be your Valentine!

Ophelia's Song.

"Joan strokes a Sillabub or Twain."

If you would make a Lemon Sillabub (as advised by Mrs. Charlotte Mason, "a Professed Housekeeper, who from about 1740 had upwards of Thirty Years experience in Families of the First Fashion") take "a Pint of cream, a pint of white wine, the rind of two lemons grated, and the juice. Sugar to the taste. Let it stand some time; mill or whip it. Lay the froth on a sieve; put the remainder into glasses. Lay on the froth." Mr. Nahum must have had a fancy for Cookery Books; there were dozens of them in his tower room. Indeed. the next best thing to eating a good dish is to read how it is made: and somehow the old "cookbook" writers learned to write a most excellent and appetising English. another recipe from Delightes for Ladies, of 1608—a dainty that would eat uncommonly well with a sillabub:-" To make a marchbane.—Take two poundes of almonds being blanched, and dryed in a sieve over the fire, beate them in a stone mortar, and when they bee small mixe them with two pounde of sugar beeing finely beaten, adding two or three spoonefuls of rose-water, and that will keep your almonds from oiling: when your paste is beaten fine, drive it thin with a rowling pin, and so lay it on a bottom of wafers, then raise up a little edge on the side, and so bake it, then you it with rosewater and sugar, then put it in the oven again, and when you see your yee is risen up and drie, then take it out of the oven and garnish it with pretie conceipts, as birdes and beasts being cast out of standing moldes. Sticke long comfits upright in it, cast biskets and carrowaies in it, and so serve it; guild it before you serve it: you may also print of this marchpane paste in your molds for banqueting dishes. And of this paste our comfit makers at this day make their letters, knots, armes, escutcheons, beasts, birds, and other fancies." Also pygmy castles and suchlike, for dessert, which the guests would demolish with sugar-plums.

"Good thou, save mee a piece of Marchpane, and as thou lovest me, let the Porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. . . ." Romeo and Juliet

23. "THE SUN ARISING."

"What other fire could be a better image of the fire which is there, than the fire which is here? Or what other earth than

this, of the earth which is there?" So said Plotinus, and "I know," said Blake, "that this world is a world of imagination and vision. I see everything I paint in this world, but everybody does not see alike. To the eye of a miser a guinea is far more beautiful than the sun, and a bag worn with the use of money has more beautiful proportions than a vine filled with grapes. The tree which moves some to tears of joy is in the eyes of others only a green thing which stands in the way. . . . Some scarce see Nature at all. But to the eyes of the man of imagination, Nature is Imagination itself. As a man is, so he sees. As the eye is formed, such are its powers. You certainly mistake, when you say that the visions of fancy are not to be found in this world. To me this world is all one continued vision."... Indeed, when Blake was a child, he saw on Peckham Rye a tree, full, not of birds, but of angels; and his poems show how marvellously clear were the eyes with which he looked at the things of Nature.

In the year 1872, an old lady might have been seen driving across the Rye in her silvery carriage; and she came to where, under a flowering tree, sat a small boy—the locks of hair upon his head like sheaves of cowslips, his eyes like speedwells, and he in very bright clothes. And he was a-laughing up into the tree. She stopped her carriage and said to him almost as if she were more angry than happy, "What are you laughing at, child?" And he said, "At the sparrows, ma'am." "Mere sparrows!" says she, "but why?" "Because they were saying," says he, "here comes across the Rye a blind old horse, a blind old coachman, and a blind old woman." "But I am not blind," says she. "Nor are they not 'mere sparrows'," said the child. And at that the old lady was looking out of her carriage at no child, but at a small bush, in bud, of

gorse.

24. "AND THANK HIM THEN"

-as does Robert Herrick's child, in his "Grace":

Here a little child I stand, Heaving up my either hand; Cold as Paddocks though they be, Here I lift them up to Thee, For a Benizon to fall On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

A paddock is a frog or a toad, it seems. To either small cold hand there are four cold fingers and a thumb; and in old times, says Halliwell, our ancestors had distinct names for each of the five toes and for each of the five fingers. The fingers were called thumb, toucher, longman, leche-man, little-man: leche-man being the ring-finger, because in that "there is a sinew very tender and small that reaches to the heart." In Essex they used to call them (and still may)—Tom Thumbkin, Bess Bumpkin, Long Linkin, Bill Wilkin, and Little Dick. In Scotland: Thumbkin, Lickpot, Langman, Berrybarn and Pirlie Winkie.

And here are some more from Dr. Courtenay Dunn's *Natural History of the Child*—a book which is graced with as handsome a frontispiece as ever I've seen:

Thumb - Tommy Tomkins or Bill Milker.
Forefinger - Billy Wilkins ,, Tom Thumper.
Third finger - Long Larum ,, Long Lazy.
Fourth finger Betsy Bedlam ,, Cherry Bumper.
Little finger - Little Bob ,, Tippity, Tippity-Town-end.

Big toe - Tom Barker or Toe Tipe.
Toe 2 - Long Rachel ,, Penny Wipe,
Toe 3 - Minnie Wilkin
Toe 4 - Milly Larkin ,, Billy Whistle.
Little toe - Little Dick ,, Tripping-go.

So (if you wish) you can secretly name not only your fingers, toes, rooms, chairs and tables, etc., but also the stars in their courses, the trees in your orchard, and have your own privy countersign for the flowers you like best. "Give a dog a bad name, and hang him," says the old proverb. Give anything a good name, and it is yours for ever. There is the tale of the unhappy gardener in the Isle of Rumm who without ill intention called a snapdragon an antirrhinum. And there arose out of the hillside a Monster named Zobj—but I haven't the space for the rest. The gardener of course meant well; but when he heard the Voice counting his last moments, not in common English, but in what Wensleydale Knitters still remember of the Norse—Yahn, Jyahn, Tether, Mether, Mumph, Hither, Lither, Auver, Dauver, Dic—well, he died before he was due, so to speak.

While we are on this subject, here is a Face Rhyme:

Bo Peeper Nose Dreeper Chin Chopper White Lopper Red Rag And Little Gap.

This is another:

Here sits the Lord Mayor: Here sit his men; Here sits the cockadoodle; Here sits the hen; Here sits the little chickens; Here they run in;

Chinchopper, chinchopper chin.

The next three are foot rhymes, very soothing at times to fractious babies. The first is common in London, etc.:

This little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had roast beef;
This little pig had the bone;
This little pig cried Wee-wee-wee-wee!

All the way home.

The second comes from the Isle of Wight:

This gurt pig zays, I wants meat;
T'other one zays, Where'll ye hay et?
This one zays, In gramfer's barn;
T'other one zays, Week! Week! I can't get over

Cother one zays, Week! Week! I can't get over the dreshel.

And this is from Scotland:

This ain biggit the baurn,
This ain stealt the corn,
This ain stood and saw,
This ain ran awa',
An' wee Pirlie Winkie paid for a'.

And last; here is a dance-babbie-on-knee (or This-is-the-way) rhyme; also from Scotland:

The doggies gaed to the mill, This way and that way;

They took a lick out o' this wife's poke And they took a lick out o' that wife's poke, And a loup in the lead, and a dip in the dam, And gaed walloping, walloping, walloping, HAME.

And no doubt came to the conclusion expressed in the sixth stanza of Robert Herrick's Ternary of Littles, upon a Pipkin of Jelly sent to a Lady:

A little Saint best fits a little Shrine, A little Prop best fits a little Vine, As my small Cruse best fits my little Wine.

A little Seed best fits a little Soyle, A little Trade best fits a little Toyle, As my small Jarre best fits my little Oyle.

A little Bin best fits a little Bread, A little Garland fits a little Head, As my small stuffe best fits my little Shed.

A little Hearth best fits a little Fire, A little Chappell fits a little Quire, As my small Bell best fits my little Spire.

A little streame best fits a little Boat, A little lead best fits a little Float, As my small Pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little bellie, As sweetly, Lady, give me leave to tell ye, This little Pipkin fits this little Jellie.

And the fact that this or any other poem is printed at this end of the book instead of at the other does not mean that I am any the less thankful to have it or that Mr. Nahum left it out of his.

25. "I SING OF A MAIDEN."

Only the spelling of this lovely and ancient little carol has been slightly changed.

29. "SLEEP STAYS NOT, THOUGH A MONARCH BIDS." (line 11).

Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs, Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,

And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber, Than in the perfumed chambers of the great, Under the canopies of costly state, And lulled with sound of sweetest melody? O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell? Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains In cradle of the rude imperious surge, And in the visitation of the winds, Who take the ruffian billows by the top, Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds, That, with the hurly, death itself awakes? Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude: And in the calmest and most stillest night, With all appliances and means to boot, Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down! Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Henry IV. Part ii.

30.

For many years I read this poem as if the accents in the first line of each stanza fell on the first and third word-the two "I's." It was stupid of me, for clearly the accent should fall (lightly) on the second syllable of the "remembers." Apart from the accents or stresses in a line of verse, there is the rise and fall of the voice, a kind of tune in the saying of it. If the right tune is not caught, then the difference is as much as if one sniffed a wallflower and it smelt like African mimosa. And to me, as to hundreds of thousands of Englishmen, this poem is as familiar, long-endeared and refreshing as wallflower, Sweet William, or Old Man. This is the second or third time I have made remarks about the rhythm, lilt or tune of a poem; and it won't be the last. May I be forgiven, for as Chaucer wrote to his small son Louis when he was sharing with him his love of astronomy: "Soothly me seemeth betre to writen unto a child twice a good sentence, then he forget it ones." As for his elders, even thrice may be short commons.

"THOSE FLOWERS MADE OF LIGHT." (line 12)

Hold up a flower between eye and sun, or even candle-flame, and it seems little but its own waxen hue and colour. Moonlight is too pale; the petals remain opaque. In the moon's light, indeed, blueness is scarcely distinguishable from shadowiness; red darkens but yellow pales, and the fairest flowers of all wake in her beams—jasmine, convolvulus, evening-primrose—as if they not only shared her radiance but returned a glowwormlike fuminess of their own.

Once, long before I came to Thrae, having plucked for my mother a few convolvulus flowers, I remember when I was just about to give them into her hand I discovered that the beautiful cups of delight had enwreathed themselves together, and had returned as it were to the bud, never to reopen. I was but a child, and this odd little disappointment was so extreme that I burst out crying.

32.

See just above, No. 30: and for proof of the curious obedience of words to any bidden rhythm it is interesting to compare this poem with its next neighbours. Mr. Frost's colt is called "a little Morgan," because he was of a famous breed of horses of that name which are the pride of the State of Vermont.

35.

Only a single copy of the old play, *Mundus et Infans*, from which this fragment is taken, is known to be in existence. It was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1522; and was written roundabout 1500.

The lines need a slow reading to get the run and lilt of them: and even at that they jog and creak like an old farm-cart. But the boy, Dalyaunce, if one takes a little pains, will come gradually out of them as clear to the eye as if you had met him in the street to-day, on his way to "schole" for yet another "docking."

Clothes, houses, customs, food a little, thoughts a little, knowledge, too—all change as the years and centuries go by, but Dalyaunce under a thousand names lives on. It never occurred to me when I was young to think that the children in Rome talked Latin at their games, and that Solomon and Caesar, Prester John and the Grand Khan knew in their young

days what it means to be homesick and none too easy to sit down. Yet there are knucklebones and dolls in London that the infant subjects of the Pharaohs played with, and at Stratford Grammar School, for all to see, is Shakespeare's school desk. As for Dalyaunce, "dockings" are not nowadays so harsh as once they were.

In proof of this, there is a passage from a book, telling of his own life as a small boy, written by Guibert de Nogent. He is speaking of his childhood, about the year when William

the Conqueror landed at Hastings:

'So, after a few of the evening hours had been passed in that study, during which I had been beaten even beyond my deserts, I came and sat at my mother's knees. She, according to her wont, asked whether I had been beaten that day; and I, unwilling to betray my master, denied it; whereupon, whether I would or no, she threw back my inner garment (such as men call shirt), and found my little ribs black with the strokes of the osier, and rising everywhere into weals. Then, grieving in her inmost bowels at this punishment so excessive for my tender years, troubled and boiling with anger, and with brimming eyes, she cried, "Never now shalt thou become a clerk, nor shalt thou be thus tortured again to learn thy letters!" Whereupon, gazing upon her with all the seriousness that I could call to my face, I replied, "Nay, even though I should die under the rod, I will not desist from learning my letters and becoming a clerk !"'

Still, there were more merciful schoolmasters than Guibert de Nogent's, even in days harsh as his; as this further extract from Mr. G. G. Coulton's enticing *Medieval Garner* shows:

'One day, when a certain Abbot, much reputed for his piety, spake with Anselm concerning divers points of Monastic Religion, and conversed among other things of the boys that were brought up in the cloister, he added: "What, pray, can we do with them? They are perverse and incorrigible; day and night we cease not to chastise them, yet they grow daily worse and worse."

Whereat Anselm marvelled, and said, "Ye cease not to beat them? And when they are grown to manhood, of what sort are they then?" "They are dull and brutish," said the other.

Then said Anselm, "With what good profit do ye expend your substance in nurturing human beings till they become

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brute beasts?... But I prithee tell me, for God's sake, wherefore ye are so set against them? Are they not human, sharing in the same nature as yourselves? Would ye wish to be so handled as ye handle them? Ye will say, 'Yes, if we were as they are.' So be it, then; yet is there no way but that of stripes and scourges for shaping them to good? Did ye ever see a goldsmith shape his gold or silver plate into a fair image by blows alone? I trow not. What then? That he may give the plate its proper shape, he will first press it gently and tap it with his tools; then again he will more softly raise it with discreet pressure from below, and caress it into shape. So ye also, if ye would see your boys adorned with fair manners, ye should not only beat them down with stripes, but also raise their spirits and support them with fatherly kindness and pity'..."

There was an old woodcut, hanging on Mr. Nahum's wall in his tower room, showing a boy in the middle ages being whipped in a kind of machine (something like a roasting-jack), and a schoolmaster standing by, nicely smiling, in a gown. When Coleridge was a bluecoat boy at Christ's Hospital with Charles Lamb, he seems to have had a headmaster of this kind: "'Boy!' I remember Bowyer saying to me once when I was crying the first day after my return after the holidays,—'Boy! the school is your father! Boy! the school is your mother! Boy! the school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying.'...

"Mrs. Bowyer was no comforter, either. Val. Le Grice and I were once going to be flogged for some domestic misdeed, and Bowyer was thundering away at us, by way of prologue, when Mrs. B. looked in and said, 'Flog them soundly, sir, I beg!' This saved us. Bowyer was so nettled at the interruption that he growled out, 'Away, woman, away!'

and we were let off."

Coleridge tells of yet another schoolmaster, whose name, like Bowyer and birch, also began with a B.: "Busby was the father of the English public school system. He was headmaster of Westminster through the reign of Charles I., the Civil War, the Protectorate, the reign of Charles II., and the Revolution of 1688. Under him Westminster became the first school in the kingdom. When Charles II. visited the

school, Busby stalked before the King with his hat upon his head, whilst his most sacred majesty meekly followed him. In private Busby explained that his conduct was due to the fact that he could not allow, for discipline's sake, the boys to imagine there could be a greater man than himself alive." Quite rightly, of course.

There is, too, the story of the little Lion that went to school to the Bear. Being, though of royal blood, a good deal of a dunce, Master Lion bore many sound cuffings from Dr. Bruin on the road to learning, and found it hot and dusty. After such administrations, he would sometimes sit in the sun under a window, learning his task and brooding on a day when he would return to the school and revenge himself upon the Doctor for having treated him so sore. But Master Lion was all this time growing up, and so many were the cares of State when he had left his books and become a Prince and Heir Apparent, that for a time he had no thought for his old school. Being, however, in the Royal Gardens one sunny morning, and seeing bees busy about their hive, he remembered an old saying on the sweetness of knowledge and wisdom, and this once more reminded him of his old Master. Bidding his servants sling upon a rod half a dozen of the hives, he set out to visit Dr. Bruin. The hives were taken into his study, and the bees. being unused to flitting within walls out of the sunshine, angrily sang and droned about the head of the old schoolmaster as he sat at his desk. Their stings were of little account against his thick hide, but their molestation was a fret, and he presently cried aloud, "Would that the Prince had kept his gifts to himself!" The Prince, who was standing outside the door. listening and smiling to himself, thereupon cried out: "Ah! Dr. Bruin, when I was under your charge, you often heavily smit and cuffed me with those long-clawed paws of yours. Now I am older, and have learned how sweet and worthy is the knowledge they instilled. This too will be your experience. My bees may fret and buzz and sting a little now, but you will think of me more kindly when you shall be tasting their rich honey in the Winter that is soon upon us." And Dr. Bruin, peering out at the Prince from amid the cloud of the bees, when he heard him thus call Tit for Tat, he couldn't help but laugh.

And last—to return to Coleridge once more, who, in the bad

old days, so far as food goes, never "had a belly full" at Christ's Hospital, and whose appetite was only "damped, never satisfied,"—here is one of his earliest letters (to his elder brother George), which may have an (indirect) reference to Dr. Bowyer's birch:

Dear Brother,—You will excuse me for reminding you that, as our holidays commence next week, and I shall go out a good deal, a good pair of breeches will be no inconsiderable accession to my appearance. For though my present pair are excellent for the purpose of drawing mathematical figures on them, and though a walking thought, sonnet or epigram would appear in them in very *splendid* type, yet they are not altogether so well adapted for a female eye—not to mention that I should have the charge of vanity brought against me for wearing a looking-glass. I hope you have got rid of your cold—and I am

Your affectionate brother,
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

40.

This too should go to the lilt of its music, as then the accents would come clearly. I think, in the reading of it, there should be four stressed syllables to the first, second and fifth lines in each stanza: "Whâr hae ye bêen a' day, $m\hat{y}$ boy Tâmmy"; and "The wêe thing gie's her hând, and says, There, gâng and ask my Mâmmy." A line of verse like this resembles a piece of elastic; if you leave it very slack you will get no music out of it at all; stretch it a little too far, it snaps.

41. "Rosy Apple, Lemon, or Pear."

This little jingle and Nos. 15, 16, 68, 75, etc., are Singing Game Rhymes, of which scores have been collected from the mouths of children near and far from all over the Kingdom, and are now to be found in print in Lady Gomme's two stout engrossing volumes entitled *Traditional Games*. In these more than seven hundred games are described, including Rakes and Roans, Rockety Row, Sally Go Round the Moon, Shuttle-feather, Spannims, Tods and Lambs, Whigmeleerie, Allicomgreenaie, Bob-Cherry, Oranges and Lemons, Cherry Pit, Thumble-bones, Lady on Yandor Hill, Hechefragy, and Snail Creep.

A good many of these games have singing rhymes to them. And the words of them vary in different places. For the children in each of twenty or more villages and towns may have their own particular version of the same rhyme. As for the original from which all such versions must once have come—that may be centuries old. Like the Nursery Rhymes, they were most of them in the world ages before our great-great-great-grand-dams were babies in their cradles. The noble game of Hop Scotch, for instance, Lady Gomme tells us, was in favour before the year 1.

The most mysterious rhymes of all are said to refer to ancient tribal customs, rites and ceremonies—betrothals, harvest-homes, sowings, reapings, well-blessings, dirges, divinations, battles, hunting, and exorcisings—before even London was else than a few hovels by its river's side. Rhymes such as these having been passed on from age to age and from one piping throat to another, have grown worn and battered of course, and become

queerly changed in their words.

These from Mr. Nahum's book have their own differences too. He seems to have liked best those that make a picture, or sound uncommonly sweet and so carry the fancy away. Any little fytte or jingle or jargon of words that manages that is like a charm or a talisman, and to make new ones is as hard as to spin silk out of straw, or to turn beech leaves into fairy money. When one thinks, too, of the myriad young voices that generation after generation have carolled these rhymes into the evening air, and now are still—well, it's a thought no less sorrowful for being strange, and no less strange for the fact that our own voices too will some day be as silent.

Summer's pleasures they are gone like to visions every one,
And the cloudy days of autumn and of winter cometh on.
I tried to call them back, but unbidden they are gone
Far away from heart and eye and for ever far away.
Dear heart, and can it be that such raptures meet decay?
I thought them all eternal when by Langley Bush I lay,
I thought them joys eternal when I used to shout and play
On its bank at "clink and bandy," "chock" and "taw" and
"ducking stone."

Where silence sitteth now on the wild heath as her own

Like a ruin of the past all alone. . .

42. "IN PRAISE."

The loveliest and gayest song of praise and sweetness to a

"young thing" I have ever seen.

"Ieloffer"—gelofer, gelofre, gillofre, gelevor, gillyvor, gillofer, jerefloure, gerraflour-all these are ways of spelling Gillyflower, gelofre coming nearest to its original French: giroflée—meaning spiced like the clove. There were of old, I find, three kinds of gillyflowers: the clove, the stock and the wall. It was the first of these kinds that was meant in the earlier writers by the small clove carnation (or Coronation, because it was made into chaplets or garlands). Its Greek name was dianthus (the flower divine); and its twin-sister is the Pink, so called because its edges are, as it were, picked out, jagged, notched, scalloped. Country names for it are Sweet John, Pagiants, Blunket and Sops-in-Wine, for it spices what it floats in, and used to be candied for a sweetmeat. Blossoming in July, the Gillyflower suggests July-flower, and if Julia is one's sweetheart, it may also be a Julie-flower. So one name may carry many echoes. It has been truly described as a gimp and gallant flower, and, says Parkinson, who wrote Paradisus Terrestris, it was the chiefest of account in Tudor gardens. By 1700 indeed there were 360 kinds and four classes of clove gillyflower—the Flake, the Bizarre, the Piquette or picotee (picotée or pricketed), and the Painted Lady, the last now gone. Its ancestor, the dianthus, seems to have crossed the Channel with the Normans, for it flourishes on the battlements of Falaise, the Conqueror's birthplace, and crowns the walls of many a Norman Castle—Dover, Ludlow, Rochester, Deal—to this day.

43. "PYGSNYE"

must be Piggie's eye, or, from an old word, Twinkle-eye, just as we nowadays call a child or loved-one Goosikins or Pussikins, or Lambkin Pie, or Bunch-of-Roses, or Chickabiddy, or Come-kiss-me-quick. *Minion* means anything small, minikin, delicate, dainty, darling. Look close, for example, at the brown-green florets of a stalk of mignonette.

44. "A WORM'S LIGHT." (line 10)

Many years ago I had the curious pleasure of reading a little book—and one in small print too (Alice Meynell's lovely

Flower of the Mind)—by English glowworm light. The worm was lifting its green beam in the grasses of a cliff by the sea, and shone the clearer the while because it was during an eclipse of the moon. But see No. 93.

50. "BUT NEVER CAM' HE."

... "O wha will shoe my bonny foot?

And wha will glove my hand?

And wha will lace my middle jimp,
Wi' a lang, lang linen band?

"O who will kame my yellow hair, With a haw bayberry kame? And wha will be my babe's father, Till Gregory come hame?"

"Thy father, he will shoe thy foot, Thy brother will glove thy hand, Thy mother will bind thy middle jimp Wi' a lang, lang linen band!

"Thy sister will kame thy yellow hair, Wi' a haw bayberry kame;
The Almighty will be thy babe's father,
Till Gregory come hame."...

"Haw" is an old English word meaning (?) blue or braw, and bayberry is the all-spice tree; so this sad one's yellow hair had for comb an uncommonly charming thing. In another version the comb is of "new silver," and in a third it is a red river kame, which, thinks Mr. Child, may be a corruption of red *ivory*. But give *me* (for such hair) the bayberry kind, and let it be haw.

51. "THE ORPHAN."

"The first sense of sorrow I ever knew," wrote Richard Steele, "was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell abeating the coffin, and calling, papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My

mother catched me in her arms, and transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces; and told me in a flood of tears, 'Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again.'"

53.

The first and third stanzas of this poem were (and are) my particular favourites, and especially the second line in each. Such poems are like wayside pools, or little well-springs of water. It does not matter how many wayfarers come thither to quench their thirst, there is abundance for all.

"THE PERISHING PLEASURES OF MAN." (line 18)

"But you mustn't imagine," said the old old Harper, "that I harp sad memories on my harp-strings because, being an ancient I am envious of my youth. Far from it. My only grief is that even if mine were the Harp that hung in Tara, I could not express the joy it is to be of years an hundred, and to remember that once I was nought—and all in the same bar."

And for yet another look behind, I cannot leave out this little rhyme from William Allingham, who made one of the happiest of all anthologies, "Nightingale Valley":

Four ducks on a pond, A grass-bank beyond, A blue sky of spring, White clouds on the wing; What a little thing To remember for years— To remember with tears.

Or, last, this lovely scrap from the Scots—all distance and longing for home:

O Alva hills is bonny,
Dalycoutry hills is fair,
But to think on the braes of Menstrie
It maks my heart fu' sair.

60

Edward Thomas, who wrote this poem, knew by heart most of the villages, streams, high roads, by-roads, hills, forests, woods and dales of the southern counties of England, and came so to know them by the best of all methods. He walked through them on his feet; and, when so inclined, sat down by the wayside or leaned over a farm or field gate and gazed and mused and day-dreamed. Here is another poem of his:

If I should ever by chance grow rich I'll buy Codham, Cockridden, and Childerditch, Roses, Pyrgo, and Lapwater,
And let them all to my elder daughter.
The rent I shall ask of her will be only
Each year's first violets, white and lonely,
The first primroses and orchises—
She must find them before I do, that is.
But if she finds a blossom on furze—
Without rent they shall all for ever be hers,
Codham, Cockridden, and Childerditch,
Roses, Pyrgo and Lapwater,—
I shall give them all to my elder daughter.

Not, of course, to find a blossom on furze or gorse as soon as any sun is in the year's sky, is the rare feat; and if in your wanderings over the hills and far away you should chance on secret hidden-away Pyrgo or Childerditch, sweet with its fragrance, then enquire for the beautiful, happy young Lady of the Manor. As a matter of fact, the scent of the furze-blossom is not exactly sweet, but nutlike and aromatic. This is what Edward Thomas's friend, W. H. Hudson, the great naturalist, wrote about it: "The gorse is most fragrant at noon, when the sun shines brightest and hottest. At such an hour when I approach a thicket of furze, the wind blowing from it, I am always tempted to cast myself down on the grass to lie for an hour drinking in the odour. The effect is to make me languid; to wish to lie till I sleep and live again in dreams in another world, in a vast open-air cathedral where a great festival of ceremony is perpetually in progress, and acolytes, in scores and hundreds with beautiful bright faces, in flame vellow and orange surplices, are ever and ever coming toward

me, swinging their censers until I am ready to swoon in that heavenly incense!"...

"A STOAT." (stanza 5)

It is the gentle custom of gamekeepers to slaughter at sight (though not for food) the little preying beasts and birds of the woodlands—owls, hawks, crows, jays, stoats, weasels, and such like. They then nail up their carcases to a shed side, or to a barn door, or on a field-gate, leaving them to rot in the wind for a warning to their live mates—just as in the old days the precarious English kings spiked the heads of traitors on the turrets of the Tower. Foxes you "hunt" to death.

61. "The Howes of the Silent Vanished Races" are, I suppose, the mounds, barrows, tumuli or Fairie Hills, some of them round, some of them long, some of them chambered, beneath which the ancient races of Britain, centuries before the coming of the Saxons and the Danes, buried their dead. So once slept the mummied Pharaohs beneath their enormous Pyramids. Age hangs densely over these solitary mounds, as over the Dolmens and Cromlechs—Stonehenge, the Whispering Knights—and the single gigantic Menhirs—the Tingle Stone, the Whittle Stone, the Bair-down-Man and the demoniac Hoar Stone.

These were utterly ancient and unintelligible marvels even when the monk Ranulph Higden wrote his *Polychronicon* in 1352: The second wonder, he says, is at Stonehenge beside Salisbury. There great stones marvellously huge, be a-reared up on high, as it were gates, so that there seemeth gates to be set up upon other gates. Nevertheless it is not clearly known nor perceived how and to what end they be so a-reared up, and "so wonderlych yhonged." And yet, they are but as falling apple-blossom compared with the age of the world and the antiquity of the Universe:

Ist Gravedigger. Come my spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen but Gardiners, Ditchers and Grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2nd Gravedigger. Was he a Gentleman?

1st Gravedigger. He was the first that ever bore Armes.

Hamlet.

62. THE TWA BROTHERS

-and here is as romantic and tragic a tale of two friends:

O Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, They war twa bonnie lasses; They biggit a bower on yon Burn-brae, And theekit it o'er wi' rashes.

They theekit it o'er wi' rashes green,
They theekit it o'er wi' heather;
But the pest cam' frae the burrows-town,
And slew them baith thegither.

They thought to lye in Methven kirkyard, Amang their noble kin; But they maun lye in Stronach haugh, To bick forenent the sin.

O Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, They war twa bonnie lasses; They biggit a bower on yon Burn-brae, And theekit it o'er wi' rashes.

Biggit and theekit means builded and thatched; and the twelfth line is "to bask beneath the sun."

64.

A tragic tale is hidden, rather than told, in this old Scottish ballad. It resembles a half ruinous house in a desolate country, dense green with briar and bramble, echoing with wild voices—its memories gone. Mr. Nahum's picture for it was of a figure in a woman's bright clothes and scarlet hood, but with what looked to me like the head of his own skeleton deep within the hood. And on a stone nearby sat a little winged boy.

66. "HER HIGH-BORN KINSMAN."

... And there was a wind in the night as they fared onward, a wind in the mid-air, playing from out the clouds. And presently after, the twain descended into the valley, the one traveller's foot stumbling as he went, against the writhen roots that jutted from between the stones of the path they followed. And it seemed that the voice of one unseen cried, Lo! And the traveller looked up from out of the valley of his

journey, and, behold, a wan moon gleamed between the ravelled clouds; and the face of his companion showed for that instant clear against the sky in the shadow of its cloak. And it was the face of a nobleman; renowned for his patience; courteous and cold; whose name is Death....

68. "LONDON BRIDGE."

This is yet another singing-game rhyme. When London was nothing but a cluster of beehive huts in the hill clearings of the great Forest of Middlesex above the marshes and the Thames, there can have been no bridge. There may have been a bridge, it seems, in A.D. 44, eighty-seven years after the death of Caesar; and for centuries there was certainly a ferry, Audery the Shipwight being one of its ferrymen, his oars the shape of shovels, and his boat like a young moon on her back.

The rhyme appears to refer to the wooden bridge built in 994 at Southwark, which was destroyed in 1008 by King Olaf, the Saint of Norway, to whose glory four London churches are dedicated. Olaf had become the ally of Ethelred (the Unready), and to defeat the Danes who had captured the city he first screened his fighting ships with frameworks of osier for the protection of his men, who then rowed them up to the Bridge against the tide. They wapped and bound huge ropes or hawsers round its timber piers, swept down with the slack

with the tide, and so brought the Bridge to ruin.

The first stone bridge, in building from 1196 to 1208, was partially destroyed by fire four years afterwards. A picture of the entrancing re-built Bridge of Elizabeth's time, with its chapel, its many-storied gabled houses, its haberdashers', goldsmiths' and booksellers' shops, its cut-waters or starlings and many narrow arches, its gate-house with the spiked heads atop, its drawbridge and pillory, and that strange timber mansion, with not a nail in its wood, called Nonesuch, where perhaps lived the Lord Mayor—all this may be gloated over in any old seventeenth-century map of London. (John Visscher's of 1616 shows a windmill in the Strand!) So narrow were those high arches, and so vehemently flowed the tides beneath them, that even at ebb it was dangerous for a novice to shoot them in a boat. But between Windsor and Gravesend it is said there were forty thousand watermen and wherrymen in Shakespeare's day, yelling "Eastward Ho!", or "West-

ward Ho!" for passengers. The Bridge was the glory of London; as the Thames it spanned was its main thoroughfare. Fire was its chief enemy; the Great Fire in 1616 and that in 1633, after which it long continued to be used though dark, dismal and dangerous. The present monster of granite, over which the people of London stream to and fro throughout the day, like ants at the flighting, was built thirty yards west of the old one and began to span the river in 1832.

70. "THIS CITY."

London, thou art of townes A per se 1 Soveraign of cities, seemliest in sight, Of high renoun, riches and royaltie; Of lordis, barons, and many a goodly knyght; Of most delectable lusty ladies bright; Of famous prelatis, in habitis clericall; Of merchauntis full of substaunce and of myght:

London, thou art the flow'r of Cities all.

Strong be thy wallis that about thee standis; Wise be the people that within thee dwellis; Fresh is thy ryver with his lusty strandis; Blith be thy chirches, wele sownyng be thy bellis;

Rich be thy merchauntis in substaunce that excellis; Fair be their wives, right lovesom, white and small; Clere be thy virgyns, lusty under kellis 2! London, thou art the flow'r of Cities all. . . .

WILLIAM DUNBAR

"HE OPENED HOUSE TO ALL." (line 22)

The subject being good victuals, here is the "Bill of Fare at the Christening of Mr. Constable's Child, Rector of Cockley Cley, in Norfolk, January 2, 1682."

"A whole hog's head souc'd with carrots in the mouth, and pendants in the ears, with guilded oranges thick sett.

2 Oxs cheekes stewed with 6 marrow bones.

A leg of Veal larded with 6 pullets.

A leg of Mutton with 6 rabbits.

A chine of bief, chine of venison, chine of mutton, chine of veal, chine of pork, supported by 4 men.

¹ First and foremost ² Cap-nets of silk or of gold

A Venison Pasty.

A great minced pye, with 12 small ones about it.

A gelt fat turkey with 6 capons.

A bustard with 6 pluver.

A pheasant with 6 woodcock.

A great dish of tarts made all of sweetmeats.

A Westphalia hamm with 6 tongues.

A Jowle of Sturgeon.

A great charg^r of all sorts of sweetmeats with wine, and all sorts of liquors answerable."

And here is another from that inexhaustible Tom Tiddler's ground, Rustic Speech and Folklore for the "funeral meats" of a farmer who died near Whitby in 1760: "Besides what was distributed to 1,000 poor people who had 6d. each in money, there was consumed

110 dozen penny loaves,

9 large hams,

8 legs of veal,

20 stone of beef, 16 stone of mutton,

15 stone of Cheshire cheese, and

30 ankers of ale."

For me the "great dish of tarts," the "guilded oranges" and "the great charger of sweetmeats"! But after all, fine fat feasts such as these are but a Town Mouse's crumb of Wedding Cake compared to Mac Conglinnes' Vision in No. 73, which is from the Gaelic of 1100/1200 A.D., as translated by Kuno Meyer. Bragget, line 33, appears to have been a concoction or decotion of ale, honey, sugar and spice, of which last ambrosial ingredients (according to the old rhyme) are made little girls.

72. "AND BRING US IN GOOD ALE"

really good ale, that is, before beer was made "so mortal small," 133 years before tea-leaves came from China (to be boiled and the decoction stored in a barrel); 140 before the first coffee-house in London; and even, one might be tempted to add, before milk came from the cow, for as late as 1512 the two young sons of the fifth earl of Northumberland, Lord Percy aged eleven (who afterwards loved Anne Boleyn), and his younger brother, Maister Thomas Percy, were allowed for

"braikfaste" even on "Fysch," or fast Days: "Half a Loif of houshold Brede, a Manchet, a Dysch of Butter, a Pece of Saltfish, a Dysch of Sproits or iii White Herrynge," and a Potell of Bere, i.e. two quarts or Eight mugfuls.

"Hores," or heres, means hairs—cow's or dairymaid's. Butter is less hairy nowadays, though on the other hand we

have margarine.

I thought perhaps "Godes good" referred to a "podinge" for Saturdays—a hodge-podge of the scraps and pieces left over through the week; but I find it is really an old phrase for yeast.

73.

"I' sooth a Feast of Fats" (from the Irish of the twelfth century) like that dream of the rats in the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" as they scuttled to their doom in the cold Weser. For a feast of sweets there is Porphyrio's in the "Eve of St. Agnes":

"And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanchèd linen, smooth, and lavendered,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spicèd dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

These delicates he heaped with glowing hand On golden dishes and in baskets bright Of wreathèd silver: sumptuous they stand In the retirèd quiet of the night, Filling the chilly room with perfume light..."

For a banquet of enchantment there is Lamia's, and of magical fruits, poor Laura's in "Goblin Market"; Romeo too went feasting with the Capulets—but only his eyes; so too Macbeth, but his eyes betrayed him. Bottom in his ass's ears asked only for a munch of your good dry oats, a handfull of pease, and a bottle of hay, then fell asleep before even Queen Titania could magick them up for him. As for the poor Babes, blackberries and dewberries were their last supper. These are

but a few of scores of banqueting delights in poetry—but to include them all would need such a larder as Jack peeped into when he sat supping in the Giant's kitchen.

74. "PIGEON HOLES, STOOL-BALL, BARLEY-BREAK."

This fragment is a patchwork of the half-forgotten. "Pigeon holes" was a ball-game, played on the green, with wooden arches and little chambers as in a dovecot—a kind of open-air bagatelle. "Stool-ball" was popular with Nancies and Franceses on Shrove Tuesday. Barley-break was in Scotland a kind of "I spy," played in a stackyard, and in England a sort of "French and English," in three marked spaces or compartments, the middle one of which was called hell. And here—while we are on the subject of old and gallant pastimes—is a brief exposition of our noble and National Game of Cricket in its early days. It comes from a book with the queer title, "A Nosegay for the Trouble of Culling; or, Sports of Childhood":

"Cricket is a game universally played in England, not by boys only, for men of all ranks pique themselves on playing it with skill. In Mary-le-bone parish there is a celebrated cricket ground much frequented by noblemen and gentlemen.

The wicket consists of two pieces of wood fixed upright and kept together by another piece which is laid across the top and is called a bail; if either of these pieces of wood be thrown down by the ball the person so hitting them becomes the winner.

The ball used in this game is stuffed exceedingly hard. Many windows and valuable looking-glasses have been broken

by playing cricket in a room."

It was in a cricket match in the summer of 1775, when no less than three "balls" had rolled in between a Mr. Small's two stumps without stirring the bail, that it was decided to add

stump iii.

As for "tansy" (line 5), here is a recipe for it (to go with the sillabub on p. 218 (ii.)): "Take 15 eggs, and 6 of the whites; beat them very well; then put in some sugar, and a little sack; beat them again, and put about a pint or a little more of cream; then beat them again; then put in the juice of spinage or of primrose leaves to make it green. Then put in some more sugar, if it be not sweet enough; then beat it again a little, and so let it stand till you fry it, when the first course is in. Then

fry it with a little sweet butter. It must be stirred and fryed very tender. When it is fryed enough, then put it in a dish, and strew some sugar upon it, and serve it in."

75. "MARY'S GONE A-MILKING."

And, according to Sir Thomas Overbury (who dipped his pen in nectar as well as ink), "A Fair and Happy Milk-maid," is "a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all face-

physic out of countenance. . . .

"She doth not, with lying long abed, spoil both her complexion and conditions, . . . she rises, therefore, with chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came almond glove or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wish to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own which scents all the year long of June, like a new made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity: and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheel), she sings a defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. . . . She dares go alone and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none: yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones. . . .

"Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in the springtime, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet."

76. "Cypresse black as ere was Crow."

Cypresse (according to a memorandum from one of Mr. Nahum's books) is the fine cobweblike stuff we now call crape. Peaking-stickes, or poking-sticks, were gophering irons for frilling out linen, flounces, etc., etc., and not, as one might guess, curling tongs (since a pointed beard, and the V of hair on the forehead, used to be called peaks). A quoife or coif is a lady's head-dress, such as is still worn by nuns; while as for "maskes for faces," fine ladies in Shakespeare's day customarily wore

941

them (as old pictures show) when they went to see his plays. Masks were useful too in disguising the faces of his players, when—as was the custom in the London theatres up to 1629—boys took women's parts; and in the streets eyes gleamed out of the holes in them, worn then for keeping the skin fair, untanned, and unfreckled, as Julia says of herself in Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona:

But since she did neglect her looking-glasse, And threw her Sun-expelling masque away, The ayre hath starved the roses in her cheekes, And pinched the lily-tincture of her face. . . .

78. FAIRING. (line 5)

In this—the earliest known letter of Shelley's—he too asks for a fairing—the kickshaws and gewgaws sold in the booths of a fair—and a toothsome one; though I haven't yet been able to discover what he meant by "hunting nuts":

Monday, July 18, 1803.

(Horsham).

DEAR KATE,

We have proposed a day at the pond next Wednesday; and if you will come to-morrow morning I would be much obliged to you; and if you could any how bring Tom over to stay all night, I would thank you. We are to have a cold dinner over at the pond, and come home to eat a bit of roast chicken and peas at about nine o'clock. Mama depends upon your bringing Tom over to-morrow, and if you don't we shall be very much disappointed.

Tell the bearer not to forget to bring me a fairing—which is some ginger-bread, sweetmeat, hunting-nuts, and a pocket

book. Now I end.

I am not,

Your obedient servant,

P. B. SHELLEY

Even before Mr. Nahum's tower-room, I loved the "bonny brown hair" of this poem. Was it squirrel brown, or chestnut, or hazelnut, or autumn-beech, or heather-brown, or walnut, or old hay colour, or undappled-fawn, or dark lichen, or velvet brown, or marigold or pansy or wallflower-brown—or yet another?—every one of which would look charming beneath the rim of a round blue-ribanded "little straw hat."

80. "WIDDECOMBE FAIR."

To an eye looking down, the steeple of Widdecombe Church rises in the midst of Dartmoor like a lovely needle of ivory; and hidden beneath the turf around it lie, waiting, the bones of Tom Pearse, Bill Brewer...Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

83. "THERE WERE THREE GIPSIES"

—and they were of England (Somerset), though to judge from this old ballad they may have padded it down from the Highlands:

> There cam' Seven Egyptians on a day, And wow, but they sang bonny! And they sang sae sweet, and sae very complete, Down cam' Earl Cassilis' lady.

She cam' tripping adown the stair,
And a' her maids before her;
As soon as they saw her weel-faur'd face
They cast the glamourie owre her;

They gave to her the nutmeg,
And they gave to her the ginger;
And she gave to them a far better thing,
The seven gold rings off her finger.

There was a small black cobbled-up book entitled Glamourie in a red leather case in Thrae, but, alas, it was in a writing I could not easily decipher. On the fly-leaf was scrawled "H.B.", and beneath it was the following:

See, with eyes shut.
Look seldom behind thee.
In secret of selfship
Free thee, not bind thee.
Mark but a flower:
'Tis of Eden. A fly
Shall sound thee a horn
Wooing Paradise nigh.
Think close. Unto love
Give thy heart's steed the rein;
So—course the World over:
Then homeward again.

84. "Whatever they find they take it." (line 21)

There was a robber met a robber On a rig of beans; Says a robber to a robber, "Can a robber tell a robber What a robber means?"

And if not; why not? I had never seen this scrap of jingle until Mr. Ralph Hodgson gave it me. And the following version of an old game rhyme (with its rare "wood") first met my eye by the kindness of another friend, Mrs. Lyon:

"My Mother said that I never should Play with the gypsies in the wood, The wood was dark; the grass was green; In came Sally with a tambourine.

I went to the sea—no ship to get across; I paid ten shillings for a blind white horse; I up on his back and was off in a crack, Sally, tell my Mother I shall never come back."

86.

This lament for matchless Robin Hood, who should shine in a far better place than between "Beggars" and "Gilderoy," is the only rhyme about him in this collection. The fact is, try as I might, I could not make up my mind which I liked best of his old greenwood ballads in Mr. Nahum's book. The oldest and best were all in formidable spelling, the most of them were long, and maybe I was at last a little lazy. They are all to be found in Professor Child. And if leaving out the merry outlaw will persuade anyone to get and read English and Scottish Ballads, I shall have omitted him to good purpose.

87. "GILDEROY."

A pretty song about a monstrously ugly scoundrel, though handsome of feature. Gilderoy was a highwayman, sparing for his prey neither man nor woman, and if there were "roses" on his shoes, they were blood-red. At last fifty armed avengers surrounded his house at night and set on. He killed eight of them before he was captured; which, if true, was bonnie fighting. Nevertheless, such a villain he was that he was hanged,

without trial, on a gibbet thirty feet high, and the bones of him (despite the last stanza of the ballad) dangled in chains forty feet above Leith Walk in Edinburgh for fifty years afterwards.

88. "AND HIS NAME WAS LITTLE BINGO."

In bounding health, it is said, a dog's nose and a woman's elbow are always cold. The reason for which is explained in a legend (referred to in Mrs. Wright's Rustic Speech and Folk Lore). It seems that in the midst of its forty days' riding on the Flood, the Ark one black night sprung a little leak. Noah having forgotten to bring his carpenter's bag on board, was at his wits' end to plug the hole in its timbers. In the beam of his rushlight he looked and he looked and he looked; and still the water came rilling in and in. His dog, Shafet, was of course standing by, head on one side, carefully watching his master. And Noah, by good chance, at last casting his eye in his direction, seized the faithful creature and, thrusting his nose into the leak, for a while stopped the flow. But Noah, a merciful man, and partial to animals, quickly perceived that in a few minutes poor Shafet would perish of suffocation, and as, by this time, his wife had descended into the fo'c'sle to see what he was about, he released his dog's nose, and, instead of it, stuffed in her charming elbow. Q.E.D.

But not all dogs are as ready—as Launce in The Two Gentle-

men of Verona knew:

"Launce: 'Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I have done weeping. All the kinde of the Launces, have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious Sonne, and am going with Sir Protheus to the Imperialls Court: I thinke Crab my dog, be the sowrest natured dogge that lives: My Mother weeping: my Father wayling: my Sister crying: our Maid howling: our Catte wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curre shedde one teare: he is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no more pitty in him then a dogge!"

90. "Poor old Horse."

In the furrowed land The toilsome and patient oxen stand. Lifting the yoke-encumbered head, With their dilated nostrils spread,

They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapours that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.

For this rest in the furrow after toil Their large and lustrous eyes Seem to thank the Lord, More than man's spoken word.

H. W. Longfellow

91. "AY ME, ALAS."

Messalina's monkey was, I should fancy, of the kind called a marmoset, "blacke and greene." "Their agilitie and manner of doing is admirable, for that they seeme to have reason and discourse to go upon trees, wherein they seeme to imitate birds." There are so few of these far fair cousins of ours in poetry that I cannot forbear adding a note of Mr. Nahum's

from Sir John Maundeville's Travels.

"... From that City, (that is to say Cassay—the City of Heaven), men go by Water, solacing and disporting themselves, till they come to an Abbey of Monks-that is fast by-that be good religious men after their Faith and Law. In that Abbey is a great Garden and a fair, where be many Trees of diverse manner of Fruits. And in this Garden, is a little Hill, full of delectable Trees. In that Hill and in that Garden be many divers Beasts, as of Apes, Marmosets, Baboons, and many other divers Beasts. And every day, when the Monks of this Abbey have eaten, the Almoner has the remnants carried forth into the Garden, and he smiteth on the Garden Gate with a Clicket of Silver that he holdeth in his hand, and anon all the Beasts of the Hill and of divers places of the Garden, come out, a 3000 or a 4000 of them; they approach as if they were poor men come a-begging; and the Almoner's servants give them the remnants, in fair Vessels of Silver, clean over gilt. And when they have eaten, the Monk smiteth eftsoons on the Garden Gate with the Clicket; and then anon all the Beasts return again to their places that they came from. And they say that these Beasts be Souls of worthy men, that resemble in likeness the Beasts that be fair: and therefore they give them meat for the love of God."

92, "O HAPPY FLY."

And here is another of these creatures—" a sleepy fly that rubs its hands," in Mr. Hardy's words—William Blake's:

Little Fly, Thy summer's play My thoughtless hand Has brushed away.

Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?

For I dance, And drink, and sing, Till some blind hand Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life And strength and breath, And the want Of thought is death;

Then am I A happy fly, If I live Or if I die.

But the Happy Fly is nowadays gone so dismally out of favour that it would perhaps be prudent to draw attention from him to Lovelace's "Grasshopper":

O thou that swing'st upon the waving hair Of some well-fillèd oaten beard, Drunk every night with a delicious tear Dropt thee from heaven, where thou wert reared!

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,

That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;

And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire

To thy carved acorn-bed to lie.

Up with the day, the Sun thou welcom'st then, Sport'st in the gilt plaits of his beams, And all these merry days mak'st merry men, Thyself, and melancholy streams.

93. "Lo, the Bright Air alive with Dragonflies."

There is an old dialect children's rhyme about these lightlike shimmering *stingless* insects:

Snakestanger, snakestanger, vlee aal about the brooks; Sting aal the bad bwoys that vor the fish looks, Bút let the góod bwoys ketch aál the vish they can, And car'm away whooam to vry 'em in a pan; Bread and butter they shall yeat at zupper wi' their vish While aal the littull bad bwoys shall only lick the dish.

And here is yet another rhyme on the *Firefly* (from Du Bartas), which I have borrowed (with other passages as curious) from a mine of such things, *Animal Lore of Shake-speare's Time*, by Miss Emma Phipson:

"New-Spain's cucuio, in his forehead brings
Two burning lamps, two underneath his wings:
Whose shining rayes serve oft, in darkest night,
Th' imbroderer's hand in royall works to light:
Th' ingenious turner, with a wakefull eye,
To polish fair his purest ivory:
The usurer to count his glistring treasures:
The learned scribe to limn his golden measures."

"There is a kind of little animal of the size of prawnes," says Champlain of these tiny winged things, "which fly by night, and make such light in the air that one would say that they were so many little candles. If a man had three or four of these little creatures, which are not larger than a filbert, he could read as well at night as with a wax light."

95. "THE SALE OF THE PET LAMB."

"The Pet Lamb" by William Wordsworth is certainly of a more delicate light and colour and music than this poem. But it is much better known. And there is a secret something in the words of Mary Howitt's that wins one at once to love the writer of it.

98.

This is another translation by Kuno Meyer from the ancient Irish—just the bare bones, that is, of a poem that in its original tongue must have been many times more musical with

rhyme and gentle echo and cadence; for the craft of Gaelic verse was an exceedingly delicate one.

I like it for the sake of its cat, its monk, and its age, but chiefly because it reminds me of my own faraway days at Thrae—brooding up there in solitude and silence over Mr. Nahum's books.

As for "white Pangur" and his kind, "it is needlesse," says Topsell, "to spend any time about [Puss's] loving nature to man, how she flattereth by rubbing her skinne against ones legges, how she whurleth with her voyce, having as many tunes as turnes; for she hath one voice to beg and to complain, another to testifie her delight and pleasure, another among her own kind by flattring, by hissing, by spitting, insomuch as some have thought that they have a peculiar intelligible language among themselves." So also John de Trevisa, in 1387: "The catte is a beaste of uncerten heare (hair) and colour; for some catte is white, some rede, some blacke, some skewed (piebald) and speckled in the fete and in the face and in the eares. He is a beste in youth, swyfte, plyaunte, and mery, and lepeth and reseth (rusheth) on all thynge that is tofore him; and is led by a strawe and playeth therwith. He is a right hevy beast in aege, and ful slepy, and lyeth slily in wait for myce. And he maketh a ruthefull noyse and gastfull, whan one proffreth to fyghte with another, and he falleth on his owne fete whan he falleth out of hye places."

The writings of the ancient Egyptians show that, far from detesting to wet his paws, he would then *swim* in pursuit of fish. They painted a cat for the sound "miaou" in their hieroglyphics; gazed into his changing moonlike eyes and

revered him; and embalmed him when dead.

Having borrowed him from Egypt, the Romans brought him to Britain (though we already had a wilding of our own, *Felis Catus*), with the ass, the goat, the rabbit, the peacock, not to speak of the cherry, the walnut, the crocus, the tulip, the leek, the cucumber, etc. The Monk's Pangur, then, came of a long lineage.

So valuable were cats in *Wales* in the eleventh century (two or three hundred years after Pangur), that their price was fixed by law: for a blind kitten a penny; for a kitten with its eyes open, twopence; for a cat of one mouse, fourpence, and so on. And to kill one of the Prince's granary cats meant payment

of a fine of as much wheat as would cover up its body when suspended by its tail. In Scotland there has long been a complete Clan of Cats—apart from the witches. As for the Cheshire Cat, he grins, I imagine, not because he has nine lives, is said to be melancholy, may look at a king, and has nothing to do with Catgut, Cat's cradle, and Cat-i'-the-pan, but because he has read in a dictionary that Dick Whittington sailed off to the Isle of Rats, not with a Cat, but with acat or achat, meaning goods for trading—Coals! Long may he grin! How but one country Gib or Tom may befriend the brightfaced Heartsease (so sturdy a little dear that it will bloom at burning noonday in a gravel path) Charles Darwin tells in his "Origin of Species," p. 57.

His "loving nature" to creatures other than man and the heartsease is referred to in the following old Scots nursery

rhyme:

There was a wee bit mousikie, That lived in Gilberaty, O, It couldna get a bite o' cheese, For cheetie-poussie-cattie, O.

It said unto the cheesikie,
"Oh fain wad I be at ye, O,
If 't were na for the cruel paws
O' cheetie-poussie-cattie, O."

99. "On what Wings dare He aspire."

The verb *dare* (I gather from Webster) was once used only in the past tense, the preterite; for "dare he" therefore in this poem we should now write *dared he*.

100.

Andrew Marvell has three rare charms—his poetry is wholly his own; it is as delightful as the sound of his name; and the face in his portrait is as enchanting as either.

101-2.

The Phillip of these two poems is, I suppose, the hedge-sparrow or dunnock, that gentle and happy little cousin of the warblers—as light and lovely in voice as they are on the wing. As everyone knows, a bull-finch can be taught to whistle like a

baker's boy, and will become so jealous of his mistress that he will hiss and ruff with rage at every stranger. Jackdaws and magpies, too, will become friends to a friend. But a lady whom I have the happiness to know has a nightingale that was hatched in captivity, and so has never shared either the delights or the dangers of the wild. So easy is he in her company that he will perch on her pen-tip as she sits at table, and sing as if out of a garden in Damascus.

102. "HE WOULD CHIRP."

"... As she (St. Douceline) sat at meat, if anyone brought her a flower, a bird, a fruit, or any other thing that gave her pleasure, then she fell straightway into an ecstasy, and was caught up to Him Who had made these fair creatures.... One day she heard a lonely sparrow sing, whereupon she said to her companions, 'How lonely is the song of that bird!' and in the twinkling of an eye she was in an ecstasy, drawn up to God by the bird's voice..."

The above is from A Medieval Garner, and this, from a Note to "A Saint's Tragedy," by Margaret L. Woods: When the blessed Elizabeth "had been ill twelve days and more, one of her maids sitting by her bed heard in her throat a very sweet sound, . . . and saying, 'Oh, my mistress, how sweetly thou didst sing!' she answered, 'I tell thee, I heard a little bird between me and the wall sing merrily; who with his sweet song so stirred me up that I could not but sing myself.'"

"LOVING REDBREASTS." (line 31)

My dear, do you know
How a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away
On a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood,
As I've heard people say.

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!

They sobbed and they sighed, And they bitterly cried, And the poor little things, They laid down and died.

And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread;
And all the day long,
They sang them this song,—
Poor babes in the wood!
Poor babes in the wood!
And don't you remember
The babes in the wood?

105. "'TIS A NOTE OF ENCHANTMENT."

It was a note of enchantment such as this that haunted the memory of Edward Thomas when he was writing his poem called *The Unknown Bird*. I give only a few lines, but the rest of the beautiful thing may be found in his *Poems*:

Oftenest when I heard him I was alone, Nor could I ever make another hear. La-la-la! he called seeming far-off— As if a cock crowed past the edge of the world, As if the bird or I were in a dream. . .

... O wild-raving winds! if you ever do roar
By the house and the elms from where I've a-come,
Breathe up at the window, or call at the door,
And tell you've a found me a-thinking of home."

WILLIAM BARNES

107. "LIKE A LADY BRIGHT."

"They say," says Ophelia, "they say the owle was a Baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table." And thus runs the story:

Our Saviour being footsore, weary and hungry one darkening evening, went into a baker's shop and asked for bread. The oven being then hot and all prepared for the baking, the mistress of the shop cut off a good-sized piece of the risen dough to bake for him. At this her fair, greedy

daughter, who sate watching what was forward from a little window, upraided her mother for this wasting of profit on such an outcast; and taking the platter out of her hands, she chopped the piece of dough into half, and half, and half again. Nevertheless when this mean small lump was put into the oven, it presently began miraculously to rise and swell until it exceeded a full quartern of wheaten bread. In alarm at this strange sight the daughter—her round blue eyes largely eyeing the stranger in the dim light—turned on her mother, and cried out: "O Mother, Mother, Heugh, heugh, heugh." "As thou hast spoken," said our Saviour, "so be thou: child of the Night." Whereupon, the poor creature, feathered and in the likeness of an owl, fled forth into the dark towards the woodside.

109. "THE WHITE OWL."

When night is o'er the wood
And moon-scared watch-dogs howl,
Comes forth in search of food
The snowy mystic owl.
His soft, white, ghostly wings
Beat noiselessly the air
Like some lost soul that hopelessly
Is mute in its despair.

But now his hollow note
Rings cheerless through the glade
And o'er the silent moat
He flits from shade to shade.
He hovers, swoops and glides
O'er meadows, moors and streams;
He seems to be some fantasy—
A ghostly bird of dreams.

Why dost thou haunt the night?
Why dost thou love the moon
When other birds delight
To sing their joy at noon?
Art thou then crazed with love,
Or is't for some fell crime
That thus thou flittest covertly
At this unhallowed time?

F. J. PATMORE

III. "HER SMALL SOUL." (line 23)

Smallest of all shrill souls among the English birds is the wren, but she has a remote relative that dwells in the dark and enormous forests of South America, the Humming Bird, and simply for their own sakes I cannot resist borrowing two more fragments from Miss Phipson's Animal Lore. The first comes out of Purchas's Pilgrimes, and was written by Antonia

Galvano of New Spain:

"There be certaine small birds named vicmalim, their bil is small and long. They live of the dew, and the juyce of flowers and roses. Their feathers bee small and of divers colours. They be greatly esteemed to worke gold with. They die or sleepe every yeere in the moneth of October, sitting upon a little bough in a warme and close place: they revive or wake againe in the moneth of April after that the flowers be sprung, and therefore they call them the revived birds—Vicmalim."

The second is Gonzalo Ferdinando de Oviedo's-his very

name a string of gems:

"... I have seene that one of these birds with her nest put into a paire of gold weights [scales] altogether, hath waide no more then a tomini, which are in poise 24 graines, with the feathers, without the which she would have waied somewhat less. And doubtlesse, when I consider the finenesse of the clawes and feete of these birds, I know not whereunto I may better liken them then to the little birds which the lymners of bookes are accustomed to paint on the margent of church bookes, and other bookes of divine service. Their feathers are of manie faire colours, as golden, yellow, and greene, beside other variable colours. Their beake is verie long for the proportion of their bodies, and as fine and subtile as a sowing needle. They are verie hardy, so that when they see a man clime the tree where they have their nests, they fly at his face, and strike him in the eyes, comming, going, and returning with such swiftnesse, that no man should lightly beleeve it that had not seene it. . . . "

112. "IT CAUGHT HIS IMAGE"

And Shelley:

... I cannot tell my joy, when o'er a lake Upon a drooping bough with nightshade twined,

I saw two azure halcyons clinging downward And thinning one bright bunch of amber berries, With quick long beaks, and in the deep there lay Those lovely forms imaged as in a sky....

Anyone so happy as to be able to remember Mary Coleridge as a friend, will agree that to have seen her eyes is to have seen her own pool and Shelley's lake, imaging such lovely flitting halcyons.

114. "King Pandion he is dead."

A wild and dreadful legend is hidden here—of a King who wronged his Queen and her sister, daughters of Pandion, and how they avenged themselves upon him, sacrificing his son to their hatred. That Queen, goes this old tale, became a nightingale, her sister a swallow (crimson still dying the feathers of her throat), the evil king a hoopoe, and the firstborn was raised to life again a pheasant.

115. "A SPARHAWK PROUD"

-a little bird but of a noble family. Listen, at least, to Auceps, the Faulkner or Falconer, in "The Compleat Angler." [I have inserted a few full stops in a sentence that has none] "... And first, for the Element that I use to trade in, which is the Air, an Element of more worth than weight, an Element that doubtless exceeds both the Earth and Water; for though I sometimes deal in both; yet the Air is most properly mine. I and my Hawks use that most, and it yields us most recreation. It stops not the high soaring of my noble generous Falcon; in it she ascends to such an height, as the dull eves of beasts and fish are not able to reach to; their bodies are too gross for such high elevations. In the Air my troops of Hawks soar up on high, and when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the gods, therefore I think my Eagle is so justly styled, Joves servant in Ordinary. And that very Falcon, that I am now going to see, deserves no meaner a title, for she usually in her flight endangers her self, (like the son of Daedalus), to have her wings scorched by the Suns heat, she flyes so near it. But her mettle makes her careless of danger, for she then heeds nothing, but makes her

nimble Pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her high way over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and in her glorious carere looks with contempt upon those high Steeples and magnificent Palaces which we adore and wonder at; from which height I can make her to descend by a word from my mouth (which she both knows and obeys), to accept of meat from my hand, to own me for her Master, to go home with me, and be willing the next day to afford me the like recreation..."

120. "COME WARY ONE."

... Tak any brid, and put it in a cage,
And do al thyn entente and thy corage
To fostre it tendrely with mete and drinke,
Of alle deyntees that thou canst bithinke,
And keep it al-so clenly as thou may;
Al-though his cage of gold be never so gay,
Yet hath this brid, by twenty thousand fold,
Lever in a forest, that is rude and cold,
Gon ete wormes and seich wrecchednesse.
For ever this brid wol doon his bisinesse
To escape out of his cage, if he may;
His libertee this brid desireth ay...

Geoffrey Chaucer

When I was a child of eight or nine I had a kind of passion for sparrows, and used to set traps for them; but even if I succeeded in taking one alive, which was not always, I could never persuade it to live in a cage above a day or two, however much I pampered it. It drooped and died. Then, like a young crocodile, I occasionally shed tears. One fine morning, I remember, I visited a distant trap and, as usual, all but stopped breathing at discovering that it was "down." Very cautiously edging in my fingers towards the captive, I was startled out of my wits by a sudden prodigious skirring of wings, and lo and behold, I had caught—and lost—a starling. He fled away twenty yards or so, and perched on a hillock. I see him now, his feathers glistening in the sun, and his sharp head turned towards me, his eyes looking back at me, as if foe at foe. And

¹ Bird

that reminds me of the Griffons—the guardians of the mines

of the one-eyed Arimaspians.

"... From that land go men toward the land of Bacharie, where be full evil folk and full cruel. . . . In that country be many griffounes, more plentiful than in any other country. Some men say that they have the body upward as an eagle, and beneath as a lion; and truly they say sooth that they be of that shape. But a griffoun hath the body more great, and is more strong, than eight lions, of such lions as be on this side of the world; and larger and stronger than an hundred eagles, such as we have amongst us. For a griffoun there will bear flying to his nest a great horse, if he may find him handy, or two oxen voked together, as they go at the plough. For he hath his talons so long and so broad and great upon his feet, as though they were hornes of great oxen, or of bugles (bullocks), or of kine; so that men make cups of them, to drink out of. And of their ribs, and the quills of their wings, men make bows full strong, to shoot with arrows and bow-bolts. . . . "

But a griffoun is only a gigantic starling, so to speak; and it's a pity mine and I were enemies. "If a sparrow come before my window," wrote John Keats in one of his letters, "I take part in its existence, and pick about the gravel."

Brick-traps are little help in this.

A Robin Redbreast in a cage Puts all Heaven in a rage . . .

A Skylark wounded in the wing, A Cherubim does cease to sing . . .

The wild Deer wandering here and there Keeps the Human Soul from care . . .

He who shall hurt the little Wren Shall never be beloved by Men . . .

The wanton Boy that kills the Fly Shall feel the Spider's enmity...

Kill not the Moth nor Butterfly, For the Last Judgment draweth nigh . . .

The Beggar's Dog and Widow's Cat, Feed them, and thou wilt grow fat . . .

To see a World in a Grain of Sand,
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour.

WILLIAM BLAKE

... What is heaven? a globe of dew,
Filling in the morning new
Some eyed flower whose young leaves waken
On an unimagined world:
Constellated suns unshaken,
Orbits measureless, are furled
In that frail and fading sphere,
With ten millions gathered there,
To tremble, gleam, and disappear.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

The men who wrote these words, truly and solemnly meant them. They are not mere pretty flowers of the fancy, but the tough piercing roots of the tree of life that grew within their minds.

126. "COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS."

This poem and many others I copied out of Mr. Nahum's book in their original spelling. At first I found the reading of some of them very troublesome. It was like looking at a dried-up flower or beetle. But there the things were: and after a good deal of trouble I not only began to read them more easily, but grew to like them thus for their own sake. First, because this was as they were actually written, before our English printers agreed to spell alike; and next, because the old words with their look of age became a pleasure to me in themselves. It was like watching the dried-up flower or beetle actually and as if by a magic of the mind coming to life. Besides, many of Shakespeare's small poems were already known to me. It touched them with newness to see them (though indeed he never so saw them), as they appeared (seven years after his death), in the pages of the famous folio volume of his Plays that was printed in 1623 by Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount.

Not only that; for it is curious too to see how in the old days English was constantly changing—its faded words falling like

dead leaves from a tree, and new ones appearing. In a book which William Caxton printed as far back even as 1490, he says: "And certainly our language now used varieth far from that which was used and spoken when I was born. For we Englishmen be born under the domination of the moon, which is never steadfast but ever wavering, waxing one season and waneth and decreaseth another season." So in our own day words, like human beings, come into the world and pass away: and many gradually change their meanings.

For if the spelling of a word alters its effect on the eye, it must also affect the *mind* of the reader; and I must confess that "my lovynge deare," looks to me to tell of somebody more lovable even than "my loving dear." And what about shoogar-plummes, cleere greye eies, the murrkie fogghe, the

moones enravysshynge?
And what about—

"Let's goe to Bedde," says Sleepihed;

"Tarrie a while," says Slowe;

"Putte on the Panne," says Greedie Nanne,

"Wee'll suppe afore wee goe."

Not that I have *always* kept to the old spellings. I have followed my fancy; and if anyone would like to see an old poem in its first looks that is here printed in our own way, all he need do is to go back to the book in which it first appeared.

128. "SHEE CARRIES ME ABOVE THE SKIE."

. . . This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placèd there,
That it no tempest needs to fear,
Which way soe'er it blow it;
And somewhat southward toward the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the Fairy can as soon
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders' legs are made Well mortised and finely laid; He was the master of his trade It curiously that builded: The windows of the eyes of cats,

And for the roof, instead of slats,
Is covered with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are gilded. . . .
MICHAEL DRAYTON

129. "WHO CALLS?"

... Such a soft floating witchery of sound
As twilight Elfins make, when they at eve
Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-Land,
Where Melodies round honey-dropping flowers,
Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,
Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed wing!...
S. T. COLERIDGE

o. I. Condition

133. "FOR FEAR OF LITTLE MEN."

"Terrestrial devils," says Robert Burton, " are those Lares, Genii, Fauns, Satyrs, Wood-nymphs, Foliots, Fairies, Robin Goodfellows, Trulli, etc., which as they are most conversant with men, so they do them most harm.... These are they that dance on heaths and greens . . . and leave that green circle, which we commonly find in plain fields, which others hold to proceed from a meteor falling, or some accidental rankness of the ground, so nature sports herself; they are sometimes seen by old women and children.... Paracelsus reckons up many places in Germany, where they do usually walk in little coats, some two feet long. A bigger kind there is of them called with us hobgoblins, and Robin Goodfellows, that would in those superstitious times grind corn for a mess of milk, cut wood, or do any manner of drudgery work. They would mend old irons in those Aeolian isles of Lipari, in former ages, and have been often seen and heard. . . Dithmarus Bleskenius, in his description of Iceland, reports for a certainty, that almost in every family they have yet some such familiar spirits.... Another sort of these there are, which frequent forlorn houses.... They will make strange noises in the night, howl sometimes pitifully, and then laugh again, cause great flame and sudden lights, fling stones, rattle chains, shave men, open doors and shut them, fling down platters, stools, chests, sometimes appear in the likeness of hares, crows, black dogs, etc."...

135.

So too with Hazel Dorn, in the following poem by Mr. Bernard Sleigh, who has most kindly allowed me to print it here for the first time.

They stole her from the well beside the wood. Ten years ago as village gossips tell; One Beltane-eve when trees were all a-bud In copse and fell.

Ominous, vast, the moon rose full and red Behind dim hills; no leaf stirred in the glen That breathless eve, when she was pixy-led Beyond our ken.

For she had worn no rowan in her hair,— Nor set the cream-bowl by the kitchen door,— Nor whispered low the pagan faery prayer Of ancient lore;

But trod that daisied ring in hose and shoon, To hear entranced, their elf-bells round her ring; The wizard spells about her wail and croon With gathering string.

Swiftly her arms they bound in gossamer, With elvish lures they held her soul in thrall; With wizard sorceries enveloped her Past cry or call.

A passing shepherd caught his breath to see A golden mist of moving wings and lights Swirl upwards past the red moon eeriely To starlit heights.

While far off carollings half drowned a cry, Mournful, remote, of "Mother, Mother dear," Floating across the drifting haze,—a sigh "Farewell, Farewell!"

In the small hours of Beltane or May Day, vast fires have been wont to be kindled on the hills of the Highlands—a custom old as the Druids. Mr. Gilbert Sheldon tells me that as lately as 1899 he saw the hills round Glengariff ablaze with

them. They must be set aflame with what is called need-fire. And need-fire is made by nine men twisting a wimble of wood in a balk of oak until the friction makes sparks fly. With these they ignite dry agaric, a fungus that grows on birchtrees, and soon the blaze is reddening the countryside under the night-sky. Need-fire in a window-nook or carried in a lantern is—like iron—an invincible defence against witches and witchcraft. Beltane cakes—to be eaten whilst squatting on the hills, or dancing and watching the fire—are made out of a caudle of eggs, butter, oatmeal and milk.

"No Rowan in her Hair."

So potent is the flower or berry or wood of the rowan or witchwood or quicken or whicken-tree or mountain ash against the wiles of the elf-folk, that dairymaids use it for creamstirrers and cowherds for a switch.

Rowan-tree and red thread Gar the Witches tyne their speed.

136. "TRUE THOMAS."

There are four copies in handwriting—two of them written about 1450—of a rhymed romance telling how Thomas in his youth, while dreaming daydreams under the Eildon Tree, was met and greeted by the Queen of fair Elfland. The ballad on

p. 127 has been passed on from mouth to mouth.

Up to our own grandmothers' day, at least, this Thomas Rhymour of Ercildoune—a village nor far distant from where the Leader joins the Tweed—was famous as a Wise One and a Seer (a See-er—with the inward eye). He lived seven centuries ago, between 1210 and 1297. Years after he had returned from Elfland—as the ballad tells—while he sat feasting in his Castle, news was brought to him that a hart and a hind, having issued out of the forest, were to be seen stepping fair and softly down the stony street of the town, to the marvel of the people. At this, Thomas at once rose from among his guests; left the table; made down to the street; followed after these strange summoners: and was seen again no more.

"Ilka tett," line 7, means every twist or plait; a "fairlie," stanza II, is a wonder, mystery, marvel; and the "coat" in

the last stanza, being of "even cloth," was finer than the finest napless damask.

So, too, Young Tamlane, when a boy "just turned of nine," was carried off by the Elfin Queen:

Ae fatal morning I went out
Dreading nae injury,
And thinking lang, fell soun asleep
Beneath an apple tree.

Then by it came the Elfin Queen
And laid her hand on me;
And from that time since ever I mind
I've been in her companie....

He seems to have been an outlandish and unhuman creature—if this next rhyme tells of him truly (gait, meaning road; pin, (?) knife; coft, bought; moss, peat-bog; and boonmost—you can guess):

Tam o' the linn came up the gait, Wi' twenty puddings on a plate, And every pudding had a pin, "We'll eat them a'," quo' Tam o' the linn.

Tam o' the linn had nae breeks to wear, He coft him a sheep's-skin to make him a pair, The fleshy side out, the woolly side in, "It's fine summer cleeding," quo' Tam o' the linn.

Tam o' the linn he had three bairns, They fell in the fire, in each others' arms; "Oh," quo' the boonmost, "I've got a het skin;" "It's hetter below," quo' Tam o' the linn.

Tam o' the linn gaed to the moss, To seek a stable to his horse; The moss was open, and Tam fell in, "I've stabled mysel'," quo' Tam o' the linn.

138. "SABRINA."

This song is from "Comus," a masque written by Milton for the entertainment of the Earl of Bridgewater, lord lieutenant of Wales, at Ludlow Castle in 1634. That Castle's Hall is now open to the sky—"the lightning shines there; snow

burdens the ivy." From a neighbouring room the two princes, Edward V. and his brother, went to their dark death in the Tower. Below the ruinous Castle flow together the Teme and the Corve, on their way to the great Severn—of which Sabrina, the daughter of Estrildis, is the Nymph, she having been drowned in its waters by Guendolen, the jealous queen of Locrine the son of Brut. Estrildis herself, the daughter of King Humber, "so farre excelled in bewtie, that none was then lightly found unto her comparable, for her skin was so whyte that scarcely the fynest kind of Ivorie that might be found, nor the snowe lately fallen downe from the Elament, nor the Lylles did passe the same."

Milton's poems—Lycidas, for instance—frequently resemble bunches of keys, each one of them fitting the lock of some ancient myth or legend. In the lines I have omitted from No. 138 are many such locks awaiting the reader—a reference to

the following tale of Glaucus, for example:

There is a secret herb which, if nibbled by fish already gasping to death in our air, gives them the power and cunning to slip back through the grasses into their waters again. Of this herb Glaucus tasted, and instantly his eyes dazzled in desire to share their green transparent deeps. Whereupon the laughing divinities of the rivers gave him sea-green hair, sleeking the stream, fins and a fish's tail, and feasted him merrily. His story is told by Keats in the third book of his *Endymion*, while Leucothea's, another reference, is to be found in the fifth of the *Odyssey*. As for the Sirens, here is the counsel Circe gave Ulysses, the while his seamen lay asleep the night after they had returned in safety from Pluto's dismal mansions:

"... And then observe: They sit amidst a mead, And round about it runs a hedge or wall Of dead men's bones, their withered skins and all Hung all along upon it; and these men Were such as they had fawned into their fen, And then their skins hung on their hedge of bones. Sail by them therefore, thy companions Beforehand causing to stop every ear With sweet soft wax, so close that none may hear A note of all their charmings...."

139.

These Songs are from the last act of "A Midsummer Night's Dream "—the Duke and his guests are retired, and now sleep far from Life's Play; and Puck and the fairies are abroad in his palace.

"I AM SENT WITH BROOME BEFORE."

When the cock begins to crow, And the embers leave to glow, And the owl cries, Tu-whit—Tu-whoo, When crickets do sing And mice roam about, And midnight bells ring To call the devout: When the lazy lie sleeping And think it no harm. Their zeal is so cold And their beds are so warm. When the long—long lazy slut Has not made the parlour clean, No water on the hearth is put. But all things in disorder seem; Then we trip it round the room And make like bees a drowsy hum. Be she Betty, Nan, or Sue, We make her of another hue And pinch her black and blue.

But when the Puritans came in, it seems, the fairies fled away. And Richard Corbet bewailed their exile:

"Farewell, rewards and fairies!"
Good housewives now may say,
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they.
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late, for cleanliness,
Finds sixpence in her shoe?...

At morning and at evening both You merry were and glad;

So little care of sleep or sloth
These pretty ladies had;
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily merrily went their tabour
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days
On many a grassy plain;
But since of late, Elizabeth,
And later, James came in,
They never danced on any heath
As when the time hath been.

For times change, and with them changes the direction of man's imagination. He turns his questing thoughts now this way, now that; and though our learned dictionaries may maintain that fairy rings are but brighter circles in green grass formed by "certain fungi, especially marasmius oreades"—who knows?—

He that sees blowing the wild wood tree, And peewits circling their watery glass, Dreams about Strangers that yet may be Dark to our eyes, Alas!

After all, Geoffrey Chaucer, even in his distant day, lamented that England was bereft of the Silent Folk. Whisper, and they will return—bringing with them Prince Oberon, who "is of heyght but of III fote, and crokyd shulderyd. . . . And yf ye speke to hym, ye are lost for ever."

140. "Awm. 'Who feasts tonight?'"

Another mere fragment—from p. 182 of Mr. C. M. Doughty's Play, entitled *The Cliffs*. For the complete "feast" bestowed on the world by this great traveller and poet, the reader must seek out not only this volume, but his *Arabia Deserta*, and his *Dawn in Britain*.

"ALL IN THEIR WATCHET CLOAKS." (line 15)
"Nan Page (my daughter) and my little sonne,
And three or foure more of their growth, wee'l dress

Like Urchins, Ouphes, and Fairies, greene and white, With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads, And rattles in their hands..."

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

141. A HUNT'S-UP

was in old days the Tally-ho blared at daybreak to rouse the chase.

My houndes are bred of Southern kinde,
So flewed, so sanded they;
With crooked knees and dew-laps depe,
With eares the morning dew that sweepe
Slowly they chase their praye;
Their mouths, as tunable as belles
Each under each in concert swells.
The hunte is up, the morne is bright and gray,
Hunting us hence with hunte's up to the day. . . .

Beyond all beastys poor timorous Wat

The hunter's skille doth trye,
See how the houndes, with many a doubte
The cold fault cleanly single out!

Hark to their merrie crie!
They spende their mouthes, echoe replies,
Another chase is in the skies.
The hunte is up, the morne is bright and gray,
Hunting us hence with hunte's up to the day....

These are two of the seven stanzas of a song richly larded with Shakesperean allusions, to be found in *The Diary of Master William Silence*.

In his book on English Poesy, Puttenham, who was born about 1520, says that a poet of the name of Gray won the esteem of Henry VIII. and the Duke of Somerset for "making certeine merry ballades, whereof one chiefly was, 'the hunte is up, the hunte is up." Henry VIII., moreover, was himself a versifier, and a musician, though, as I have read, a dull one. Here is the first stanza of one of his poems:

As the holly groweth green, And never changeth hue, So I am, ever hath been Unto my lady true. . . .

which, with another equally surprising in sentiment, may be found in full in that casket of antiquities, "Early English Lyrics, chosen by E. K. Chambers and F. Sidgwick."

143. "WITH HIS COAT SO GRAY."

Though I be now a grey, grey friar,
Yet I was once a hale young knight,
The cry of my dogs was the only quoir
In which my spirit did take delight.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

"D'YE KEN THAT A FOX WITH HIS LAST BREATH CURSED THEM ALL AS HE DIED IN THE MORNING."

"' Hearken, Reynard, to my words,' (went on the King of Beasts). 'To-day you shall answer with your life for these sins you have committed.'... 'But nay, my lord,' (sighed the fox), 'I am innocent of all these things. Your Majesty is great and mighty; I meagre and weak. If it is the King's pleasure to kill me, I must die, for whether justly or unjustly, I am your servant; my only strength is in your justice and mercy. To these I appeal, as none has yet appealed in vain. Yea, if it be your Majesty's will that I shall die, then do I accept it humbly. I say no more. But yet I cannot think it a worthy thing for so great a King to wreak his vengeance upon a subject so small.'"

148. "A FULLE FAYRE TYME."

What wonder May was welcome in medieval days—after the long winters and the black cold nights when roads were all but impassable, and men, "despisinge schetes" and nightgear, went to their naked beds with nought but the stars or a dip for candle and maybe their own bones and a scatter of straw for warmth. Is not "Loud sing Cuckoo!" our oldest song?

149. "LUBBER BREEZE"

I suppose, is the prevalent wind in Lubberland or Cocaigne, where "the pigs run about ready roasted, and cry, Come eat me!"

And here is a picture of another kind of mill, that once long

ago sang to its waters, and dreamed above its image in the weir:

Only the sound remains
Of the old mill;
Gone is the wheel;
On the prone roof and walls the nettle reigns.

Water that toils no more
Dangles white locks
And, falling, mocks
The music of the mill-wheel's busy roar. . . .

Only the idle foam
Of water falling
Changelessly calling,
Where once men had a work-place and a home.
EDWARD THOMAS

150. "THE AMPLE HEAVEN."

The unthrifty sun shot vital gold,
A thousand pieces;
And heaven its azure did unfold
Chequered with snowy fleeces;
The air was all in spice,
And every bush
A garland wore; thus fed my eyes,
But all the earth lay hush.

Only a little fountain lent
Some use for ears,
And on the dumb shades language spent—
The music of her tears.

HENRY VAUGHAN

"THE TIME SA TRANQUIL IS AND STILL." (line 13)

Clear had the day been from the dawn,
All chequered was the sky,
Thin clouds, like scarves of cobweb lawn,
Veiled heaven's most glorious eye.

The wind had no more strength than this,

—That leisurely it blew—

To make one leaf the next to kiss That closely by it grew.

The rills, that on the pebbles played, Might now be heard at will; This world the only music made, Else everything was still....

MICHAEL DRAYTON

153. "O FOR A BOOKE."

Nor-says John Bunyan:

Nor let them fall under Discouragement Who at their Horn-book stick, and time hath spent Upon (their) A, B, C while others do Into their Primer, or their Psalter go. Some boys with difficulty do begin Who in the end, the Bays, and Lawrel win.

On the other hand;

Some Boys have Wit enough to sport and play, Who at their Books are Block-heads day by day. Some men are arch enough at any Vice, But Dunces in the way to Paradice.

So much for the reader, but the writer, too, may fall under discouragement. Listen to Colum Cille, an Irish scribe of the eleventh century, in yet another translation from the Gaelic:

My hand is weary with writing, My sharp quill is not steady, My slender-beaked pen pours forth A black draught of shining dark-blue ink.

A stream of the wisdom of blessed God Springs from my fair-brown shapely hand; On the page it squirts its draught Of ink of the green-skinned holly.

My little dripping pen travels
Across the plain of shining books,
Without ceasing for the wealth of the great—
Whence my hand is weary with writing.

But to come back to the reader in his shadie nooke:

Tales of my Nursery! shall that still loved spot, That window corner, ever be forgot, Where through the woodbine—when with upward ray Gleamed the last shadow of departing day-Still did I sit, and with unwearied eye, Read while I wept, and scarcely paused to sigh! In that gay drawer, with fairy fictions stored, When some new tale was added to my hoard, While o'er each page my eager glance was flung, 'Twas but to learn what female fate was sung: If no sad maid the castle shut from light, I heeded not the giant and the knight. Sweet Cinderella, even before the ball, How did I love thee—ashes, rags, and all! What bliss I deemed it to have stood beside. On every virgin when thy shoe was tried! How longed to see thy shape the slipper suit! But, dearer than the slipper, loved the foot.

As for "the streete cryes all about": according to London Lickpenny, among the street-cries in the fifteenth century were: Hot Pease! Hot Fine Oatcakes! Whitings maids, Whitings! Have you any old boots? Buy a mat! New Brooms, green brooms! with a general hullabaloo of What d'ye lack? and now and again a bawling of Clubs! to summon the tag, rag, and bobtail to a row.

Of singing cries, we may still hear in the sunny summer London streets such sweet and doleful strains as Won't you buy my sweet blooming lavender: Sixteen branches a penny! and in the dusks of November the muffin-man's bell. Besides these, we have Rag-a'-bone! Milk-o! Any scissors to grind? Clo' props! Water-creeses! and, as I remember years ago,

Young lambs to sell, white lambs to sell; If I'd as much money as I could tell I wouldn't be crying, Young lambs to sell!

155. "WITH HEY! WITH HOW! WITH HOY."

In Rustic Speech and Folk Lore Mrs. Wright gives the decoys with which the country people all over England beguile their beasts and poultry into "shippon, sty, or pen"; or holla them

on their way, but much, I have found, depends on him who hollas!

For Cows: Coop! Cush, cush!—while the milkmaid calls—Hoaf! Hobe! Mull! Proo! Proochy! Prut!

For Calves: Moddie! Mog, mog, mog! Pui-ho! Sook, sook!

For Sheep: Co-hobe! Ovey!

For Pigs: Check-check! Cheat! Dack, dack! Giss! or Gissy! Lix! Ric-sic! Shug, shug, shug! Tantassa, tantassa pig, tow a row, a row! Tig, tig, tig!

For Turkeys: Cobbler! Peet, peet, peet! Pen! Pur, pur,

pur!

For Geese: Fly-laig! Gag, gag, gag! Ob-ee! White-hoddy! For Ducks: Bid, bid, bid! Diddle! Dill, dill! Wid! Wheetie!

For *Pigeons*: Pees! Pod! And for *Rabbits*: Map!

"Yea, and I do vow unto thee," said the voice of the beautiful virgin speaking out of the rock; "Call unto them but in their own names and language, and the strong and delicate creatures of the countries of the mind will flock into the living field of thy vision, and above the waters will befall the secret singing of birds, and thou shalt be a pilgrim. Mark how intense a shadow dwells upon this stone! Therein too lurk marvels to be seen." The voice ceased, and I heard nothing but the tapping of a fragment of dry lichen which in the draught of the hot air caused by the burning sunlight stirred between rock and sand. And I cried, "O unfortunate one, I thirst!"

156. "LAVENDER'S BLUE."

"A poor thing," as Audrey says, but homely and melodious and once *some*body's own: such a somebody as inscribed on the walls of Burford Church:

"... Love made me Poet
And this I writt,
My harte did do yt
And not my witt."

159. "THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE."

Thomas Campion was "borne upon Ash Weddensday being the twelft day of February. An. Rg. Eliz. nono"—1567. He had one sister, Rose. He was educated at Peterhouse, Cambridge, and this was his yearly allowance of clothes: A gowne, a cap, a hat, ii dubletes, ii payres of hose, iiii payres of netherstockes, vi payre of shoes, ii shirts, and two bandes. He was allowed also one quire of paper every quarter; and half a pound of candles every fortnight from Michaelmas to Lady Day. He studied law, may for a time have fought as a soldier in France, and became a physician. He died on March 1, 1620, and was buried on the same day at St. Dunstan's in the West, Fleet Street, the entry in the register under that date being: "Thomas Campion, doctor of Phisicke, was buried."

I have taken these particulars from Mr. S. P. Vivian's edition of his poems, because it is pleasant to share even this little of what is known of a man who is not only a rare and true poet—though for two centuries a forgotten one—but also because he was one of the chief song-writers in the great age of English Music. Like all good craftsmen, he did his work "well, surely, cleanly, workmanly, substantially, curiously, and sufficiently," as did the glaziers of King's College Chapel, which is distant but a kingfisher's flight over a strip of lovely water from his own serene Peterhouse. It seems a little curious that being himself a lover of music he should have at first disliked rhymes in verse, though he lived to write such delicate rhymed poems as this.

In the preface to his Book of Ayres, he tells the secret of his craft: "In these English Ayres," he says, "I have chiefely aymed to couple my Words and Notes lovingly together, which will be much for him to doe that hath not power over both."

160. "What is there hid in the Heart of a Rose?"

There is a legend in Sir John Mandeville's Travels, which in our spelling runs thus: "Bethlehem is a little city, long and narrow and well walled, and on each side enclosed with good ditches. It was wont to be called Ephrata.... And toward the east end of the city is a full fair church and a gracious, and

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it hath many towers, pinnacles, and corners, full strong, and curiously made; and within that church be forty-four pillars of marble, massive and fair.

"And between the city and the church is the field Floridus, that is to say, the 'Field of Flowers'; it being so named for this reason: A fair maiden was blamed with wrong and slandered.... for which cause she was demned to death and to be burnt in that place, to the which she was led. And, as the fire began to crackle about her, she made her prayers to our Lord,—that, as assuredly as she was not guilty of that sin, He would help her and make it to be known to all men, of His merciful grace. And when she had thus said, she entered into the fire, and anon was the fire quenched and out; and the brands that were burning became red rose-trees, and the brands that were not kindled became white rose-trees, full of roses. And these were the first rose-trees and roses, both white and red, that ever any man saw; and thus was this maiden saved by the grace of God. And therefore is that field clept the field of God, Floridus, for it is full of roses."

163. "THESE FLOWERS, AS IN THEIR CAUSES, SLEEP." (line 4)

—while, also, flowers may themselves be the *causes* of poems, as, in a degree, a dewdrop in a buttercup is of the buttercup's causing. There the rhodora, or rhododendron:

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! Let the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky...
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you...
R. W. EMERSON

And here anemone and cyclamen—in an enchanting little poem of but the day before yesterday:

Long ago I went to Rome
As pilgrims go in Spring,
Journeying through the happy hills
Where nightingales sing,
And where the blue anemones
Drift among the pines
Until the woods creep down into
A wilderness of vines.

Now every year I go to Rome
As lovers go in dreams,
To pick the fragrant cyclamen
To bathe in Sabine streams,
And come at nightfall to the city
Across the shadowy plain,
And hear through all the dusty streets
The waterfalls again.

MARGARET CECILIA FURSE

"THE PHOENIX BUILDS HER SPICY NEST." (line 18)

The Phoenix, in faith rather than by sight, is thus described by Pliny: "She is as big as an eagle, in colour yellow, and bright as gold, namely all about the neck, the rest of the bodie a deepe red purple; the taile azure blue, intermingled with feathers among of rose carnation colour: and the head bravely adorned with a crest and pennache finely wrought, having a tuft and plume thereupon right faire and goodly to be seene."

Her life is but three hundred and nine years less in duration than that of the many-centuried patriarch Methuselah. When the lassitude of age begins to creep upon her, she wings across sea and land to the sole Arabian Tree. There she builds a nest of aromatic twigs, cassia and frankincense, and enkindling it with her own dying ardour she is consumed to ashes. And yet—while still they are of a heat beyond the tempering of the sun that shines down on them from the heavens, they magically stir, take body and awaken; and she rearises to life renewed, in her gold, her rose carnation, her purple and azure blue.

164. "THE BOWER OF BLISS."

This and No. 348 are but the merest fragments of the Faerie Queene; but they show of what an echoing mutable music are its words. And were ever light and colour so living, natural and crystal clear? Reading this verse, hearing its sounds and seeing its sights in the imagination, you cannot think Thomas Nash was too fantastical when he wrote: "Poetry is the Honey of all Flowers, the Quintessence of all Sciences, the Marrow of Art and the very Phrase of Angels." Indeed, as Spenser's epitaph in Westminster Abbey says of him, he was the Prince of Poets of his time, whose divine spirit needs no other witness than the works which he left behind him. And poet of poets he has always remained. John Keats, when he was a boy, used to sit in a little summerhouse at Enfield with his schoolfellow Cowden Clarke, simply drinking in this verse, and laving up store of purest English for his own brief life's matchless work. So, too, Abraham Cowley:

"How this love (for poetry) came to be produced in me so early is a hard question. I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there. For I remember when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion), but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights and giants and monsters and brave houses which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this); and by degrees with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old...."

170.

The poems of Robert Herrick and of Thomas Campion though known well in their own day remained for many years practically unread and forgotten. Thomas Traherne's (who died in 1674) had an even more curious fate, for they were discovered in manuscript and by chance on a bookstall so lately as 1896, and were first taken to be the work of Henry Vaughan. Here is a passage in prose from *Centuries of Meditation*, by the

same writer, repeating this reverie of his childhood in other words: "The corn was orient and immortal wheat which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold; the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me; their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The men! oh, what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling angels! and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street were moving jewels: I knew not that they were born or should die. But all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the light of the day, and something infinite behind everything appeared, which talked with my expectation and moved my desire. ..."

172. "But silly we." (line 9)

This poem, I think carries with it the thought that in study of that great book, that fair volume, called the World, there is no full stop, no limit, pause, conclusion. Like bees, with their nectar and honeycomb, man stores up his knowledge and experience in books. These and his houses outlast him; the things he makes; and here and there a famous or happy or tragic name is for a while remembered. Else, we have our Spring and Summer—and dark cold skies enough, many of us—then vanish away, seeming but restless phantoms in Time's enormous dream. So far at least as this world is concerned. And generations of men—as of the grasses and flowers—follow one upon the other.

Oh, yes, my dear, you have a Mother, And she, when young, was loved by another, And in that mother's nursery Played her mamma, like you and me. When that mamma was tiny as you She had a happy mother too:
On, on... Yes, presto! Puff! Pee-fee!—And Grandam Eve and the apple-tree.

O, into distance, smalling, dimming,
Think of that endless row of women,
Like beads, like posts, like lamps, they seem—
Grey-green willows, and life a stream—
Laughing and sighing and lovely; and, Oh,
You to be next in that long row!

And yet, "But silly we" is true of most of us and of most of our time on earth. As Coventry Patmore says:

An idle Poet, here and there,
Looks round him, but, for all the rest,
The world, unfathomably fair,
Is duller than a witling's jest.
Love wakes men, once a life-time each;
They lift their heavy lids, and look;
And, lo, what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then shut the book:
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget; but, either way,
That and the Child's unheeded dream
Is all the light of all their day.

Orgagain, in the words of Sir John Davies-long since dead:

... I know my Soul hath power to know all things, Yet is she blind and ignorant in all: I know I am one of Nature's little kings, Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall. I know my life's a pain and but a span, I know my sense is mocked with everything; And, to conclude, I know myself a man Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

175. "FOR SOLDIERS"

from an old book entitled, "A Posie of Gilloflowers, eche differing from other in Colour and Odour, yet all sweete." There were pretty and sonorous names for collections of poems in the days of Humfrey Gifford (of whom nothing is known but that he made this Posie)—such as Wits Commonwealth; The Banket of Sapience; The Paradise of Dainty Devices; A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions; and A Handfull of Pleasant Delights.

"YE BUDS OF BRUTUS LAND"

sons of those, that is, who, according to the ancient myth were descended from Brut or Brute, the Trojan, the conqueror of Albion and its giants, the founder of London, after whom the land is named Britain.

"Soldiers are prest" (stanza I)

that is, seized by the King's men, the press-gangs, and carried away by force to fight in the wars.

"Your Queen."

"To the Most High, Mightie and Magnificent Empresse Renowmed for Pietie, Vertue, and all Gratious Government Elizabeth by the Grace of God Queene of England Fraunce and Ireland and of Virginia." So runs Spenser's dedication of "The Faerie Queene," while in "The Shepheardes Calender" for April, are the lines:

See, where she sits upon the grassie greene, (O seemely sight)

Yclad in Scarlot like a mayden Queene, And Ermines white.

Upon her head a Cremosin coronet,

With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set:

Bayleaves betweene, And Primroses greene Embellish the sweete Violet.

In "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Oberon tells Puck how he saw that "Faire Vestall" in danger of Love's sharp arrows and "The Imperiall Votresse passèd on In maiden meditation, fancy free." But Shakespeare, if actually invited to Court, it is said, "was in paine."

176. "THE BATTLE-HYMN."

The writer of this magnificent Battle-Hymn died in 1910, at the age of ninety-one. If Henry Carey, who wrote our own "National Anthem," had realised how much and how often his fellow countrymen were to be fated to use his words, he would perhaps have taken a little more trouble with them (as much, at any rate, as Shelley and Flecker took in their versions

of it), and would have found a pleasanter rhyme than "over us" for "glorious," and than "voice" for "cause." If, on the other hand, he had read the following *Grace* which Ben Jonson made at the moment's call before King James, he might perhaps have refrained from rhyming altogether, and so, by sheer modesty, would have missed being immortalized:

Our King and Queen the Lord God Blesse, The Paltzgrave, and the Lady Besse. And God blesse every living thing That lives, and breathes, and loves the King. God bless the Counsell of Estate, And Buckingham the fortunate. God blesse them all, and keep them safe, And God blesse me, and God blesse Raph.

"The king," says John Aubrey, "was mighty enquisitive to know who this Raph was. Ben told him 'twas the drawer at the *Swanne* taverne, by Charing-crosse, who drew him good Canarie. For this drollery his majestie gave Ben an hundred poundes. . . ."

177.

"To those," is is said, "who have resided a long time by the falls of Niagara, the lowest whisper is distinctly audible." Their hearing accustoms itself to that unending and enormous roar, and becomes more exquisite. This is untrue of those whose finer sense is lulled by the roar of war: they become deafened, and cannot hear the voice of the one soldier—of which human "ones" every army is composed. And so war may poison even when its intention and its cause are honour and faith. In this particular poem (No. 177), the soldier is one of those who fought in the Transvaal in the years 1899-1901.

180.

Rupert Brooke, Wilfred Owen, Edward Thomas, Julian Grenfell, Charles Sorley, Francis Ledwidge, Alan Seeger, Joyce Kilmer—these are the names of but a few of the men, none of them old, many of them in the heyday of their gifts and genius, who besides proving themselves soldiers in the Great War had also proved themselves poets. Within his powers,

every true poet lives in his country's service. These in that service died.

"... Old stairs wind upwards to a long corridor, the distant ends of which are unseen. A few candles gutter in the draughts. The shadows leap. The place is so still that I can hear the antique timbers talking. But something is without which is not the noise of the wind. I listen, and hear it again, the darkness throbbing; the badly adjusted horizon of outer night thudding on the earth—the incessant guns of the great war.

And I come, for this night at least, to my room. On the wall is a tiny silver Christ on a crucifix; and above that the portrait of a child, who fixes me in the surprise of innocence, questioning and loveable, the very look of warm April and timid but confiding light. I sleep with the knowledge of that over me, an assurance greater than that of all the guns of all the hosts. It is a promise. I may wake to the earth I used to know in the morning."

184.

The reader may speculate how it is that while room has been found here for this entrancing rhyme, none has been made for Macaulay's longer Lays, Browning's Cavalier Songs, and a host of poems equally gallant and spirited. Perhaps he will forgive their absence if he will consider what is said on page xxxiii, and if he will also remember that every chooser must make his choice.

There is, too, the story of the Woodcutter's son. This fuzzheaded boy, called Dick or Dickon, while playing on his elder pipe the tune of "Over the Hills" one dappled sunshine morning in the woods, fortuning to squinny his eye sidelong over his pipe, perceived a crooked and dwarf old man to be standing beside him where before was only a solitary bearded thistle. This old man, the twist of whose countenance showed him to be one with an ear for woodland music, invited the Woodcutter's son to descend with him into the orchards of the Gnomes—and to help himself. This he did, and marvellously he fared. On turning out his pockets that night—the next day being a Sunday—his Mother found (apart from the wondrous smouldering heap of fruits, amethyst, emerald, rubies and the topaz, which he had given her) two or three strange unpolished stones, and these also from the Old Man's orchards.

And she climbed up with her candle, he being abed, and asked him why he had burdened himself with such things of little seeming value, when he might have carried off their weight in diamonds big as dumplings. "Well, you see, mother dear," he drowsily replied, "I chose of the best and brightest till my eyes dazzled; and then there was a bird that called, Dick! Dick! Dick! Dick! and those magic pebbles were among her eggs."

185. "WE BE THE KING'S MEN."

The Song of Soldiers from Act I., Scene I., Part i. of that mighty play, *The Dynasts*. "The time is a fine day in March, 1805. A highway crosses the ridge, which is near the sea, and the south coast is seen bounding the landscape below, the open Channel extending beyond."

186. BUDMOUTH DEARS

—from *The Dynasts*, Act II., Scene I., Part iii.—the song sung in Camp on the Plain of Vittoria by Sergeant Young (of Sturminster Newton) of the Fifteenth (King's) Hussars on the eve of the longest day in the year 1813 and of Wellington's victory.

187. "TRAFALGAR"

—from *The Dynasts*, Act V., Scene VII., Part i. Boatmen and burghers with their pipes and mugs are sitting on settles round the fire in the taproom of the *Old Rooms* Inn at Weymouth. The body of Nelson on board his battered *Victory* has lately been brought to England to be sepulchred in St. Paul's.

And this is the Song the Second Boatman sings.

The "Nothe," line 8, is the promontory that divides for Weymouth, where lived Nelson's Captain Hardy, its harbour or back-sea on the north, and the Portland Roads, its front-sea on the south "Roads," meaning protected seas where ships may ride at anchor. On this tempestuous and fateful night, October 21, 1805, the breakers were sweeping clean across the spit of land called the Narrows. On the further side runs for a round ten miles that enormous wall of pebbles—Chesil Beach, whose stones the tides sort out so precisely—the least in size towards Lyme Regis—that a coast-man can tell even in a thick mist where he has landed on the beach, merely by measuring them

with his eye. About ten miles up this water swim in Spring the swans of the Swannery of Abbotsbury with their cygnets, each mother-bird striving to decoy as many strange young ones into her train as she can. So deals a proud and powerful nation with the lesser kingdoms of the earth.

About four years and a half before Trafalgar, on April 2nd, 1801, Nelson and Parker had won the Battle of the Baltic—as Thomas Campbell (who was then twenty-four), in his well-

known poem tells:

... Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time. . . .

So accustomed, indeed, are we mere landsmen to the exploits of the Navy on the High Seas that we easily forget it was once to our forefathers a novelty and a wonder—such a wonder as might be compared with the fabulous Castles in Spain or the Gardens of Babylon, as the old nameless poet of the following lines recounts:

Cease now the talke of wonders! nothing rare Of floateing ilandes, castles in the aire! Of wooden walls, graves walkeing, flieing steedes, Or Trojan horse! The present truth exceeds Those ancient fables; floating iles great store, Sent from the British Ile, now guard her shore, And castles strong without foundation stande More safe on waters pavement then on lande. . . .

189. "Brave Sailors."

And here is one of them—come home to his sweetheart, and she (until stanza 6) not recognizing him:

As I walked out one night, it being dark all over, The moon did show no light I could discover, Down by a river side where ships were sailing, A lonely maid I spied, weeping and bewailing.

I boldly stept up to her, and asked her what grieved her, She made me this reply, "None could relieve her, For my love is pressed, she cried, to cross the ocean, My mind is like the Sea, always in motion."

He said, "My pretty fair maid, mark well my story, For your true love and I fought for England's glory, By one unlucky shot we both got parted, And by the wounds he got, I'm broken hearted.

"He told me before he died his heart was broken, He gave me this gold ring, take it for a token,— 'Take this unto my dear, there is no one fairer, Tell her to be kind and love the bearer.'"

Soon as these words he spoke she ran distracted, Not knowing what she did, nor how she acted, She run ashore, her hair showing her anger, "Young man, you've come too late, for I'll wed no stranger."

Soon as these words she spoke, her love grew stronger, He flew into her arms, he could wait no longer, They both sat down and sung, but she sung clearest, Like a Nightingale in spring, "Welcome home, my dearest."

He sang, "God bless the wind that blew him over." She sang, "God bless the ship that brought him over," They both sat down and sung, but she sung clearest, Like a Nightingale in spring, Welcome home, my dearest.

To get any rhythm into this doggerel is like persuading a donkey to gallop. And yet how clearly one sees the dark night, the disguised sailor and his sweetheart talking together on the river strand, and the ships on its bosom in the gloom; while the wistful, deceitful tale he tells her is as old as Romance. Once get cantering, too; how pleasing is the motion!

192. "DARK ROSALEEN."

From his childhood, which was spent in a little shop in Dublin, Mangan had a dark and troubled life. But always a passionate love for his country, Ireland—his Dark Rosaleen—burned on in his imagination as it is revealed in the wild and haunting music of this poem.

197.

There are so many words in this poem strange to an English ear that it seems better to explain them here so as not to interrupt the actual reading of it too much. After all, the little that is not plain speaks in its music, and that is a very large part of what we call its "meaning." For the meaning of a poem is all the interest, thought, pictures, music, and happiness that we can get out of it—it is all that it does to us.

Stanza (I) "loaning" is a green path in the fields, and "ilka" means every; "wede" means faded or vanished.

(2) "bught" is a sheep-fold; "scorning" I suppose means cracking jokes at one another; "dowie" means sad and drooping; "daffing" and "gabbing" is larking and gossiping; a "leglin" is a milkpail. (3) "hairst" means harvest; "bandsters," sheaf-binders; "lyart" is faded with age; "runkled" wrinkled; "fleeching" is wheedling or coaxing or flirting. (4) "swankies" means the blithe lads of stanza 2; "bogle" means goblin or bogey—an evening game like "I spy," I should think. (5) "Dool and wae" means sorrow or grief and woe.

199.

Robert Hayman, a Merchant of Bristol at the age of twenty-five, was a nephew of Sir Walter Raleigh's. He became Governor of a Plantation called *The British Hope* in Newfoundland. In 1628 he settled in Guiana (of whose gilded and barbaric Amazonian princesses his uncle tells in Hakluyt's *Voyages*). He made his will in 1633, and nothing more was afterwards heard of him—at least by the people of Bristol.

Poetry shines out of his stumbling verses like the setting sun through a thicket of thorns. Their "Totnes" is an uncommonly old town, mainly consisting of that "long street" where, when a boy, he met "godly Drake." At its East-Gate is the Brutus-stone—for here Brut of Troy is said first to have trodden English soil, having landed from the Dart. Twenty miles distant to westward of the town lies on its rivers Plymouth—the Spaniards' wasps' nest—its Drake in stone now gazing out to sea from its Hoe. Twenty miles to the east on the coast is Hayes Barton, where Raleigh was born about 1552. And seven miles down the Dart is the village of Green-

way, the home of his half-brother Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the discoverer of Newfoundland, who was in that year a boy of about sixteen. Here amid-stream juts up the Anchor Rock upon which, runs the story, the discoverer of tobacco and of the potato used to sit and smoke his pipe. In 1587 Gilbert and Raleigh sailed together in search of the as yet Unfoundland, but on that voyage in vain.

200. "FOR HALLY NOW IS DEAD."

Hally was Henry, Prince of Wales, the eldest son of James I., Queen Elizabeth's godson, and a beloved patron of the arts and poetry to whom Sir Walter Raleigh looked for happy favours. He was little of body and quick of spirit, and, like Alexander, delighted "to witch the World with noble horsemanship." He died when he was nineteen. In Windsor Castle may be seen a suit of armour made for this young prince when he was a boy—a suit which for grace and craftsmanship is said to be one of the most beautiful things of its kind in the world.

202. "HENRY BEFORE AGINCOURT."

Here, again, the verse of this ancient fragment jolts, jars, and moves cumbrously as a cannon over rocky ground. But how wide and moving a picture it presents, and how noble is its utterance.

203. "ALEXANDER THE GREAT."

This is the translaton of another ancient Irish poem made by Kuno Meyer. Plutarch wrote Alexander's Life (comparing him with Julius Caesar), in which the young prince is pictured as if by Velasquez. Here are a few words from the translation of this life which Sir Thomas North made from the French of Amiot:

"The ambition and desire he (Alexander) had of honour showed a certain greatness of mind and noble courage, passing his years.... For when he was asked one day (because he was swift of foot) whether he would assay to run for victory at the Olympian Games, 'I could be content' (said he), 'so I might run with Kings'." When, too, "they brought him news that his Father had taken some famous city, or had won

some great battle, he was nothing glad to hear it, but would say to his playfellows: 'Sirs, my Father will have all: I shall have nothing left me to conquer with you that shall be ought worth'...'

"Is it even so?" said my lady.
"Even so!" said my lord.

205. "AND THE KINGS ASLEEP."

... Not a stone-cast from the summit of the hill where all snow was now parched and evaporated away, stood a cairn of boulders and thereon sate three Eagles whose eyes surveyed the kingdoms of the world, its seas and Man's lost possessions. And the Eagle that was eastwards of the three, a little rimpled her wings and cried: "Where now? where now?" And the Eagle that shook upon her plumes the dazzle of the dying sun stretched out her corded neck and yelped: "Man! Man!" And the midmost Eagle stooped low its golden head and champed between its talons with its beak upon the boulder: "The Earth founders," she mewed. And a stillness was upon the hill as though of a myriad watching eyes.

207. "DANCE SEDATELY"

—and here are two old rhymes for the dancing to. One for a Morris Dance:

Skip it and trip it nimbly, nimbly,
Tickle it, tickle it lustily;
Strike up the tabour for the wenches' favour,
Tickle it, tickle it lustily.

Let us be seene in Hygate Freene,

To dance for the honour of Holloway.

Since we are come hither, let us spare for no leather

To dance for the honour of Holloway.

And this for a Flower Dance:

Where's my lovely parsley, say?
My violets, roses, where are they?
My parsley, roses, violets fair,
Where are my flowers? Tell me where?

And yet another for one's Lonesome Low:

The king's young dochter was sitting in her window,
Sewing at her silken seam;
She lookt out o' the bow-window,
And she saw the leaves growing green,
My luve;

And she saw the leaves growing green.

She stuck her needle into her sleeve,
Her seam down by her tae,
And she is awa' to the merrie greenwood,
To pu' the nit and the slae,
My luve;
To pu' the nit and the slae.

The "dochter" is of course daughter, "nit" is nut, and "slae" sloe.

209.

Pause an instant on the fifth word in the third stanza and you can actually *hear* the birds laughing—yaffle, blackcap, bullfinch and jay, and the droning and the whistling and the whir-r-r.

210. FA LA LA.

Scattered through this volume are many songs, a few of them—both words and music—exceedingly ancient. Mr. Nahum had a cofferful of old hand-written music (square crotchets and quavers and handsome clefs); and many outlandish instruments were hung up in the dust and silence in one of his cupboards. I remember some small living thing set a string jangling when for the first time the door admitted me to a sight of their queer shapes and appearances. In an old book of 1548, The Complaynt of Scotland, there is a list of names, not only of old folk-tales such as "The tayl of the wolfe of the varldes end"; and "The tayl of the giantes that eit quyk men," but of songs and dances for long in common love and knowledge even in those old times. Here are a few of the songs:

God You, Good Day, Wild Boy. Broom, Broom on Hill.

Trolly lolly leman, dow.
All musing of Marvels, amiss have I gone.
O Mine Heart, hey, this is my Song.
Shall I go with You to Rumbelow Fair?
That Day, that Day, that Gentle Day.
Alas, that Samyn Sweet Face!
In ane Mirthful Morrow.

And here some Dances:

All Christian Men's Dance.
Long Flat Foot of Garioch.
The Lamb's Wind.
Leaves Green.
The Bace of Voragon.
The Loch of Slene.
The Bee.
Shake a Trot, and
The Vod and the Val.

The tunes to these were played at that day on four kinds of bagpipe (including a drone bagpipe), a trump, a recorder, a "fiddell," and a "quhissil"—which is the pleasantest way of spelling whistle I have yet seen. The melodies and words of most of them are, apparently, all now clean forgotten.

"Fa la la" (No. 210) is of a different kind, being one of hundreds of madrigals, "ayres" and ballets of which both the words and the music were written in England in the first twenty years or so of the seventeenth century. There is, of course, a hoard of learning that one may study on this English music-William Byrd's, John Dowland's, Thomas Ford's, Thomas Campion's, John Bartlet's, Philip Rosseter's, Robert Ayres' and others-which in its own day was as famous in the countries of Europe as English poetry is now. It was the coming of foreign music and musicians to England—the Italians and Handel and Mendelssohn—that put it ungratefully out of mind. To-day its dust has at last been brushed away. The Madrigals are being printed and sung again, and Dr. Fellowes has lately published a volume containing the words of hundreds of such lively, nimble and heart-entrancing rhymes—intended by their writers to carry with them a double charm—not only their own verbal melody, grace and beauty, but also their music's.

My own knowledge is scanty indeed, but I gather that a

madrigal is intended to be sung, unaccompanied with instruments, by voices only—three to five, six, or seven, it may be, and men's and women's or boys', coursing, echoing, interweaving, responding and rilling together like the countless runnels and wavelets of a brook over its stones, or a wood full of singing birds at evening. An Ayre is different. It is for the voice—singing its melody to the accompaniment of lute, viol or virginal, as a nightingale may sing at dusk above the murmur of a softly-brawling brook. A Ballet, the most ancient of all three, went hand in hand and foot to foot with a dance.

All I wish to make clear is that the printed words of Nos. 210 and 212, for instance, can give only a fraction of the pleasure their poets intended, who in writing had always the singing voice and often the twangling string in mind. very age to my fancy gives them an enticing strangeness, grace, and freshness. For in their company the imagination returns to the days when first they rang out in the taverns and parlours and palaces and streets of a London that from every steeple and tower was within sight of green fields; a noble city of but about three hundred thousand people (including children) wherein you might any day find William Shakespeare, Ben Johnson, Chapman and the rest talking together in its taverns. the Mermaid or the Triple Tun, while that ill-fortuned traveller and statesman, Sir Walter Raleigh, fallen upon evil days, sat mewed up in the Tower of London, engrossed in his History of the World.

None the less there are human beings who remain deaf to the magic both of words and music—that, like the deaf adder, stop their ears: "I know very well," wrote Sir William Temple, "that many who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men. But whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms, would I think do well to keep their own counsel, for . . . while this world lasts, I doubt most but the pleasure and requests of these two entertainments will do so too; and happy those that content themselves with these, or any other so easy and so innocent; and do not trouble the world or other men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though nobody hurts them!

"When all is done, human life is at the greatest and the best but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over."

211. "THE ONELY PRETTY RING TIME."

"Amo, amas,
I love a lass,
As cedar tall and slender;
Sweet cowslip's face
Is her nominative case,
And she's of the feminine gender.
Horum quorum,
Sunt divorum,
Harum, scarum, Divo;

Tag rag, merry derry, periwig and hatband, Hic—hoc—hârum, genitivo."

JOHN O'KEEFE

There was a mayde come out of Kent,
Deintie love, deintie love;
There was a mayde cam out of Kent,
Daungerous be:
There was a mayde cam out of Kent,
Fáyre, propre, small and gent,
As ever upon the grounde went,
For so should it be.

"When you speake (Sweet)
I'ld have you do it ever. When you sing,
I'ld have you buy and sell so: so give Almes,
Pray so: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
Nothing but that: move still, still so:
And owne no other function...

My prettiest Perdita."

The Winter's Tale.

"Such pretie things would soon be gon
If we should not so them remembre."

212.

There might be an instant's check or faltering at the eighth line, but make it "when the WINDS BLOW and the SEAS FLOW" —the great flood of air and water banking up as it were into the words as does the Atlantic in a gale at the Spring Equinox and all's well.

213. "AND THE FLEAS THAT TEASE IN THE HIGH Pyrenees."

"The flee is a lyttell worme, and greveth men mooste; and scapeth and voideth peril with lepynge and not with runnynge. and wexeth slowe and fayleth in colde tyme, and in somer tyme it wexeth quiver and swyft; and spareth not kynges."

214. "I LOVED A LASS."

George Wither, says Aubrey, could make verses as fast as he could write them. So, too, could Shakespeare. "What he thought," said his editors, "he uttered with that easinesse that we have scarse received from him a blot in his papers."

Still:—"So, So-a! fair and softly!" said the old Shropshire farmer to Job his plough-horse when he kicked up his heels as if to break into a gallop; "So, So-a! When thou'rt a racer, my dear, or born a high-blood Arab, there'll be time enough for that. Some goes their best slow."

If the lass's "fives" in the fourth stanza (of 214) were the fives of to-day she must have had a quite comfortable foot, a size or two larger, at any rate, than the bride's in Sir John

Suckling's Ballad upon a Wedding:

... Her feet beneath her petticoat Like little mice stole in and out, As if they feared the light; But oh, she dances such a way! No sun upon an Easter-day Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on, No daisy makes comparison: Who sees them is undone; For streaks of red were mingled there, Such as are on a Catharine pear, The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin Compared to that was next her chin (Some bee had stung it newly); But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face, I durst no more upon them gaze, Than on the sun in Júly....

218. "AND ST. JOHN'S BELL RINGS FOR MATINS."

June 24 is not only the birthday of St. John the Baptist, but also the year's Sun Day, for about this day, following through the night but a little way beneath the horizon, he rises at dawn furthest North of East in his annual journey (see p. xiv). As once on May-day so it was then formerly the custom, all England over, to set bonfires blazing on the hilltops, around which the country people danced and sang. The dairy-maid who had the breath, and was fleet enough of foot to ring around, between dusk and daybreak, nine such merry bonfires before they were burnt out, assured her heart of a happy marriage within the year.

219. "O IT'S DABBLING IN THE DEW MAKES THE MILKMAIDS FAIR!"

The air to gi'e your cheäks a hue O' rwosy red, so feair to view, Is what do sheäke the grass-bleädes grae At breäk o' dae, in mornén dew; Vor vo'k that will be rathe abrode, Will meet wi' health upon their road.

But biden up till dead o' night, When han's o' clocks do stan' upright, By candlelight, do soon consume The feäce's bloom, an' turn it white. An' moon-beäms cast vrom midnight skies Do blunt the sparklen ov the eyes.

Vor health do weäke vrom nightly dreams Below the mornen's eärly beams, An' leäve the dead-aïr'd houses' eaves, Vor quiv'ren leaves, an' bubblen streams, A-glitt'ren brightly to the view, Below a sky o' cloudless blue.

WILLIAM BARNES

The words in this poem are spelt as they are spoken in the County of Dorset. "Rathe" means early; and "below" beneath. There is a half-secret rhyme in each fourth line.

223. "MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE, VIBRATES IN THE MEMORY"

There is sweet music here that softer falls Than petals from blown roses on the grass. Or night-dews on still waters between walls Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass: Music that gentlier on the spirit lies, Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes; Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.

TENNYSON

224. "A BELL IN Moscow." (stanza 4)

Of this I saw the picture in Thrae. It was named Czar Kolokol, and, when cast, was of the weight of about twentysix hundred heavy men. It now stands clapperless on the ground with a breach in its metal side. Through this breach the people go into its silence to pray.

225.

This "Country Rhime," with Nos. 121 and 434, is taken from A Book for Boys and Girls, written by John Bunyan. It came out into the world on May 12th, 1686, two years before Bunyan died on Snow Hill in London; and two years after the publication of the Second Part of The Pilgrim's Progress, "wherein is set forth the manner of the setting out of Christian's Wife and Children, their dangerous journey, and safe arrival at the Desired Country."

When Bunyan was young he loved ringing the bells with the ringers in the steeple of the village church of Elstow, where he was born, and where his grandfather, Thomas Bonyon, was

"a common baker of human bread."

All these "Homely rhimes" are followed in this particular Book for Boys and Girls by comparisons"; as here: first the bells; then a lesson about them. They are parables. But in Mr. Nahum's copying, many of the lessons were omitted;

perhaps because he preferred to think out his own. Not that the poetry that is intended to teach, to praise virtue, and to instil wisdom in the heart and mind of its readers is any the less poetry for this reason. Nevertheless, every beautiful thing in this world—the hyssop in the wall and the cedar of Lebanon, Solomon in all his glory and the ring on his finger, carries with it joy and wonder of the life that is ours, and gratitude to the Maker of all. And poets who, when writing, are too intent upon teaching, are apt to forfeit their rarest poetry.

232.

Dorothy was William Wordsworth's only sister and his friend Coleridge's close friend. What she squandered on these two poets—her self, her talk, her imagination, her love—only they could tell. "She gave me eyes, she gave me ears," once wrote her brother; she shared his visionary happiness. With Coleridge she used to walk and talk so nearly and dearly that again and again in her *Journal* she uses all but the very words—that "thin gray cloud," the line on Spring, or on the one red leaf, for instance—which are so magically his own in *Christabel* (No. 345).

233. "To AUTUMN."

I read this—perhaps the loveliest of John Keats's odes, many times before I realised that the whole of it is addressed to the musing apparition or phantasm of Autumn whom in its second stanza he describes as if she were in image there before him. This, perhaps, was partly because the poem is usually printed with a full stop after "clammy cells," and partly because of my own stupidity.

Thomas Hood, in his scarcely less beautiful Ode, sees

Autumn first as an old man:

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn Stand shadowless like Silence, listening To silence, for no lonely bird would sing Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn, Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn; Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright With tangled gossamer that fell by night, Pearling his coronet of golden corn.

And later, in his fourth stanza:

The squirrel gloats on his accomplished hoard,
The ants have brimmed their garners with ripe grain,
And honey bees have stored
The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells;
The swallows all have winged across the main;
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells

But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,
And sighs her tearful spells

Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.

Alone, alone,
Upon a mossy stone,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone,
With the last leaves for a love-rosary,
Whilst all the withered world looks drearily,
Like a dim picture of the drowned past
In the hushed mind's mysterious far away,
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last

Into that distance, gray upon the gray. . . .

237. "A FOOLISH THING."

I thee advise
If thou be wise
To keep thy wit
Though it be small:
'Tis rare to get,
And far to fet,
'Twas ever yet
Dear'st ware of all.

GEORGE TURBERVILLE

"Far to fetch" it certainly is; but here is a little counsel to this end from the old Irish *Instructions of King Cormac* (of the ninth century). Of Carbery I know no more, but doubtless there is much to hear:

"O Cormac, grandson of Conn," said Carbery, "what is

the worst for the body of man?"

"Not hard to tell," said Cormac. "Sitting too long, lying too long, long standing, lifting heavy things, exerting oneself beyond one's strength, running too much, leaping too much, frequent falls, sleeping with one's leg over the bed-rail, gazing at glowing embers, wax, biestings [very new milk], new ale,

bull-flesh, curdles, dry food, bog-water, rising too early. cold. sun, hunger, drinking too much, eating too much, sleeping too much, sinning too much, grief, running up a height, shouting against the wind, drying oneself by a fire, summerdew, winter-dew, beating ashes, swimming on a full stomach, sleeping on one's back, foolish romping."...

"O Cormac, grandson of Conn," said Carbery, "I desire to know how I shall behave among the wise and the foolish, among friends and strangers, among the old and the young,

among the innocent and the wicked."

"Not hard to tell," said Cormac.

"Be not too wise, nor too foolish, Be not too conceited, nor too diffident, Be not too haughty, nor too humble, Be not too talkative, nor too silent. Be not too hard, nor too feeble.

If you be too wise, men will expect too much of you;

If you be too foolish, you will be deceived;

If you be too conceited, you will be thought vexatious;

If you be too humble, you will be without honour;

If you be too talkative, you will not be heeded;

If you be too silent, you will not be regarded;

If you be too hard, you will be broken;

If you be too feeble, you will be crushed."

But what the exact total of all these "too's" may be is a riddle only the Higher Mathematics can solve.

"OUR PLAY IS DONE"

-after which, in Elizabeth's day, "the characters (one or more) were wont to kneel down upon the stage and to offer a solemn prayer for the sovereign, or other patron ":

"My tongue is wearie; when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneele down before you: But (indeed) Henry IV.

to pray for the Queene."

245. "AH! WOULD 'TWERE SO."

I know that all beneath the moon decays. And what by mortals in this world is brought In Time's great periods shall return to nought; That fairest states have fatal nights and days:

I know how all the Muse's heavenly lays, With toil of spright which is so dearly bought, As idle sounds, of few or none are sought; And that nought lighter is than airy praise.

I know frail beauty's like the purple flower, To which one morn oft birth and death affords; That love a jarring is of minds' accords, Where sense and will invassall reason's power.

Know what I list, this all can not me move,
But that—O me! I both must write and love!

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

246. "No Crane talks." (line 16)

"I hear the crane, if I mistake not, cry Who in the clouds forming the forked Y, By the brave orders practized under her, Instructeth souldiers in the art of war. For when her troops of wandring cranes forsake Frost-firmèd Strymon, and (in autumn) take Truce with the northern dwarfs, to seek adventure In southern climates for a milder winter: A-front each band a forward captain flies. Whose pointed bill cuts passage through the skies, Two skilful sergeants keep the ranks aright, And with their voyce hasten their tardy flight; And when the honey of care-charming sleep Sweetly begins through all their veines to creep One keeps the watch, and ever carefull-most, Walks many a round about the sleeping hoast, Still holding in his claw a stony clod, Whose fall may wake him if he hap to nod. Another doth as much, a third, a fourth, Untill, by turns the night be turned forth."

So also, according to travellers, talk, argue in parliament, camp, and keep watch the wandering tribes of the gaudy-dyed Baboons.

249.

If this poem is read softly, pausingly, without haste, the very words will seem like snowflakes themselves, floating into the mind; and then, the beauty and the wonder.

251.

Here again, as in music, there are rests in the second, fourth and fifth lines of each stanza. Is there any magic to compare with that still solemn unearthly radiance when the world is masked with snow; and the very sparkling of the mind is like hoar-frost on the bark of a tree.

253. "THE WILD WOODS."

Allan Cunningham's in Scotland, and these—Mr. Robert Frost's—in Vermont U.S.A.:

Whose Woods these are I think I know, His house is in the village though He will not see my stopping here To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer, To stop without a farmhouse near Between the woods and frozen lake The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake To ask if there is some mistake, The only other sounds the sweep Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely dark and deep; But I have promises to keep And miles to go before I sleep: And miles to go before I sleep.

255.

There may be a few small verbal puzzles in this fifteenthcentury carol—otherwise as clear, sharp and shining as a winter moon.

Kechoun is kitchen, and Stephen (who waited on the King at bed and board) stepped out of it into the hall, "boar's head on hand." Kyst, means cast; eylet, aileth; wod is mad. So too brede, I fancy. When the roasted capon or cock crowed in its dish, Herod, in wrath and fear cried on his torturers, "by two and all by one" to rise up and kill.

In later times a clay or earthenware box made all of a piece, with a slit in it, was carried by apprentices through the streets on St. Stephen's day, for money. And never a Catholic missionary once sailed for the Indies, Barbary, or the Islands of the Anthropophagites, but a box was hung by the priests in the church for alms against his return. From the former old custom comes our "Boxing Day."

In the Isle of Man, however, the Christmas Box was called the Wren Box, and for this reason: There dwelt of old a Lorelei, siren or sea-elf, in the emerald green creeks and caves of a solitary precipitous island. She was as lovely as she was cruel, and her shrill sweet voice rose amid the roaring and soughing of the waves in her steep rocky habitation as shines a poisonous flower in the dark of a forest. Thus she would at daybreak enchant to their doom sailors following their craft on the sea. Leaning to listen to this music creeping by them on the waters, they drew in to her haunts. Of their bones were coral made; while she lived on; sang on. She was hunted down at last in her sea-grottoes by those who, like Ulysses, had stopped their ears against her incantations. Brought finally to bay, her beauty and bright hair suddenly dwindled and dimmed, and she escaped in the shape of-Jenny Wren. Alas, for Jenny Wren! condemned ever after for the woes of this siren to be pursued with sticks and stones by young loons, cullions and Jerry Sneaks, on every St. Stephen's Day. As goes the rhyme:

- "Oh, where are you going?" says milder to melder;
- "Oh, where are you going?" says the younger to the elder.
- "Oh, I cannot tell," says Festel to Fose;
- "We're going to the woods," says John the Red Nose.
 "We're going to the woods," says John the Red Nose.
- "Oh, what will you do there?" says milder to melder;
- "Oh, what will you do there?" says the younger to the elder.
- "Oh, I do not know," says Festel to Fose;
- "To shoot the cutty wren," says John the Red Nose.
 "To shoot the cutty wren," says John the Red Nose.
- "Oh, fwhat of her corpsums?" etc. etc.,

and a sinister company they look, especially "milder"!

257.

Lullay, lullay, thou lytill child, Sleep and be well still; The King of bliss thy father is, As it was his will.

The other night I saw a sight,
A mayd a cradle keep:
"Lullay," she sung, and said among,
"Lie still, my child, and sleep."

"How should I sleep? I may not for weep, So sore am I begone: Sleep I would; I may not for cold, And clothes have I none.

"For Adam's guilt mankind is spilt And that me rueth sore; For Adam and Eve here shall I live Thirty winter and more."

258. "WELCOME TWELFTH DAY"

and here is a rhyme (entitled Jolagiafir) for a memory-game they used to play in old times on Twelfth Night after the bean or silver-penny had been discovered in the Twelfth Cake, and the Wassail Bowl has gone round with the Mince Pies.

On the first day of Christmas, my true love sent to me A partridge in a pear-tree.

On the second day of Christmas, my true love sent to me Two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear-tree.

On the third day of Christmas, my true love sent to me Three French hens, two turtle doves and A partridge in a pear-tree.

And so on to-

On the twelfth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me Twelve lords a-leaping, eleven ladies dancing, Ten pipers piping, nine drummers drumming, Eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming, Six geese a-laying, five gold rings,

Four colly birds, three French hens, Two turtle doves, and A partridge in a pear-tree.

And here is a recipe for Lamb's Wool, with which to fill "the Bowl": Take "the pulpe of rosted apples, in number four or five according to the greatnesse of the apples (especially the pome water), and mix it heartily in a wine quart of faire water "—or old ale—" with a due and fair lacing of nutmegs, sugar and ginger "—until the company can wait no longer.

And here's another "Twelve"; from Scotland:

What will be our twelve, boys? What will be our twelve, boys? Twelve's the Twelve Apostles; Eleven's maidens in a dance: Ten's the Ten Commandments: Nine's the Muses o' Parnassus; Eight's the table rangers: Seven's the stars of heaven: Six the echoing waters: Five's the hymnlers o' my bower; Four's the gospel-makers: Three, three thrivers: Twa's the lily and the rose, That shine baith red and green, boys: My only ane, she walks alane, And evermair has dune, boys.

259.

It looks as if this carol—of Henry VI.'s reign—was once a singing game: On the one side in the blaze of the Yule Log the Holly men with gilded and garlanded pole; and on the other Ivy with her maidens; each side taunting the other, and maybe tugging for prisoners. "Ivy-girls," too, used to be burned by companies of boys, and Holly-boys by girls—all yawping and jodelling at the sport.

"Poppynguy" may perhaps be the jay, but it would be pleasanter company for the lark, if here it means the green woodpecker. His other names are rain-bird, hew-hole, woodsprite, woodweele, woodspeek and yaffle, the very sound of

which is like the echo of his own laughter in the sunny green tops of the wood.

260. "When Isicles hang by the Wall."

There is a peculiar magic (which may perhaps be less apparent to the Greenlanders) in icicles. Nor are its effects unknown to the four-footed. In certain remote regions of Siberia there is said to be a little animal called the Icce-vulff (or Ice-wolf). He has prick-ears, is a fierce feeder, and wears a coat so wondrous close and dense that three or four of our English moles' skins laid one atop the other would yet fall short of its match. But he seldom attains to a ripe age, and for this reason. As soon as he is freed from his dam's snow-burrow, he hastes off to the dwellings of the men of those parts, snuffing their dried seal-steaks and blubber, being a most incorrigible thief and a very wary. And such is his craft that he mocks at gins, traps and pitfalls. But he has a habit which is often to his undoing. It is in this wise: The heat of these hovels is apt to melt a little the snow upon them, its water trickling and coursing softly down till long, keen icicles are formed, upon which, whether hungry or fed, taking up his station in a plumb line beneath them, he will squat and gloat for an hour together, having a marvellous greedy pleasure in clear glasslike colours. Hearing his breathing or faint snuffing, any human who wakes within will of a sudden violently shake the wall between. This dislodges the pendent icicles, and the squatting Icce-vulff is pierced to his death as with a sword.

Winter indeed makes crystal even of ink. It has the power of enchanting every imagination; and particularly

. Coleridge's :

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee, Whether the summer clothe the general earth With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall Heard only in the trances of the blast, Or if the secret ministry of frost Shall hang them up in silent icicles, Quietly shining to the quiet Moon. . . .

264. "Woe weeps out Her Division when She sings."

This means, I think, that she adds her own grieved cadences to the melody, as may one, among many voices, singing in harmony.

265. "IS LIKE A BUBBLE."

This rainbow "bubble"—like Shelley's "many-coloured dome of glass" in his Adonais—seems, before our very eyes, to be floating up into the empty blue heavens, until it smalls into a bead of gold, and vanishes. It brings to memory—though I am uncertain of the first line—an epitaph in the church at Zennor, a village clustered above the Atlantic on the dreamlike coast of Cornwall—an epitaph cut in fine lettering into its slate slab, while at each corner of the slab Cherubs' heads puff out their round cheeks, representing the winds of the world:

Sorrow, and sin, false hope, and trouble— These the Four Winds that daily vex this Bubble: His breath a Vapour, and his life a Span; 'Tis Glorious Misery to be born a Man.

266. "O, SWEET CONTENT."

There is a jewel which no Indian mines
Can buy, no chymic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty;
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain:
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little, all in naught—Content.

"ART THOU POOR . . . ART THOU RICH."

The subject being riches, here from Hugh Rhodes, is a nourishing crumb or two of advice. *Cautions* the poem is called, and it may be found in the *Book of Nurture*:

He that spendeth much,
And getteth nought;
He that oweth much,
And hath nought;
He that looketh in his purse
And findeth nought,—
He may be sorry,
And say nought.

He that may and will not, He then that would shall not. He that would and cannot May repent and sigh not.

He that sweareth
Till no man trust him;
He that lieth
Till no man believe him;
He that borroweth
Till no man will lend him;
Let him go where
No man knoweth him.

He that hath a good master,
And cannot keep him;
He that hath a good servant,
And is not content with him;
He that hath such conditions,
That no man loveth him;
May well know other,
But few men will know him.

And, to make trebly sure:

Three false sisters: "Perhaps," "May be," "I dare say."
Three timid brothers: "Hush!" "Stop!" "Listen!"

269. "LORD RAMESES OF EGYPT SIGHED."

The most ancient poem I know of consists of such a sigh. It comes from an Egyptian tomb, was composed about 5000 years ago, and might have been written by some melancholy soul at his sick-room window yesterday afternoon. For, after all, these ancients whose mummies are now a mere wonder for the curious, all lived, as Raleigh says, "in the same newness of time which we call old time."

"Death is before me to-day
Like the recovery of a sick man,
Like going forth into a garden after sickness.

"Death is before me to-day
Like the odour of myrrh,
Like sitting under the sail on a windy day....

" Death is before me to-day Like the course of the freshet, Like the return of a man from the war-galley to his house. . . .

"Death is before me to-day As a man longs to see his house When he has spent years in captivity."

> "THESE STRONG AND FAIR...." 272.

And here is another poem by William Barnes which I have ventured to spell not as it appears in its original dialect, but in the usual way:

> If souls should only shine as bright In heaven as in earthly light, And nothing better were the case, How comely still, in shape and face, Would many reach that happy place,— The hopeful souls that in their prime, Have seemed a-taken before their time-The young that died in beauty.

But when one's limbs have lost their strength A-toiling through a lifetime's length, And over cheeks a-growing old The slowly-wasting years have rolled The deepening wrinkles' hollow fold; When life is ripe, then death do call For less of thought, than when it fall On young folks in their beauty. . . .

But still the dead shall more than keep The beauty of their early sleep; Where comely looks shall never wear Uncomely, under toil and care, The fair, at death be always fair, Still fair to living, thought and love, And fairer still to God above,

Than when they died in beauty.

273.

I remember actually coming upon this poem (in Mr. Nahum's second book), and how I twisted my head and looked up at

the quiet dark-socketed skull in its alcove in the turret room. It had no alarm for me then, though I can recall cold moments of dread or confusion, when I was a boy, at the thought of death. Then—or was it some time after?—I turned the page and found the following poem by Thomas Campion, and, in Mr. Nahum's writing, this scrawl at the foot of it: "Yes, but the vision first."

The man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrow discontent:

That man needs neither towers Nor armour for defence, Nor secret vaults to fly From thunder's violence:

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things;

Good thoughts his only friends, His wealth a well-spent age, The earth his sober inn And quiet pilgrimage.

"... Yet suffer us, O Lord, not to repine, whether in the morning, at noon, or at midnight, that is to say, in our cradle, in our youth, or old age, we go to take our long sleep; but let us make this reckoning of our years, that if we can live no longer, that is unto us our old age; for he that liveth so long as thou appointest him (though he die in the pride of his beauty) dieth an old man..."

274. "ADIEU! FAREWELL EARTH'S BLISS."

This solemn dirge was written in "time of pestilence,"—such a time as Daniel Defoe tells of in his "Journal of the Plague Year." The Elizabethan poets brooded endlessly on the mystery of death. A music haunts their words like that of muffled bells, as in John Fletcher's poem:

... Come hither, you that hope, and you that cry, Leave off complaining!

Youth, strength, and beauty, that shall never die, Are here remaining.

Come hither, fools, and blush you stay so long From being blessed,

And mad men, worse than you, that suffer wrong,
Yet seek no rest!...

And in William Davenant's:

Wake, all the dead! What ho! what ho! How soundly they sleep whose pillows lie low! They mind not poor lovers, who walk above On the decks of the world in storms of love. No whisper now nor glance shall pass Through wickets or through panes of glass, For our windows and doors are shut and barred. Lie close in the church, and in the churchyard! In every grave make room, make room! The world's at an end, and we come, we come!...

275. "I WHO LOVED WITH ALL MY LIFE LOVE WITH ALL MY DEATH."

Not full twelve years twice-told, a weary breath I have exchanged for a wished death.

My course was short, the longer is my rest,
God takes them soonest whom he loveth best;
For he that's born to-day and dies to-morrow,
Loseth some days of mirth, but months of sorrow.

And this reminds me of an epitaph I chanced on in the graveyard at Manorbier whose ruinous castle towers above the

green turf of its narrow ocean inlet, as if it were keeping a long tryst with the clocked church tower on the height:

Weep not for her ye friends that's dear, Weep for your sins, for death is near— You see by her, she [was] cut down soon. Her morning Sun went down at noon.

And then there are these two unforgettable fragments, the one from the Scots of John Wedderburn (1542), and the other of a century before, its authorship unknown:

WHO'S AT MY WINDOW?

Who's at my window, who, who?
Go from my window, go, go!
Who calleth there so like a stranger?
Go from my window—go!

Lord, I am here, a wretched mortal That for Thy mercy does cry and call— Unto Thee, my Lord Celestial, See who is at my window, who.

THE CALL.

... Come home again, come home again;
Mine own sweet heart, come home again!
You are gone astray
Out of your way,
Therefore, sweet heart, come home again!

277. "HARK! NOW EVERYTHING IS STILL."

Death stands above me, whispering low I know not what into my ear;
Of his strange language all I know Is, there is not a word of fear.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

"'TIS NOW FULL TIDE 'TWEEN NIGHT AND DAY." (line 17)

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust; And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things; Grow rich in that which never taketh rust; Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.

Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be; Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light, That doth both shine and give us sight to see.

O, take fast hold! let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death—
And think how evil becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.

Then farewell, world; thy uttermost I see: Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

278.

Of the Lyke-wake Dirge is known neither the age nor the author. The body from which the "saule" or spirit within is fled away lies in its shroud, and the dirge tells of that spirit's journey. Its word "sleet," says Mr. Sidgwick, means either salt, for it was the custom to place in a wooden platter beside the dead, earth and salt for emblems, the one of corruption, the other of the immortal; or, as some suppose, "sleet" should be fleet, meaning embers or water or house-room. "Whinnies" means gorse. To explain the full meaning of Bridge of Dread would need many pages—but does not much of that meaning haunt in the very music and solemnity of the words?

279.

Next this poem in Mr. Nahum's book was "Lead, Kindly Light," and there was a strange picture for it hanging in the round tower—the picture of a small becalmed ship, clumsy of rig and low in the water which was smooth and green as glass. In the midst of the ship there was piled high what might be taken for a vast heap of oranges, their fair reddish colour blazing in the rays of the sun that was about to plunge out of the greenish sky below the line of the west. But what even more particularly attracted my eye at the time was that ship's figurehead—a curious head and shoulders as if with wings, and of a kind of far beauty or wonder entirely past me to describe. Many years afterwards I read that this poem was written by John Henry Newman (one who even in his young days at Oxford was "never less alone than when alone"), when his

mind was perplexed and unhappy, and he himself had time to ponder awhile, because the boat in which he was sailing to England had been for some days becalmed off the coast of Spain.

281. "FEAR NO MORE."

Philaster. Fie, fie,

So young and so dissembling! fear'st thou not

death?

Can boys contemn that?

Bellario. O, what boy is he

Can be content to live to be a man,

That sees the best of men thus passionate,

Thus without reason?

Philaster. O, but thou dost not know what 'tis to die.

Bellario. Yes, I do know, my Lord!

'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep,

A quiet resting from all jealousy; A thing we all pursue; I know besides

It is but giving over of a game

That must be lost.

From Philaster: Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher

284. "ALL THE FLOWERS."

"... But those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three—that is, burnet, wild thyme, and watermints. Therefore you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread."

An Essay on Gardens, Francis Bacon

Bring, too, some branches forth of Daphne's hair, And gladdest myrtle for the posts to wear, With spikenard weaved and marjorams between And starred with yellow-golds and meadows-queen.

The very names indeed of the aromatic herbs seem to "perfume the air"—bergamot, lavender, meadowsweet, costmary, southernwood, woodruff, balm, germander. And flowers even though dead remain sweet in their dust, as every bowl of potpourri proclaims. To have "a repository of odours" always

with them, when streets were foul and pestilence was a peril, gentle-people would in old times carry fresh nosegays or pomanders. The pomanders were of many kinds; an orange stuffed with cloves, etc., for the hand; or—for pocket or chatelaine—some little curiously-devised receptacle of silver containing tiny phials of precious essences—possibly no bigger than a plum. Or they might be compounded of rare ingredients: "Your only way to make a good pomander is this. Take an ounce of the purest garden mould, cleansed and steeped seven days in change of motherless rose water. Then take the best labdanum, benjoin, both storaxes, ambergris, civet, and musk. Incorporate them together, and work them into what form you please. This, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweet as any lady's dog."

285.

I have pondered over the thirteenth and eighteenth lines of this poem, but am not yet certain of all that they were intended to convey. But what scope for the imagination is in it! The next epitaph is by Stephen Hawes, whose Passetyme of Pleasure or History of Graunde Amoure, and La Bel Pucel, was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1509:

O mortal folk, you may behold and see
How I lie here, sometime a mighty knight.
The end of joy and all prosperity
Is death at last, thorough his course and might:
For though the day be never so long,
At last the bells ringeth to evensong.

And the lines following are said to have been found between the pages of Sir Walter Raleigh's Bible in the Gate House at Westminster, having been written by him, it is surmised, during the night before he—an ageing man of sixty-six—was beheaded:

Even such is Time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

286. "SIDNEY, O SIDNEY IS DEAD."

"Sir Philip Sydney, Knight," says John Aubrey, "was the most accomplished courtier of his time. He was not only of an excellent witt, but extremely beautiful; he much resembled his sister. He was a person of great courage. Among others Mr. Edmund Spenser made his addresse to him, and brought his Faery Queen. Sir Philip was busy at his study, and his servant delivered Mr. Spenser's booke to his master, who layd it by, thinking it might be such kind of stuffe as he was frequently troubled with. When Sir Philip perused it, he was so exceedingly delighted with it, that he was extremely sorry he was gonne, and where to send for him he knew not. After much enquiry he learned his lodgeing, and sent for him, and mightily caressed him. . . . From this time there was a great friendship between them, to his dying day. . . . His body was putt in a leaden coffin (which after the firing of Paule's, I myself sawe), and with wonderfull greate state was carried to St. Paule's church, when he was buried in our Ladie's Chapell. There solempnized this funerall all the nobility and great officers of Court."

Here is part of a letter written to him, by his father, Sir Henry Sidney, in 1566, when Philip was a boy at Shrewsbury School:

Son Philip.... Above all things, tell no untruth. No, not in trifles. The custom of it is nought: and let it not satisfy you that, for a time, the hearers take it for a truth; yet after it will be known as it is, to your shame. For there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman, than to be accounted a liar.... Remember, my son! the noble blood you are descended of by your mother's side: and think that only by virtuous life and good action you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; otherwise, through vice and sloth, you may be counted labes generis, "a spot of your kin," one of the greatest curses that can happen to man.

This next fragment is from a letter written on October 18, 1580, by Sir Philip Sidney himself to his younger brother Robert (then seventeen). This Robert six years afterwards fought with him at Zutphen. He grew up a gallant gentleman,

was created Earl of Leicester, and in his leisure wrote words to fit the music of John Dowland—afterwards lutenist to Charles I.

My DEAR BROTHER,

For the money you have received, assure yourself (for it is true), there is nothing I spend so pleaseth me; as that which is for you. If ever I have ability, you shall find it so: if not, yet shall not any brother living be better beloved than you, of me.... Look to your diet, sweet Robin! and hold your heart in courage and virtue. Truly, great part of my comfort is in you!.... Be careful of yourself, and I shall never have cares.... I write this to you as one, that for myself have given over the delight in the world; but wish to you as much, if not more, than to myself.... God bless you, sweet Boy! and accomplish the joyful hope I conceive of you.... Lord how I have babbled! Once again, farewell, dearest Brother!

Your most loving and careful brother,

PHILIP SIDNEY

And here in a few words is a fleeting glimpse of this renowned man as he appeared amidst the splendour and magnificence of the Tournament, during the Anjou Fetes in London, in 1581, five years before his death:

"Then proceeded Master Philip Sidney, in very sumptuous manner with armour part blue and the rest gilt and engraven.
... He had four pages that rode on his four spare horses" (richly caparisoned in gold and pearls and feathers of silver) "who had cassock hats and Venetian hose all of cloth of silver laid with gold lace and hats of the same with gold bands and white feathers: and each one a pair of white buskins.".... There followed him in as rich and splendid array his gentlemen, yeomen, and trumpeters.

287. "HIS PICTURE IN A SHEET."

Of John Donne's Book of Poems there was nothing in Mr. Nahum's first volume, much in the others. But what I then read of them I little understood. It is a poetry that awaits the mind as the body grows older, and when we have ourselves learned the experience of life with which it is concerned. Not that the simplest poetry will then lose anything of its grace

and truth and beauty-far rather it shines the more clearly,

since age needs it the more.

"His Picture in a sheet" refers to a drawing (prefixed to Donne's Poems) of his stone effigy. This shows him draped with a shroud, and may now be seen in St. Paul's Cathedral, of which he was the dean, and in whose pulpit a few days before his death he preached his last valedictory or farewell sermon.

"LIVING TO ETERNITY."

How happy is he born and taught That serveth not another's will; Whose armour is his honest thought, And simple truth his utmost skill!...

Who God doth late and early pray More of his grace than gifts to lend; And entertains the harmless day With a well chosen book or friend;

This man is freed from servile bands Of hope to rise or fear to fall: Lord of himself, though not of lands, And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Thomas More was such a man. On Monday, July 5th, 1535, the night before he was beheaded, he wrote ("with a cole") this letter of farewell to his daughter Margaret Roper. He had seen her for the last time when she openly met and kissed him in the midst of his enemies and of the throngs on

Tower Wharf, as he came from Judgment:

"Oure Lorde Blesse you good daughter, & youre good husbande, & youre lyttle boye, & all yours, & all my children, & all my Godde chyldren and all oure frendes.... I cumber you good Margaret much, but I would be sory, if it should be any longer than to morow. For it is saint Thomas even, & the utas of saint Peter: & therfore to morow long I to go to God: it were a day verye mete & convenient for me. I never liked your maner toward me better, than whan you kissed me laste: for I love when doughterly love, and deere charitye, hath no leysure to loke to worldlye curtesy. Farewell my dere chylde, & pray for me & I shall for you & all youre frendes, that we maye merilye mete in heaven..."

288. "Do Thou the SAME."

So too Walter Savage Landor:

... Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name, and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,
And, O, pray too for me!

290. "A PRETTY BUD."

"To die young," in William Drummond's words, "is to do that soon, and in some fewer days, which once thou must do; it is but the giving over of a game, that after never so many hazards must be lost."

291. "A-LEFT ASLEEP."

May! Be thou never graced with birds that sing,
Nor Flora's pride!

In thee all flowers and roses spring—
Mine, only died.

In obitum MS. X° Maij. 1614, WILLIAM BROWNE

293. "SUNK LYONESSE."

There is a legend—recorded in an ancient monastic chronicle—that in the days of Arthur there stretched between Land's End and the Scillies a country of castles, of fair towns, and landscapes, named Lyonesse. When the tumult of the last great Arthurian battle was over, there befell a cataclysm of nature, and in a night of tempest this whole region was engulfed beneath the seas.

What truth is in this legend no certain history relates. But when the vast Atlantic breakers begin to lull after storm, to lie listening in the watches of the night is to hear, it would seem, deep-sunken belfries of bells sounding in the waters, and siren-like lamentations. I have myself heard this, and fantasy though it may be, if the ear is once beguiled into its deceit, the bells clash and chime on and on in the imagination, mingled with the enormous lully of the surges, until at last, one falls asleep.

299. "SING NO SAD SONGS FOR ME"

—and here is another such happy and tender word of farewell—but from one unknown:

When from the world I should be ta'en, And from earth's necessary pain, Then let no blacks be worn for me, Not in a ring, my dear, by thee. But this bright diamond, let it be Worn in rememberance of me. And when it sparkles in your eye, Think 'tis my shadow passeth by.

302. "READEN OV A HEAD-STWONE."

This poem, again, is spelt as the words would be pronounced by the country people of Dorset, the country in which William Barnes was born and lived nearly all his long life. Their way of speech is slower than in common English, and the words, especially those with the two dots, or diaeresis, over them, should be lingered over a little in pronouncing them.

Londoners have a way of being scornfully amused at country speech—in their ignorance that it is older and far more beautiful than their own clipped and nasal manner of talking. But half an hour with the great *Dialect Dictionary* will prove how inexhaustibly rich the English language once was and still is in words made, used, and loved by folk unlearned in books, but with keen and lively eyes in their heads, quick to see the delight and livingness of a thing, and with the wits to give it a name fitting it as close as a skin.

303. "CARE IS HEAVY."

Dear God, though Thy all-powerful hand Should so direct my earthly fate That I may seem unfortunate To them who do not understand That all things follow Thy decree, Staunchly I'll bear what e'er's Thy will—Praying Thee but to grant me still That none shall come to harm through me; For, God, although Thou knowest all,

I am too young to comprehend
The windings to my journey's end;
I fear upon the road to fall
In the worst sin of all that be
And thrust my brother in the sea.

CONAL O'RIORDAN

304. "Mother, never mourn."

"It was my own mother (wrote Thomas Cantimpratanus about 1260) who told me the story which I am about to relate. My grandmother had a firstborn son of most excellent promise. comely beyond the wont of children, at whose death she mourned . . . with a grief that could not be consoled, until one day, as she went by the way, she saw in her vision a band of youths moving onwards, as it seemed to her, with exceeding great joy; and she, remembering her son and weeping that she saw him not in this joyful band, suddenly beheld him trailing weary footsteps after the rest. Then with a grievous cry the mother asked: 'How comes it, my son, that thou goest alone, lagging thus behind the rest?' Then he opened the side of his cloak and showed her a heavy water-pot, saying: 'Behold, dear mother, the tears which thou hast vainly shed for me, through the weight whereof I must needs linger behind the rest! Thou therefore shalt turn thy tears to God: then only shall I be freed from the burden wherewith I am now grieved."

But not all dreamers are so rebuked or so comforted. St. Augustine, a loving son, pined in vain:

"If the dead could come in dreams," he wrote, "my pious mother would no night fail to visit me. Far be the thought that she should, by a happier life, have been made so cruel that, when aught vexes my heart, she should not even console in a dream the son whom she loved with an only love."

310. Tom o' Bedlam.

This poem has been at hide-and-seek with the world for many years past. Mr. Frank Sidgwick has now played Seek, however, and has tracked it down in the British Museum in a manuscript, No. 24665, inscribed "Giles Earle—his book, 1615." In this manuscript the poem consists of eight stanzas

of ten lines each, with a chorus of five lines. The version in this book is only of twenty-five lines, as they were arranged by Mrs. Meynell in her beautiful Anthology, *The Flower of the Mind*. Here are the chief differences which Mr. Sidgwick has very kindly allowed me to collect from his account of his search:

Line I, "moon" is morn. Line 2, "lovely" is lonely, "marrow" is morrow. Line 10, "rounded" is wounded. Line 16, "a heart" is a host. And line 21, "with" is by. It is a happy exercise of the wits to choose between them and to find reasons for one's choice. When and by whom the poem was written is not yet known. It remains a shining jewel in the crown of the most modest of all men of genius, Mr. Anon.

314. "What's in there."

This far-carrying rhyme belongs to the ancient and famous game of Dump. "He who speaks first in it," says Dr. Gregor, "or laughs first, or lets his teeth be seen, gets nine nips, nine nobs, nine double douncornes, an' a gueed blow on the back o' the head."

The faht and fahr, I suppose, are the pleasant Scots way of saying what and where.

316.

So may the omission of a few commas effect a wonder in the imagination. To the imagination indeed there is nothing absurd in, "I saw the sun at twelve o'clock at night "—for one can actually see in the "little nowhere of the mind" both burning sun and black night together: as once in a dream I myself was enchanted by three moons in the sky, shining in their silver above waters as wide as those of Milton's curfew. So, too, even mere day-by-day objects will take on themselves a strangeness and beauty never seen or "marked" before, if (like Marcus Aurelius and his loaf of bread) we will only "glut" the eye on them. "I see a rose," said an old woman on her deathbed, "but if, in childhood and youth, I had seen it closer, what a rose on the threshold it had been!"

Here is another old nursery "nonsense" rhyme that makes almost as lively pictures in the mind:

There was a man of double deed Who sowed his garden full of seed;

And when the seed began to grow, 'Twas like a garden full of snow; And when the snow began to fall, Like birds it was upon the wall; And when the birds began to fly, 'Twas like a shipwreck in the sky; And when the sky began to crack, 'Twas like a stick upon my back; And when my back began to smart, 'Twas like a pen-knife in my heart; And when my heart began to bleed, Then I was dead—and dead indeed.

319. "IT HAD BECOME A GLIMMERING GIRL."

"The Tuatha De Danaan—the divine Children of Danu which forgotten centuries ago invaded Ireland—can take all shapes, and those that are in the waters take often the shape of fish. A woman of Burren, in Galway, says, 'There are more of them in the sea than on the land . . . ,' and another Galway woman says, 'Surely those things are in the sea as well as on land. My father was out fishing one night off Tyrone. And something came beside the boat that had eyes shining like candles. And then a wave came in, and a storm rose all in a minute, and whatever was in the wave, the weight of it had like to sink the boat. And then they saw that it was a woman in the sea that had the shining eyes. So my father went to the priest, and he bid him always to take a drop of holy water and a pinch of salt out in the boat with him, and nothing could harm him.'"

W. B. YEATS

321. "ONE WITHOUT."

Was it the sound of a footfall I heard On the cold flag stone? Or the cry of a wandering far night bird, On the sea-winds blown? Was that a human shape that stood? In the shadow below, Or but the mist of the moonlit wood As it hovered low?

Was it the voice of a child that called From the hill side steep?
Or, O, but the wind as it softly lulled The world to sleep?

ELIZABETH RAMAL

325. "Broome, Broome on Hill."

The story is of how a bright lady comes to keep her tryst with a knight-at-arms in the golden broom of Hive Hill. She finds him under a charm, an enchantment, asleep; and having left her ring on his finger for proof of her coming, she steals away. Presently after he awakes—her presence gone. To leave a quiet and happy room vacant at night is sometimes to have this experience, as it were, reversed. There comes a feeling that you being gone, gentler visitants may enter and share its solitude—while its earthly occupant sleeps overhead, and one by one the stars sink to their setting.

326. "THE CHANGELING."

When larks gin sing
Away we fling,
And babes new-born steal as we go;
An elf instead
We leave in bed,
And wind out, laughing, Ho, ho, ho!

329. "MARIANA."

It is difficult to read this poem slowly and intently enough if one is to experience to the *full* the living things and sights and sounds that by its words are charmed into the mind—the hushed solitude, the desolation. Take even, of all there is, but the "peering mouse" in the sixth stanza—his sharp nose sniffing the air beneath the small wooden arch of his darkglimmering mousery, where miche and shriek and gambol his fellows behind the mouldering wainscot. Or stay for a moment looking down on the "marsh mosses" in the third stanza—of a green as lively as a fairy's mantle in the sunlight, gilding the waters of the blackened sluice. So piece by piece the words of the poem build up in the imagination this solitary house with its forsaken Mariana, whom Tennyson himself had

seen in the dream conferred on him by another poet, Shake-speare, in Measure for Measure:

Isabella. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her teares, and dried not one of them with his comfort: swallowed his vowes whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed on her her owne lamentation, which she yet weares for his sake: and he, a marble to her teares, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isabella. What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world. . . .

332. "YES TOR."

Turn your back on Okehampton and break out due South into the wilds of Dartmoor, and there, "summering" together beneath the empty skies," lie titanic Yes Tor and High Willes, rearing their bare vast shapes 700 yards into the air.

333. "To heare the Mandrake grone." (stanza 2)

Of the dangerous plant Mandrake ("its root in something the shape and appearance of a man") is concocted Mandragora, one of the "drowsy syrups." "The leaves and fruit be also dangerous, for they cause deadly sleep, and peevish drowsiness." The fruit is "of the bigness of a reasonable pippin, and as yellow as gold when it is thoroughly ripe": fair without, ashes within. It is said that the mandrake's screams, when it is dragged out of the ground, will send the hearer mad. So the gatherer should first seal his ears, then tie the plant to a dog's tail and hike him on to haul it out of its haunt! "Avicenna the Arabian physician asserts that a Jew at Metz had a mandragore with a human head, and the legs and body of a cock, which lived five weeks, and was fed on lavender and earthworms, and, when dead, was preserved in spirits." Even up to the nineteenth century dreaders or wishers of witchcraft were wont to carry these monstrous little Erdmannikens in bosom or pocket for an amulet or charm.

The "Basilisk," old books maintain, is a fabulous beast whose icy glare freezes the gazer, and is mortal. Approach

her then with a mirror; and courage be your guide!

"HEMLOCK, HENBANE, ADDERS-TONGUE." (line 10)

Hemlock is that tall, dim-spotted plant of a sad green colour, and of a scent "strong, heady and bad," which is "very cold and dangerous," especially when "digged in the dark."

Clammy henbane is woolly-leafed, with hollow dark-eyed flowers of a purple-veined dingy yellow. "It lusts to grow

in rancid soil, To 'stil its deadly oil."

Moonwort is the meek-looking little flowering fern that has the power to break locks, and to make any horse that chances

to tread upon it cast his shoes.

The livid-flowered, cherrylike-fruited dwale, enoron, or night-shade is the most "daungerous" plant in England. While leopard's bane—though it bears a bright-yellow daisy-like flower, and witches are said to fear sun-colour—is venomous to animals.

I am uncertain of adder's tongue, for the fern of this name cures sore eyes; and cuckoo-pint which is also so called, is

"a remedy for poison and the plague"!

Of these six insidious plants only one is openly mentioned by Shakespeare, and they appear to have few country names, unlike, for example, the purple orchis, "which has so many," says Nicholas Culpeper, "that they would fill a sheet of paper": long-purples, dead-men's fingers, crake-feet, giddy-gandy, neatlegs, geese and goslings, and gander-gooses, being a few choice specimens.

334. "THE RAVEN."

Underneath an old oak tree
There was of swine a huge company,
That grunted as they crunched the mast:
For that was ripe, and fell full fast.
Then they trotted away, for the wind grew high:
One acorn they left, and no more might you spy.
Next came a Raven, that liked not such folly:
He belonged, they did say, to the witch Melancholy!
Blacker was he than blackest jet,
Flew low in the rain, and his feathers not wet.
He picked up the acorn and buried it straight
By the side of a river both deep and great.
Where then did the Raven go?

He went high and low,
Over hill, over dale, did the black Raven go.

Many Autumns, many Springs Travelled he with wandering wings: Many Summers, many Winters— I can't tell half his adventures.

At length he came back, and with him a She,
And the acorn was grown to a tall oak tree,
They built them a nest in the topmost bough,
And young ones they had, and were happy enow.
But soon came a Woodman in leathern guise,
His brow, like a pent-house, hung over his eyes.
He'd an axe in his hand, not a word he spoke,
But with many a hem! and a sturdy stroke,
At length he brought down the poor Raven's own oak.
His young ones were killed; for they could not depart,
And their mother did die of a broken heart.

The boughs from the trunk the Woodman did sever; And they floated it down on the course of the river. They sawed it in planks, and its bark they did strip, And with this tree and others they made a good ship. The ship, it was launched; but in sight of the land Such a storm there did rise as no ship could withstand. It bulged on a rock, and the waves rush'd in fast: Round and round flew the raven, and cawed to the blast. He heard the last shriek of the perishing souls—See! see! o'er the topmast the mad water rolls!

Right glad was the Raven, and off he went fleet, And Death riding home on a cloud he did meet, And he thanked him again and again for this treat: They had taken his all, and REVENGE IT WAS SWEET!

S. T. COLERIDGE

"Seventeen or eighteen years ago," wrote Coleridge in 1817, "an artist of some celebrity was so pleased with this doggerel that he amused himself with the thought of making a Child's Picture Book of it; but he could not hit on a picture for the four lines beginning, 'Many Autumns, many Springs.' I suggested a Round-about with four seats, and the four seasons, as children, with Time for the shew-man."

335. "A THOUSAND DARLING IMPS." (stanza 19)

"Aeriel spirits," says Robert Burton, "are such as keep quarter most part in the air, cause many tempests, thunder, and lightnings, tear oaks, fire steeples, houses, strike men and beasts, make it rain stones, ... wool, frogs, etc., counterfeit armies in the air, strange noises, swords, etc."

Nothing vexed Linnet Sara more than to be asked if there were any such darling imps or spectres or ghosts or blackamoors in Thrae. All such to her were nothing but idle fiddle-faddle. But Reginald Scot, who wrote *The Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584), had another kind of kitchen company when he was young.

"...Our mothers maide," he says, of his childhood, "so terrified us with...bull beggers, spirits, witches, urchens, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, faunes, sylens, kit with the cansticke, tritons, centaurs, dwarfes, giants, imps, calcars, conjurors, nymphes, changlings, Incubus, Robin goodfellowe, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the oke, the hellwaine, the fierdrake, the puckle, Tom thombe, hob gobblin, Tom tumbler, boneles, and such other bugs, that we were afraid of our own shadowes: in so much as some never feare the divill, but in a dark night; ..."

There seems to be no mention here of the salamander—a creature at least as rarely seen by mortal eyes as the puckle or firedrake.

"When I was about five years old," says Benvenuto Cellini, "my father happened to be in a basement-chamber of our house, where they had been washing, and where a good fire of oak logs was still burning; he had a viol in his hand and was playing and singing alone beside the fire. The weather was very cold. Happening to look into the fire, he espied in the middle of the most burning flames a little creature like a lizard, which was sporting in the core of the intensest coals. Becoming aware of what the thing was, he had my sister and me called, and pointing it out to us children, gave me a great box on the ears, which caused me to cry with all my might. Then he pacified me by saying, 'My dear little boy, I am not striking you for anything that you have done, but only to make you remember that the lizard you see in the fire is a salamander, a creature which has never been seen before by any of whom

we have credible information.' So saying he gave me some pieces of money, and kissed me."

"BELL AND WHIP AND HORSE'S TAIL" (stanza 22)

—such in old days was the Witch's vile punishment if she escaped drowning: to be whipped, tied to a horse's tail, and

rung through the crowded streets.

"Agramie," I suppose, is agrimony, which, if worn by the wary, will enable the wearer to detect witches. Their eyes too will betray them, for *there* you will find no tiny image of yourself reflected as in the eyes of the honest. And if you would be rid of their company, pluck a sprig of scarlet pimpernel, and repeat this charm:

Herbe pimpernell, I have thee found Growing upon Christ Jesus' ground: The same guift the Lord Jesus gave unto thee, When he shed his blood on the tree, Arise up, pimpernell, and goe with me. And God blesse me.

And all that shall wear thee. AMEN.

"Say this fifteen dayes together, twice a day, morning earlye fasting, and in the evening full."

Indeed, at last, whatever the peril, a quiet heart and heaven's

courage, are charm enough:

I say that we are wound With mercy round and round As if with air:...

GERALD MANLEY HOPKINS

336. "The Water Kelpy" (stanza 8)

is a fiend that haunts in rivers and desolate waters. It is of horse-shape, and the sound of its neighings is a boding of death to the traveller.

"Thus did the evil creatures often press me hard, but, as was meet, I served them well with my war-sword; they had no joyous fill by eating me, wicked destroyers, sitting round their feast nigh the bottom of the sea; but in the morning, wounded by the sword, slain by the dagger, they lay up along the sea-strand, so that they could never more hinder seafarers on their course in the deep channel.

Light came from the east, the bright beacon of the Lord; the waves were stilled, and I could descry the sea-headlands, those wind-swept walls."

Beowulf, translated by C. B. TINKER

"' And what is the sea?' asked Will.

'The sea!' cried the miller. 'Lord help us all, it is the greatest thing God made! That is where all the water in the world runs down into a great salt lake. There it lies, as flat as my hand and as innocent-like as a child; but they do say when the wind blows it gets up into water-mountains bigger than any of ours, and swallows down great ships bigger than our mill, and makes such a roaring that you can hear it miles away upon the land. There are great fish in it five times bigger than a bull, and one old serpent as long as our river and as old as all the world, with whiskers like a man, and a crown of silver on her head.'"

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

341. "THE WANDERING SPECTRE."

"... The usewall Method for a curious Person to get a transient Sight of this otherwise invisible Crew of Subterraneans,... is to put his left Foot under the Wizard's right Foot, and the Seer's Hand is put on the Inquirer's Head, who is to look over the Wizard's right Shoulder... then will he see a Multitude of Wights, like furious hardie Men, flocking to him haistily from all Quarters, as thick as Atoms in the Air.... Thes thorow Fear strick him breathless and speechless."

So says "Mr. Robert Kirk, Minister at Aberfoill," in his

Secret Commonwealth of 1691.

Of these invisible wights the womenkind "are said to Spin very fine, to Dy, to Tossue, and Embroyder, but whether only curious Cob-webs, impalpable Rainbows . . . I leave to conjecture."

343. "AND CLOOTIE'S WAUR NOR A WOMAN WAS." (stanza 19)

A strip or patch of wild weedy uncropped ground (like the Sluggard's garden) that in England is called *No Man's Land*, the Scots country folk call *Clootie's Croft* (or Clootie's little field). They hand it over by name, as it were, to the Fiend,

hoping that he may rest content with its harvest of nettle and bramble and burr, and not range elsewhere. It is an old belief that if, like Christian, the wayfarer meets Apollyon straddling across his path, he may have to withstand him not only with sword and staff, but with his wits. Just so, too, in old times, sovereign princes would test strangers with dark questions and riddles. In this ballad the Fiend disguised as a knight comes wooing at a Widow's door, in the next he is abroad on the high road. Jennifer and the wee boy kept up their hearts, their wits about them, their eyes open, and "had the last word"; which, says Mr. Sidgwick, is a mighty powerful charm against evil spirits—as against Witches are the herbs vervain, dill, basil, hyssop, periwinkle and rue. Iron, too; the cross, and running water.

Here is another such encounter from *The White Wallet*—packed with poems new and old. You can almost hear the voices of the two speakers standing together in the quiet and

dust of the morning road:

MEET-ON-THE-ROAD.

- "Now, pray, where are you going, child?" said Meet-on-the-Road.
- "To school, sir, to school, sir," said Child-as-It-Stood.
- "What have you in your basket, child?" said Meet-on-the-Road.
- "My dinner, sir, my dinner, sir," said Child-as-It-Stood.
- "What have you for your dinner, child?" said Meet-on-the-Road.
- "Some pudding, sir, some pudding, sir," said Child-as-It-Stood.
- "Oh, then I pray, give me a share," said Meet-on-the-Road.
- "I've little enough for myself, sir," said Child-as-It-Stood.
- "What have you got that cloak on for?" said Meet-on-the Road.
- "To keep the wind and cold from me," said Child-as-It-Stood.
- "I wish the wind would blow through you," said Meet-on-the-Road.
- "Oh, what a wish! Oh, what a wish!" said Child-as-It Stood.

- "Pray what are those bells ringing for?" said Meet-on-the-Road.
- "To ring bad spirits home again," said Child-as-It-Stood.
- "Oh, then, I must be going, child!" said Meet-on-the-Road.
- "So fare you well, so fare you well," said Child-as-It-Stood.

And here, for titbits and bonnes bouches, are Seven Ancient Riddles from Popular Rhymes—in case:

i.

The fiddler and his wife,
The piper and his mother,
Ate three half-cakes, three whole cakes,
And three quarters of another.

ii

A house full, a yard full, And ye can't catch a bowl full.

iii.

As I was going o'er London Bridge, I heard something crack; Not a man in all England Can mend that!

iv.

I had a little sister,
They called her Pretty Peep;
She wades in the waters,
Deep, deep, deep!
She climbs up the mountains,
High, high, high;
My poor little sister,
She has but one eye.

v.

As I was going o'er yon moor of moss, I met a man on a gray horse; He whipp'd and he wail'd, I ask'd him what he ail'd; He said he was going to his father's funeral, Who died seven years before he was born!

vi.

As I looked out o' my chamber window, I heard something fall;
I sent my maid to pick it up,
But she couldn't pick it all.

vii.

Black within, and red without, Four corners round about.

ANSWERS.

i. $1\frac{3}{4}$ cakes each; since, if Mr. Piper marries, his wife will be Mr. and Mrs. Fiddler's dear daughter-in-law. ii. Smoke; iii. Ice; iv. A Star; v. The poor soul in the coffin was by trade a dyer; vi. Snuff (!); vii. A Chimney (in Days of Yore).

344. "THE FAUSE KNICHT."

Such visitants, it would appear, have marvellous power even over faces or shapes in stone:

He's tied his steed to the kirk-stile, Syne wrang-gaites round the kirk gaed he; When the Mer-Man entered the kirk-door, Away the sma' images turned their e'e. . . .

Wrang-gaites must mean widdershins, left to right, West to East, the opposite to deiseal (deshal)—to the right, Sunwards.

Here is another such visitor—one who considerately intrudes not all at once but little by little, bone by bone :

THE STRANGE VISITOR.

A wife was sitting at her reel ae night;

And aye she sat, and aye she reeled, and aye she wished for company.

In came a pair o' braid braid soles, and sat down at the fireside:

And aye she sat, and aye she reeled, and aye she wished for company.

In came a pair o' sma' legs, and sat down on the braid braid soles;

And aye she sat, and aye she reeled, and aye she wished for company.

- In came a pair o' muckle muckle knees, and sat down on the sma' sma' legs;
 - And aye she sat, and aye she reeled, and aye she wished for company.
- In came a pair o' sma' sma' thees, and sat down on the muckle muckle knees;
 - And aye she sat, and aye she reeled, and aye she wished for company.
- In came a pair o' muckle muckle hips, and sat down on the sma' sma' thees;
 - And aye she sat, and aye she reeled, and aye she wished for company.
- In came a sma' sma' waist, and sat down on the muckle muckle hips;
 - And aye she sat, and aye she reeled, and aye she wished for company.
- In came a pair o' braid braid shouthers, and sat down on the sma' sma' waist;
 - And aye she sat, and aye she reeled, and aye she wished for company.
- In came a pair o' sma' sma' arms, and sat down on the braid braid shouthers;
 - And aye she sat, and aye she reeled, and aye she wished for company.
- In came a pair o' muckle muckle hands, and sat down on the sma' sma' arms;
 - And aye she sat, and aye she reeled, and aye she wished for company.
- In came a sma' sma' neck, and sat down on the braid braid shouthers:
 - And aye she sat, and aye she reeled, and aye she wished for company.
- In came a great big head, and sat down on the sma' sma' neck; And aye she sat, and aye she reeled, and aye she wished for company.
- "What way hae ye sic braid braid feet?" quo' the wife.
- " Muckle ganging, muckle ganging."
- "What way hae ye sic sma' sma' legs?"
- " Aih-h-h !-late-and wee-e-e moul."

"What way hae ye sic muckle muckle knees?"

"Muckle praying, muckle praying."

- "What way hae ye sic sma' sma' thees?"
- "Aih-h-h!—late—and wee-e-e moul."
 "What way hae ye sic big big hips?"

"Muckle sitting, muckle sitting."

"What way hae ye sic a sma' sma' waist?"

" Aih-h-h !-late-and wee-e-e moul."

- "What way hae ye sic braid braid shouthers?"
- "Wi' carrying broom, wi' carrying broom."
- "What way hae ye sic sma' sma' arms?"

" Aih-h-h !-late-and wee-e-e moul."

- "What way hae ye sic muckle muckle hands?"
- "Threshing wi' an iron flail, threshing wi' an iron flail."
- "What way hae ye sic a sma' sma' neck?"

" Aih-h-h!-late-and wee-e-e moul."

"What way hae ye sic a muckle muckle head?"

"Muckle wit, muckle wit."

"What do you come for?"

"For YOU!"

345. "CHRISTABEL."

I have included only these few stanzas of this familiar magical poem because a book is but one book, and to print everything as lovely or almost as lovely would need many.

In reading it, as Coleridge explained, all that is necessary to ensure its lilt and cadence is to remember that every line, however few or many its words or syllables, has four accents, and that these fall in accord with the meaning of the lines as one reads them with clear eyes, attentive ear, and understanding. In his tale of Genevieve there is yet another false and lovely Fiend:

... But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den, And sometimes from the darksome shade, And sometimes starting up at once In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face An angel beautiful and bright; And that he knew it was a Fiend, This miserable Knight——

"A TOOTHLESS MASTIFF BITCH."

Here is a description of one with teeth—a dog seldom seen now. It is taken from a German book on husbandry, translated by Barnaby Goodge, and is quoted in Animal Lore:

"First the mastie that keepeth the house: for this purpose you must provide you such a one, as hath a large and a mightie body, a great and a shrill voyce, that both with his barking he may discover, and with his sight dismay the theefe, yea, being not seene, with the horror of his voice put him to flight; his stature must neither be long nor short, but well set, his head great, his eyes sharpe, and fiery, . . . his countenance like a lion, his brest great and shaghayrd, his shoulders broad, his legges bigge, his tayle short, his feet very great; his disposition must neither be too gentle, nor too curst, that he neither fawne upon a theefe, nor flee (fly) upon his friends; very waking, no gadder abroad, not lavish of his mouth, barking without cause. Neither maketh it any matter though he be not swift: for he is but to fight at home, and to give warning of the enemie." And his name is little Bingo!

347. "ONCE A FAIR AND STATELY PALACE."

The radiant palace of this poem is indeed far away—the other side of dream and night. Its monstrous word, *Porphyrogene*, means a prince, a child-Royal, one born in the chamber of some Eastern palace walled with rare porphyry.

350. "Sweet Whispers are heard by the Traveller." (stanza 6)

On a poet's lips I slept Dreaming like a love-adept In the sound his breathing kept; Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses, But feeds on the aërial kisses Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.

He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illume
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
Nor heed nor see, what things they be;
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality!...

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

352. "MY A DILDIN."

This, 353, 355 and 356 are four more Singing-Game Rhymes, worn down into almost nonsensical jingle by multitudinous tongues in long long usage. (See No. 41, page 36).

And—since in my humble opinion it is not easy to get too

much of this kind of good thing-here is another:

Bobby Shaft is gone to sea,
With silver buckles at his knee;
When he'll come home he'll marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaft!

Bobby Shaft is fat and fair, Combing down his yellow hair; He's my love for evermair, Pretty Bobby Shaft!

352. "WE ARE COME TO COURT."
King Edelbrode cam owre the sea,
Fa la lilly.
All for to marry a gay ladye,
Fa la lilly.

Her lilly hands, sae white and sma', Fa la lilly.

Wi' gouden rings were buskit braw, Fa la lilly....

And here is a Bride of Elizabeth's day whom I chanced on in that packed and inexhaustible book, *Shakespeare's England*. When "buskit braw," she must have been as lovely to see as a hawthorn in May or a wax candle in a silver shrine:

"The bride being attired in a gown of sheeps russet, and a kirtle of fine worsted, her head attired with a billiment of gold, and her hair as yellow as gold hanging down behind her, which

was curiously combed and pleated, according to the manner in those days: she was led to church between two sweet boys, with bride-laces and rosemary tied about their silken sleeves.... Then was there a fair bride-cup of silver and gilt carried before her wherein was a goodly branch of rosemary, gilded very fair, hung about with silken ribands of all colours: next was there a noise of musicians, that played all the way before her: after her came all the chiefest maidens of the country, some bearing great bride-cakes, and some garlands of wheat, finely gilded, and so she passed to the Church."

As for the silken ribands they may have been of Drakes colour or Ladies blush or Gozelinge colour or Marigold or Isabel or Peas porridge tawny or Popingay blew or Lusty gallant, but they were certainly not Judas colour, Devil in the hedge,

or Dead Spaniard.

355. "AND FEED HER WI'NEW MILK AND BREAD."

The Yellow-haired Laddie sat down on yon brae,
Cries—Milk the ewes, Lassie! let nane o' them gae!
And ay she milked, and ay she sang—
The Yellow-haired Laddie shall be my gudeman!
And ay she milked, and ay she sang—
The Yellow-haired Laddie shall be my gudeman!...

ALLAN RAMSAY

357. Quoth John to Joan.

This old song, which was set to music in the reign of Henry VIII., comes (like Dallyaunce of No. 35), out of a Morality Play, *Lusty Juventus*, the author of which is said to be one "R. Wever," whose body has now for many a century been slumbering on in its cocoon.

358. MILK-WHITE FINGERS, CHERRY NOSE.

This is the only poem I have ever seen in which the midmost feature of a pretty face is compared to a cherry. And yet a frosty morning must have given many a dainty nose that fair bright coral colour.

So too, Bob Cherry, in these lines To His Lady:

Black-heart were mine to love not thy White-heart so sweet and tender; Be kind, my dear, for—Summer by—What fruits hath cold December?

359. "OR THE BEES THEIR CAREFUL KING."

In old times the "Governor" of a Bee Hive was sometimes referred to as the King and sometimes as the Queen. The choice depended in part on which kind of monarch was on the throne. There is an entrancing story of the middle ages, told by Mr. Tickner Edwardes in his book on the Honey Bee.

"A certaine simple woman, on finding that her bees were storing little honey for her and were perishing of "the murraine," stole one of the holy wafers from the priest, and for miraculous remedy concealed it in one of her hives. "Whereupon the Murraine ceased and the Honie abounded. The Woman, therefore lifting up the hive at the due time to take out the Honie, saw there (most strange to be seene) a Chappell built by the Bees, with an altar to it, the wals adorned by marvellous skill of architecture, with windowes conveniently set in their places: also a doore and a steeple with bells. And the Host being laid upon the altar, the Bees making a sweet noise, flew around it." Apart from "the singing masons building roofs of gold," the gluttonous drones, the sentries, wax-makers, bread-kneaders, nurses, etc., there are the Queen's Ladies-in-waiting: "For difference from the rest they beare for their crest a tuft or tossell, in some coloured yellow, in some murrey, in manner of a plume; whereof some turne downward like an Ostrich-feather, others stand upright like a Hern-top." But for truths even stranger than fantasy regarding bees and their kind, go to Henri Fabre.

360. "AND HERE, AND HERE." As Flora slept and I lay waking, I smiled to see a bird's mistaking, For from a bough it down did skip And for a cherry pecked her lip. . . .

362. "MY HEART IS GLADDER THAN ALL THESE."

How many times do I love thee, dear?

Tell me how many thoughts there be

In the atmosphere

Of the new fall'n year,

Whose white and sable hours appear

The latest flake of eternity:

So many times do I love thee, dear!

How many times do I love again?

Tell me how many beads there are

In a silver chain

Of evening rain

Unravelled from the tumbling main,

And threading the eye of a yellow star:

So many times do I love again!

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

363.

The word screen (line 4) means, I think, "Hide and shelter those smiles away that in their beauty seem to burn in the air": for all beauty resembles radiance in its influence on the mind. And this recalls to memory Southwell's poem, The Burning Babe, No. 256.

364. "A SONNET OF THE MOON."

The closer one looks at and examines a fine sonnet—its way of rhyming, its rise, poise, flight and fall, the ease and exactitude with which what is said in it fills its mould or form—the more, I was going to say, one should hesitate before attempting to write another. This particular sonnet (like No. 361), is of the English or Shakespearean kind, and is so lovely a thing that only a close attention would notice the carelessness of its rhymes. No. 342 is an example of the form which our sixteenth century poets borrowed from Italy. Comparison of them shows that, as with the old Chinese ginger jars, so in poetry: not only is the syrup delightful, but even the pot may be interesting.

Coleridge wrote few sonnets, and this is his explanation of the length one must be: "It is confined to fourteen lines, because as some particular number is necessary, and that particular number must be a small one, it may as well be fourteen as any other number. When no reason can be adduced

against a thing, Custom is a sufficient reason for it."

When I read this last remark for the first time it was as if my mind had been startled into attention as one's body is when it collides with a stranger in the street. There is a wide wisdom in it. How many natural, human and delightful things there are in this world indeed for which Custom is a sufficient reason: Children, for instance, daisies in the grass,

337 2 R

skylarks in the clouds, dreams in sleep, rhymes, gay clothes, friendship, laughter.

"THE PALE QUEEN."

There is the apparition of a lovely face in the Moon—proud and mute—to be discovered by careful eyes usually on the extreme right of the disc, her own eyes gazing towards the left.

368. "It was in and about the Martinmas time."

This old Scottish song was a favourite of Oliver Goldsmith's in his childhood. "The music of the finest singer," he said, "is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night, or The Cruelty of Barbara Allen.

As with the Scottish ballads so with this last poem—it is the brevity and bareness with which the story is told and is not told that sets it apart. Without one express word to prove it so, we know that Sir John had always loved the proud Barbara even though he had spoken lightly of her, and that she too had always loved him, though she refuses the word that would have saved his life.

371. "I NEVER HAD BUT ONE TRUE LOVE, IN COLD GRAVE SHE WAS LAIN."

Yet another tragic and sorrowful poem of which, to some fancies, there may be too many in this book already. Well, here is the story of the beautiful Princess Uillanita: She cared only for flowers white and colourless as dew in the first light of day, or as laundered linen blanching on a hedge of thorn. And she came one still evening, when she was in search of what she could not find, to a valley wherein a forest gloomed above a deep but placid river. Within the forest, refreshed by the mists of the river, grew none but flowers blue and dark and purple, and such was the young Princess's hatred of them that she covered her eyes with her hands, fled on, and so lost her way.

In the middle of the night and long after she had wept herself to sleep, the wailing of a nocturnal bird pierced into her dreams, and she woke to find one solitary star of the colourlessness of Vega shining alone in radiance in the space of sky

betwixt the branches above her head. Its thin ray silvered down—spearlike in its straightness—and of a beam easily sufficing to irradiate a tiny clustering flower which stood scarcely visible in the moss at her hand's side, and was drenching the air with its fragrance. It was a flower utterly strange to her, whiter than hoarfrost, fairer than foam.

The enravished Princess gazed spellbound. "Why," whispered she to herself, in the quiet of the dark gigantic forest; "if I had not wept at the flowers of this sombre forest, if I had not lost my way, if I had not been moved in my sleep to awaken, I never should have seen this crystal thing; that is lovelier than I deemed Paradise itself could bring to bloom." And she kissed the thin-spun petals, and happily fell again asleep.

372. "A LAMENT."

Only two stanzas out of six, and these, maybe, a little difficult in the old Scots:

Depart, depart, depart!
Alas! I must depart
From her that has my heart
With heart full sore;
Against my will indeed
And can find no remede—
I wait the pains of death—
Can do no more....

Adieu mine own sweet thing,
My joy and comforting,
My mirth and solacing
Of earthly gloir:
Farewell, my lady bright,
And my remembrance right,
Farewell, and have good night—
I say no more.

380. To Helen.

Who "the wayworn wanderer" is, I am uncertain; but apart from its rare music, how long a journey awaits the imagination in this poem, and how closely inwoven is its thought. Yet it is said to have been written when Poe was in his early 'teens.

381. "THERE IS A LADY."

Mr. Nahum's picture for this poem was of a little winged boy at evening, his quiver of arrows on his back, his bow the perch of a nightingale, and himself lying fast asleep under a hawthorn bush in full flower—a narrow green sun-dappled river near-by, rosy clouds and birds in the air, and strange snow-peaked hills afar.

"TILL I DIE."

... Only our love hath no decay;
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday;
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

John Donne

383. "IT IS NOT SO."

Silly boy 'tis ful Moon yet, thy night as day shines clearely. Had thy youth but wit to feare, thou couldst not love so dearely.

Shortly wilt thou mourne when all thy pleasures are bereaved; Little knows he how to love that never was deceived....

Yet be just and constant still! Love may beget a wonder, Not unlike a Summer's frost, or Winter's fatall thunder. He that holds his Sweethart true, unto his day of dying, Lives, of all that ever breathed, most worthy the envying.

THOMAS CAMPION

385.

In this poem, as in all Christina Rossetti's work, there is a rhythm and poise, a serpentining of music, so delicate that on clumsy lips it will vanish as rapidly as the bloom from a plum. Indeed, each stanza is like a branch (with its twigs) of a wild damson-tree, its wavering line broken and beautified with bud, flower and leaf. And certainly as fresh an air, and as clear a light, stirs and dwells in the poem as on the tree itself in April.

387.

This is from Part II., Act II., Scene i. of "Zapolya." Glycine sings unseen in a cavern—her voice comforting her lover wandering forlorn by night "in a savage wood."

389.

For I'll cut my green coat a foot above my knee, And I'll clip my yellow locks an inch below mine ee. Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

I'll buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,
And I'll go seek him through the world that is so wide.

Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

391. "CHIMBORAZO, COTOPAXI."

In medieval days it seems that a traveller here and there. happily supposing the world to be a floating island of indiscoverable dimensions, hung in the wilds of space, and not knowing that it was merely an "oblate spheroid," would journey clean round it and so come back, to his amazement, to the place from which he started. Here is such an experience from Sir John Mandeville, in his own words: "It was told that a certain worthy man departed some time from our Country for to go search the World.... He passed India and the Isles beyond it, where are more than 5000 Isles, and so long and for so many seasons he went by Sea and Land, and so environed the World, that he came at last to an Isle whereon he heard spoken his own language—a calling of oxen in the Plough—such Words in fact as men were wont to speak to Beasts in his own country. Whereof he greatly marvelled, knowing not how that might be." For there—as if it were a ghost or spectre—there was the chimney of his own house smoking up into the clear morning air! And what did he do, maybe? He stared; he sighed; he grew pale; he shuddered: and-he turned back!

392. "HALLO MY FANCY."

For the first sight of this poem I most gratefully thank my friend Mr. Ivor Gurney, though no doubt it was in Mr. Nahum's Book somewhere, and I was too indolent at the time to copy it out. The poem was written by William Cleland while he was still at St. Andrews. All else I know of him is that he was born about 1661, and fell at Dunkeld in 1689. There is nothing in English to my knowledge that resembles it. Erra Pater (stanza 4) was the name given to a busy astrologer and almanacconcocter, William Lilly, of the time. King Phalaris's mon strous bull was of brass: he perished in it.

By "the tapers" (stanza 2) is meant, I fancy, those phosphor-like fires that gather on the yard-arms of ships at sea when the air is electric with tempest. Sir Humphrey Gilbert's sailors were fearful at sight of this apparition, and of a monster, too, that appeared swimming in the waves beside their frigate, the Squirrel, a little before she and her riding lights disappeared for ever.

"... Men which all their life time had occupied the Sea, never saw more outragious Seas. We had also upon our maine yard, an apparition of a little fire by night, which seamen doe call Castor and Pollux. But we had onely one, which they take an evill signe of more tempest... The same Monday night, about twelve of the clocke... suddenly her lights were out... and withall our watch cryed, the Generall was cast away, which was too true. For in that moment, the Frigat was devoured and swallowed up of the Sea..."

As for Cupid (stanza 5), he is said to be the slyest archer that ever shot arrow—and a dangerous child either to entertain (as

the poem proves that begins as follows):

Cupid abroade was 'lated in the night,
His wings were wet with ranging in the raine;
Harbour he sought, to mee hee took his flight,
To dry his plumes I heard the boy complaine.
I opte the doore and graunted his desire,
I rose my selfe, and made the wagge a fire

or—as yet another poem shows—to take as a scholar:

I dreamt by me I saw fair Venus stand, Holding young Cupid in her lovely hand, And said, kind Shepherd, I a scholar bring My little son, to learn of you to sing....

And last, the pelican (in stanza 7). She was supposed in old days to be "the lovingest bird that is," since at need she would pierce her breast with her bill to feed her young ones. The plaintive singing of the dying swan I have never heard, except in Tennyson's words:

The plain was grassy, wild and bare, Wide, wild, and open to the air, Which had built up everywhere An under-roof of doleful gray.

With an inner voice the river ran,
Adown it floated a dying swan,
And loudly did lament.
It was the middle of the day.
Ever the weary wind went on,
And took the reed-tops as it went....
Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows.

One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;
Above in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will,
And far thro' the marish green and still
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

Hearke canst thou heare me? I will play the Swan, And dye in Musicke: Willough, Willough, Willough. . . . Othello

393. "Columbus's doom-burdened caravels." (line 13) "... The next day, Thursday, October 11, 1492, was destined to be for ever memorable in the history of the world.... The people on the Santa Maria saw some petrels and a green branch in the water; the Pinta saw a reed and two small sticks carved with iron, and one or two other pieces of reeds and grasses that had been grown on shore, as well as a small board. Most wonderful of all, the people of the Nina saw 'a little branch full of dog roses'; ... The day drew to its close; and after nightfall, according to their custom, the crews of the ships repeated the Salve Regina. Afterwards the Admiral addressed the people and sailors of his ship, 'very merry and pleasant,'... The moon was in its third quarter, and did not rise until eleven o'clock. The first part of the night was dark, and there was only a faint starlight into which the anxious eyes of the look-out men peered from the forecastles of the three ships. At ten o'clock Columbus was walking on the poop of his vessel, when he suddenly saw a light right ahead. The light seemed to rise and fall as though it

were a candle or a lantern held in some one's hand and waved up and down. The Admiral called Pedro Gutierrez to him and asked him whether he saw anything; and he also saw the light. Then he sent for Rodrigo Sanchez and asked him if he saw the light; but he did not... Dawn came at last, flooding the sky with lemon and saffron and scarlet and orange, until at last the pure gold of the sun glittered on the water. And when it rose it showed the sea-weary mariners an island lying in the blue sea ahead of them: the island of Guanahani; San Salvador..."

Christopher Columbus, Filson Young

395. "To SEA, TO SEA."

... To the ocean now I fly, And those happy climes that lie Where day never shuts his eye. Up in the broad fields of the sky; There I suck the liquid air All amidst the gardens fair Of Hesperus, and his daughters three That sing about the golden tree: Along the crispèd shades and bowers Revels the spruce and jocund Spring; The Graces, and the rosy bosomed Hours, Thither all their bounties bring: There eternal Summer dwells. And west winds, with musky wing, About the cedared alleys fling Nard and Cassia's balmy smells. . . .

But now my task is smoothly done, I can fly, or I can run, Quickly to the green earth's end, Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend; And from thence can soar as soon To the corners of the moon.

Mortals, that would follow me, Love Virtue; she alone is free: She can teach ye how to climb Higher than the sphery chime; Or if Virtue feeble were, Heaven itself would stoop to her.

JOHN MILTON

Master. Steersman, how stands the wind?

Steersman. Full north-north-east.

Master. What course?

Steersman. Full south-south-west.

Master. No worse, and blow so fair,

Then sink despair,

Come solace to the mind!
Ere night, we shall the haven find.
JOHN DOWLAND

"CAVED TRITONS' AZURE DAY" (line 12)

—Dark-fated Clarence in King Richard III. dreamt of that "azure day":

... As we paced along Upon the giddy footing of the Hatches, Me thought that Glouster stumbled, and in falling Strooke me (that thought to stay him) over-board, Into the tumbling billowes of the maine. O Lord, methought what paine it was to drowne, What dreadfull noise of water in mine eares, What sightes of ugly death within mine eyes. . . . Methought I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes: A thousand men that Fishes gnawed upon: Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle, Inestimable Stones, unvalewed Jewels, All scattered in the bottome of the Sea. Some lay in dead-men's Sculles; and in the holes Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept, (As 'twere in scorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes, That wooed the slimy bottome of the deepe, And mocked the dead bones that lay scattred by. . . .

396. "Jewels more rich than Ormus shows." (line 20)

Mr. Nahum's picture to this was of a man clothed in rags that must once have been rich and pompous. He sits, in the picture, gnawing his nails upon a heap of what appears to be precious stones and lumps of gold. All around him stretch the sands of the seashore, and there is a little harbour with a decayed quay, its river-mouth silted up with ooze and flotsam, so that nothing but a row-boat could find entrance there. An

immense sun burns in the sky; and, though a thread of fresh water flows nearby, the man among the jewels seems to be tormented with thirst. For Ormus, or Hormuz, on its narrow island of wild-coloured rocks, date-palms, parrots and many birds, was once the rich mart and treasure-house between Persia and India—spices, pearls, ivory, gold, precious stones. and, in particular, the diamond, being its merchandise. 1507 the Portuguese Conqueror Alfonso Albuquerque stole it from its dark princes. In 1622 Shah Abbas the Great razed it to the ground. To-day it is but a waste, inhabited by a few fishermen and diggers, its only commodities—that once were gems-salt and sulphur; while still in the height of its Summer blows Julot, Harmatan, Il Sirocco, the Flame-Wind, so deadly in its breath that the troops of an army of 1600 horsemen and 6000 foot, says Marco Polo, marching to punish the city for neglecting to pay tribute to the King of Kîrman, and camping overnight without its walls, were baked next noon as dry as pumice, and not a voice among them to tell the tale, though their bodily shape and colour seemed to appearance unchanged. To protect themselves against this Julot, the citizens of Ormus would build huts of sheltering osier-work over the water, and in the heat of the morning would stand immersed in its coolness up to the chin.

"APPLES" (line 23)

—these are pineapples, the "price" of the next line meaning excellence. "Ambergris" (line 28), is a rare and costly stuff which, as its name tells, resembles grey amber. It has a wondrously sweet smell, was once used in cooking, and is disgorged by the whale that supplies the world with the com-

forting ointment of childhood called Spermaceti.

In Shakespeare's day, Marvell's "remote Bermudas" were known as the "Isle of Divels"—because of the nocturnal yellings, cries and yelpings that were reported to haunt them. English sailors, wrecked and cast away on Great Bermuda in 1709, however, brought home in their boats of cedar-wood the news that this wild music was caused (at least in part) by descendants of the hogs that had been left there by the longgone Spaniard, Juan Bermudez and his men! They told, too, that it was an island fair and commodious, of a gentle climate, and a sweet-smelling air; and Shakespeare almost certainly

had its enchantments in mind when he wrote of Ariel, Caliban and Miranda. Was not Ariel in Prospero's more solitary days called up at midnight "to fetch dewe from the still-vext Bermoothes"?

To the Puritan voyagers of Andrew Marvell's poem the Islands were as welcome and angelic as the Hesperides. And no poet could better tell of them than he. For in Marvell's verse dwells a curious happiness, like sunshine on a pool of water-lilies. Yet he, too, like other dreamers, was a man of affairs, and of endless industry and zeal. He was thrice Member of Parliament for his birthplace, Kingston-on-Hull, and, with Milton, was one of Oliver Cromwell's Latin Secretaries. John Aubrey describes him as "of a middling stature, pretty strong sett, roundish face, cherry-cheek't, hazell eie, brown hair. He was in his conversation very modest, and of very few words. And though he loved wine, he would never drink heartilie in company, and was wont to say, that, he would not play the good fellow in any man's company in whose hands he would not trust his life.... He lies interred under the pewes in the south side of St. Giles' church in-the-fields, under the window wherein is painted in glass a red lyon. ' And there George Chapman, William Shirley, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury share his rest.

397. "THAT TALKATIVE BALD-HEADED SEAMAN CAME." (line 23)

"... And now my name; which way shall lead to all My miseries after, that their sounds may fall Through your ears also, and shew (having fled So much affliction) first, who rests his head In your embraces, when, so far from home, I knew not where t' obtain it resting room:

I am Ulysses Laertiades,

The fear of all the world . . ."

The Odysseys, GEORGE CHAPMAN

398.

The prose "argument" to the "Ancient Mariner," which is almost as rare a piece of reading as the Rime itself, has been omitted. But here is a fragment of it relating to the passage on pages 102-6 (ii.): "... The Wedding-Guest feareth that a Spirit

is talking to him; but the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance. He despiseth the creatures of the calm, and envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead. But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men. In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and every where the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

"By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm—their beauty and their happiness. He blesseth them in his heart. The spell begins to break. By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain. He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element. The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired and inspirited, and the ship moves on; but not by the souls of the men, nor by dæmons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the

invocation of the guardian saint. . . ."

"Daemons of earth or middle air" have been told of also by land travellers—by Friar Odoric, for example, in the account of his journey through Cathay during the years 1316-1330:

"Another great and terrible thing I saw. For, as I went through a certain valley which lieth by the River of Delights, I saw therein many dead corpses lying. And I heard also therein sundry kinds of music, but chiefly nakers, which were marvellously played upon. And so great was the noise thereof that very great fear came upon me. Now, this valley is seven or eight miles long; and if any unbeliever enter therein he quitteth it never again, but perisheth incontinently. Yet I hesitated not to go in that I might see once for all what the matter was. And when I had gone in I saw there, as I have said, such numbers of corpses as no one without seeing it could deem credible. And at one side of the valley, in the very rock, I beheld as it were the face of a man very great and terrible, so very terrible indeed that for my exceeding great fear my spirit seemed to die in me. Wherefore I made the sign of the cross, and began continually to repeat VERBUM CARO FACTUM, but I dared not at all to come nigh that face, but kept at seven

or eight paces from it. And so I came at length to the other end of the valley, and there I ascended a hill of sand and looked around me. But nothing could I descry, only I still heard those nakers to play which were played so marvellously. And when I got to the top of that hill I found there a great quantity of silver heaped up as it had been fishes' scales, and some of this I put into my bosom. But as I cared nought for it, and was at the same time in fear lest it should be a snare to hinder my escape, I cast it all down again to the ground. And so by God's grace I came forth scathless. Then all the Saracens, when they heard of this, showed me great worship, saying that I was a baptised and holy man. But those who had perished in that valley they said belonged to the devil."

As an Arab journeyeth
Through a sand of Ayaman,
Lean Thirst, lolling its cracked tongue,
Lagging by his side along;
And a rusty wingèd Death
Grating its low flight before,
Casting ribbèd shadows o'er
The blank desert, blank and tan:

He lifts by hap to'rd where the morning's roots are

His weary stare,—

Sees, although they plashless mutes are, Set in a silver air

Fountains of gelid shoots are, Making the daylight fairest fair; Sees the palm and tamarind

Tangle the tresses of a phantom wind;—
A sight like innocence when one has sinned
A green and maiden freshness smiling there,

While with unblinking glare

The tawny-hided desert crouches watching her. . . .

The Mirage, FRANCIS THOMPSON

Thou to me art such a spring
As the Arab seeks at eve,
Thirsty from the shining sands;
There to bathe his face and hands,
While the sun is taking leave,
And dewy sleep is a delicious thing.

Thou to me art such a dream
As he dreams upon the grass,
While the bubbling coolness near
Makes sweet music in his ear;
And the stars that slowly pass
In solitary grandeur o'er him gleam.

Thou to me art such a dawn
As the dawn whose ruddy kiss
Wakes him to his darling steed;
And again the desert speed,
And again the desert bliss,
Lightens thro' his veins, and he is gone!

GEORGE MEREDITH

399. "HE TOLD OF WAVES." (line 28)

So, too, does the Ship's Captain in yet such another ore-loaden poem of the marvellous, "The Sale of St. Thomas," by Lascelles Abercrombie, telling how the saint in terror of the unknown would turn back from his mission, is rebuked by his Master, and sold by him for twenty pieces of silver to the Captain of a slant-sailed vessel bound for the barbarous Indies. Here is but a fragment of the poem:

"... A Ship's Captain. You are my man, my passenger?

Thomas.

I am.

I go to India with you.

Captain.

Well, I hope so.

There's threatening in the weather. Have you a mind To hug your belly to the slanted deck, Like a louse on a whip-top, when the boat Spins on an axle in the hissing gales?

Thomas. Fear not. 'Tis likely indeed that storms are now Plotting against our voyage; ay, no doubt The very bottom of the sea prepares
To stand up mountainous or reach a limb
Out of his night of water and huge shingles,
That he and the waves may break our keel. Fear not Like those who manage horses, I've a word
Will fasten up within their evil natures
The meanings of the winds and waves and reefs.

Captain. You have a talisman? I have one too: I know not if the storms think much of it. I may be shark's meat yet. And would your spell Be daunting to a cuttle, think you now? We had a bout with one on our way here: It had green lidless eves like lanterns, arms As many as the branches of a tree. But limber, and each one of them wise as a snake. It laid hold of our bulwarks, and with three Long knowing arms, slimy, and of a flesh So tough they'ld fool a hatchet, searcht the ship, And stole out of the midst of us all a man; Yes, and he the proudest man upon the seas For the rare powerful talisman he'd got. And would yours have done better?

Thomas.

I am one Not easily frightened. I'm for India. . . . "

"PARROTS OF SHRILLY GREEN"

—this gaudy and longevous bird, that seems to contain all the wisdom of Solomon and more than the craft of Cleopatra in his eye, perched first upon England many centuries ago. Skelton speaks of him:

> My name is parrot, a bird of Paradise . . . With my becke bent, my little wanton eye, My fethers fresh, as is the emrawde grene. About my neck a circulet, lyke the ryche rubye, My little legges, my fete both nete and cleane. . . .

And so, too, John Maplet, a "naturalist" who in 1567 wrote A Greene Forest:

"The Parret hath all hir whole bodie greene, saving that onely about hir necke she hath a Coller or Chaine naturally wrought like to Sinople or Vermelon. Indie hath of this kinde such as will counterfaite redily a mans speach: what wordes they heare, those commonly they pronounce. There have bene found of these that have saluted Emperours. . . . "

But which Emperors, and when and to what end he does not relate. A parrot of price indeed would be she that had held converse with "Ozymandias, king of kings."

402. "THE MARCH OF TIME." (line 2)

Say, is there aught that can convey An image of its transient stay? 'Tis an hand's breadth: 'tis a tale: 'Tis a vessel under sail: 'Tis a courser's straining steed; 'Tis a shuttle in its speed; 'Tis an eagle in its way, Darting down upon its prey; 'Tis an arrow in its flight, Mocking the pursuing sight: 'Tis a vapour in the air; 'Tis a whirlwind rushing there; 'Tis a short-lived fading flower: 'Tis a rainbow on a shower: 'Tis a momentary ray Smiling in a winter's day; 'Tis a torrent's rapid stream; 'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream; 'Tis the closing watch of night, Dying at approaching light; 'Tis a landscape vainly gay, Painted upon crumbling clay; 'Tis a lamp that wastes its fires, 'Tis a smoke that quick expires; 'Tis a bubble, 'tis a sigh: Be prepared, O Man! to die.

They are like strings of precious stones, rosaries, these Tudor laments, one image following another, and however sad in colour, all making beauty:

As withereth the primrose by the river,
As fadeth summer's sun from gliding fountains,
As vanisheth the light-blown bubble ever,
As melteth snow upon the mossy mountains:
So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers,
The rose, the shine, the bubble, and the snow,
Of praise, pomp, glory, joy, which short life gathers,
Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy.
The withered primrose by the mourning river,

The faded summer's sun from weeping fountains, The light-blown bubble vanished for ever, The molten snow upon the naked mountains, Are emblems that the treasures we uplay, Soon wither, vanish, fade, and melt away....

403. "THE WILD HYAENA." (line II)

In old times it was believed that if a hungry hyaena or jaccatray—who cannot wry his neck "because his backbone stretches itself out to the head "—dreams, he dreams so vividly that he calls into his sleeping brain a vision of the beasts he covets for prey. And this vision is so lifelike that he howls out of his sleep in mockery of the beasts—and thus decoys them to his den! He is a nocturnal scavenger, haunting graveyards, and "when" says Lyly, he "speaketh lyke a man," he "deviseth most mischief."

404. "IN XANADU DID KUBLA KHAN."

"Now, this lord (the Great Caan)," says Friar Odoric in his Cathay, "passeth the summer at a certain place which is called SANDU, situated towards the north, and the coolest habitation in the world. But in the winter season he abideth in Cambalech. And when he will ride from the one place to the other this is the order thereof. He hath four armies of horsemen, one of which goeth a day's march in front of him, one at each side, and one a day's march in rear, so that he goeth always as it were, in the middle of a cross. And marching thus, each army hath its route laid down for it day by day, and findeth at its halts all necessary provender. But his own immediate company hath its order of march thus. The king travelleth in a two-wheeled carriage, in which is formed a very goodly chamber, all of lign-aloes and gold, and covered over with great and fine skins, and set with many precious stones. And the carriage is drawn by four elephants, well broken in and harnessed, and also by four splendid horses, richly caparisoned. And alongside go four barons, who are called CUTHE, keeping watch and ward over the chariot that no hurt come to the king. Moreover, he carrieth with him in his chariot twelve gerfalcons; so that even as he sits therein upon his chair of state or other seat, if he sees any birds pass he lets fly

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his hawks at them. And none may dare to approach within a stone's throw of the carriage, unless those whose duty brings them there. And thus it is that the king travelleth."

"A SUNLESS SEA."

Our English eyes, loving light, weary a little of the short cold days in our country, when the sun makes "winter arches." Sadder still would be our state in the regions told of by Marco

Polo in the following passage:

"Beyond the most distant part of the territory of the Tartars, . . . there is another region [thick set with dark impenetrable woods] which extends to the utmost bounds of the north, and is called the Region of Darkness, because during most part of the winter months the sun is invisible, and the atmosphere is obscured to the same degree as that in which we find it just about the dawn of day, when we may be said to see and not to see. The men of this country are well made and tall, but of a very pallid complexion. They are not united under the government of a king or prince, and they live without any established laws or usages, in the manner of the brute creation. Their intellects also are dull, and they have an air of stupidity. The Tartars often proceed on plundering expeditions against these people, to rob them of their cattle and goods. For this purpose they avail themselves of those months in which the darkness prevails, in order that their approach may be unobserved; but, being unable to ascertain the direction in which they should return homeward with their booty, they provide against the chance of going astray by riding mares that have young foals at the time, which latter they suffer to accompany the dams as far as the confines of their own territory, but leave them, under proper care, at the commencement of the gloomy region. When their works of darkness have been accomplished, and they are desirous of revisiting the region of light, they lay the bridles on the necks of their mares, and suffer them freely to take their own course. Guided by maternal instinct, they make their way directly to the spot where they had quitted their foals; and by these means the riders are enabled to regain in safety the places of their residence."

406. "ONE HELD A SHELL UNTO HIS SHELL-LIKE EAR." (line 6)

... Gather a shell from the strown beach
And listen at its lips: they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art:
And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

407. "LIKE SOLEMN APPARITIONS LULLED SUBLIME TO EVERLASTING REST." (line II)

... In the caves of the deep—lost Youth! lost Youth!—
O'er and o'er, fleeting billows! fleeting billows!—
Rung to his restless everlasting sleep
By the heavy death-bells of the deep,
Under the slimy-drooping sea-green willows,
Poor Youth! lost Youth!
Laying his delorous head, forsooth

Laying his dolorous head, forsooth,
On Carian reefs uncouth—
Poor Youth!

On the wild sand's ever-shifting pillows!...

O could my Spirit wing

Hills over, where salt Ocean hath his fresh headspring
And snowy curls bedeck the Blue-haired King,
Up where sweet oral birds articulate sing
Within the desert ring—

Their mighty shadows o'er broad Earth the Lunar Mountains fling.

Where the Sun's chariot bathes in Ocean's fresh headspring—

O could my Spirit wing! . . .

GEORGE DARLEY

Full fathom five thy Father lies, Of his bones are Corrall made: Those are Pearles that were his eies, Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a Sea-change

Into something rich, and strange: Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell-Ding dong. Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

411. "THE GOLDEN VANITY."

This is a patchwork of stanzas from three versions of the old ballad. In one version the "Golden Vanity" is said to be the "Sweet Trinity," and to have been built by Sir Walter Raleigh in the Netherlands. According to yet another, the Cabin-boy, after threatening to sink the "Goulden Vanitie" as he had "sunk the French gallee," is taken on board and the Captain and merchant adventurers proved "far better than their word." But if stanza 12 is any witness, this seems unlikely. Can one not actually see the cold faces mocking down upon the water?

412.

To an eye and ear new to them, these old Scottish ballads may seem a little difficult and forbidding. But read on, and their enchantment has no match—the very strangeness of the words, the rare music, the colour and light and clearness and vehemence, and, besides these, a wildness and ancientness like that of an old folk-tune which seems to carry with its burden as many lost memories as an old churchyard has gravestones. The stories they tell are world wide. How they came into that world (for of some of them there are as many as twenty to thirty different versions), how they have fared in their long journey, and even when and by whom they were made, are still questions on which even scholars are not yet agreed.

"Kevels" in line 5 of "Brown Robyn," means lots, and

recalls a far older story:

"Now the word of the Lord came unto Jonah the son of Amittai, saying, Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me. But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord, and went down to Joppa; and he found a ship going to Tarshish, so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go with them unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord.

But the Lord sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship was like to be broken. Then the mariners were afraid, and cried every man unto his god, and cast forth the wares that were in the ship into the sea, to lighten it of them. But Jonah was gone down into the sides of the ship; and he lay, and was fast asleep. . . . And they said every one to his fellow, Come, and let us cast lots, that we may know for whose cause this evil is upon us. So they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah. . . . Then said they unto him, What shall we do unto thee, that the sea may be calm unto us? for the sea wrought, and was tempestuous. And he said unto them, Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm upon you: for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you. . . . So they took up Jonah, and cast him forth into the sea; and the sea ceased from her raging."

415. "A SEAL MY FATHER WAS."

Notes of music for the enticement of seals, with other beautiful old Gaelic airs and poems and tales, will be found in Journals 23/5 of The Folk-Song Society, collected by Mr. Martin Freeman.

418. "SIR PATRICK SPENCE."

The longer version of the ballad into which the genius of Sir Walter Scott wove a few new stanzas is the better known. But this, I think, is the best. Indeed, the secret art of this naked and lovely poetry seems nowadays to be lost: its marvel is how much it tells by means of the little it says.

"LATE, LATE YESTREEN." (stanza 7)

With money in his pocket and bewaring of glass, the Man of Superstitions bows low and seven times to the new moon. If he sees a dim cindrous light filling in the circle of which this crescent is the edge, he "looks out for squalls"—the new moon has "the auld moone in hir arme." That light is the earth-shine. The sun illumines the earth; the earth like a looking-glass reflects his radiance upon the moon; and she thus melancholily returns it; whereas the silver blaze on her eastern edge is light direct: eyes looking upward thence into her black skies are lit with her prodigious mornings.

419. "ALLISON GROSS."

Here I have changed only two words of the original.

420. "SIR HUGH."

If this ballad tells of a fact, then the young Sir Hugh was beguiled out of his life by the dark beautiful Jewess in the year 1255. The story comes from a monastery, and it is historically certain that the wealthiest Jews of Lincoln were in this year crucified on this charge. True or false, what a clear, pellucid picture the ballad builds up in the imagination—the ancient town; the boys at their game; the narrow, gabled, cobbled streets; the evening gold on roof and wall; night; lamentation; and the clanging of the bells.

421. "EDWARD."

The spelling of this ballad usually begins "Why dois your brand sae dripp wie bluid," and so on. This spelling Professor Child thought "affectedly antique." But since, as he says, mere antiquated "spelling will not make an old ballad, so it will not unmake one." And "Edward" in any guise is "one of the noblest" of the popular ballads. Here it is, then, in our own spelling for proof.

422. "I WILL SING."

The king in the third line is James the Sixth of Scotland and the First of England—the king, according to the old waggery, "who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one." But see Green. The "wanton laird of young Logie" is John Wemyss who plotted against him with the Earl of Bothwell in 1592. His bold, crafty and merry young wife, May Margaret, says Mr. Sidgwick, had one of these four delectable maiden names—Vinstar, Weiksterne, Twynstoun, or Twinslace. It is dubious which.

All ladies in those old days carried knives at their girdles. The one in stanza 8 was clearly a wedding gift. And to judge from the ballads, doughty uses they sometimes put them to.

423. "FAIR ANNIE."

In the margins of Mr. Nahum's copy of this ballad, two exquisite damosels were painted in green, blue and amethyst

on gold (as in a monk's work), and between their fingers hung a linen napkin seemingly broidered with pearls and in the midst of it a sleeping dove. Whatever he may have meant by this, I confess that at first reading I fell in love with both these ladies. My feelings for the "noble knight" who ransomed fair Annie, then wearied of her, were different. It was strange to find a noble knight so hard a gentleman, not so much because he wearied of her (since to weary of one so true, intelligent and tender was even more of a punishment than a misfortune) but most particularly, with regard to his craving for "gowd and gear." He reminds me of a similar piece of humanity described in three short stanzas which were found by Mr. Macmath written on the fly-leaf of a little volume printed at Edinburgh about 1670, and which I found in Child's Ballads:

"He steps full statly on the street,
He hads the charters of him sell,
In to his cloathing he is complete,
In Craford's mure he bears the bell. . . .

"I wish I had died my own fair death, In tender age, when I was young; I would never [then] have broke my heart For the love of any churl's son.

"Wo be to my parents all,
That lives so farr beyond the sea!
I might have lived a noble life,
And wedded in my own countrée."

425. "But think na' ye my Heart was sair?" (line 21)

Down in yon garden sweet and gay Where bonnie grows the lily, I heard a fair maid sighing say, "My wish be wi' sweet Willie!"

"Willie's rare, and Willie's fair, And Willie's wondrous bonny; And Willie hecht to marry me Gin e'er he married ony.

- "O gentle wind, that bloweth south From where my Love repaireth, Convey a kiss frae his dear mouth And tell me how he fareth!
- "O tell sweet Willie to come doun And hear the mavis singing, And see the birds on ilka bush And leaves around them hinging.
- "The lav'rock there, wi' her white breast And gentle throat sae narrow; There's sport eneuch for gentlemen On Leader haughs and Yarrow.
- "O Leader haughs are wide and braid And Yarrow haughs are bonny; There Willie hecht to marry me If e'er he married ony.
- "But Willie's gone, whom I thought on, And does not hear the weeping Draws many a tear frae's true love's e'e, When other maids are sleeping.
- "Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid, The night I'll mak' it narrow, For a' the lee-lang winter night I lie twined o' my marrow.
- "O came ye by yon water-side? Pu'd you the rose or lily? Or came you by yon meadow green, Or saw you my sweet Willie?"

She sought him up, she sought him down, She sought him braid and narrow; Syne, in the cleaving of a crag, She found him drowned in Yarrow!

Hecht (line 6) means vowed; haughs are water-meadows; and to be twined o' one's marrow, is to be separated from one's loved one.

427. THE TWA SISTERS.

Here is another ballad—"The Water o Wearie's Well,"—of a similar pattern. But in this the drowner of the King's daughters himself finds a "watery grave":

There came a bird out o a bush, On water for to dine, An sighing sair, says the king's daughter, "O wae's this heart o mine!"

He's taen a harp into his hand, He's harped them all asleep, Except it was the king's daughter, Who one wink couldna get.

He's luppen on his berry-brown steed, Taen 'er on behind himsell, Then baith rede down to that water That they ca Wearie's Well.

"Wide in, wide in, my lady fair, No harm shall thee befall; Oft times I've watered my steed Wi the water o Wearie's Well."

The first step that she stepped in, She stepped to the knee; And sighend says this lady fair, "This water's nae for me."

"Wide in, wide in, my lady fair, No harm shall thee befall; Oft times I've watered my steed Wi the water o Wearie's Well."

The next step that she stepped in, She stepped to the middle; "O," sighend says this lady fair, "I've wat my gowden girdle."

"Wide in, wide in, my lady fair, No harm shall thee befall; Oft times have I watered my steed Wi the water o Wearie's Well."

The next step that she steppèd in, She stepped to the chin; "O," sighend says this lady fair, "They sud gar twa loves twin!"

"Seven king's daughters I've drownd there, In the water o Wearie's Well, And I'll make you the eight o them,

And I'll make you the eight o them, And ring the common bell."

"Since I am standing here," she says,
"This dowie death to die,
One kiss o your comely mouth

I'm sure wad comfort me."

He louted him oer his saddle bow, To kiss her cheek and chin; She's taen him in her arms twa, And thrown him headlong in.

"Since seven king's daughters ye've drowned there,

In the water o Wearie's Well,
I'll make you bridegroom to them a',
An ring the bell mysell."

And aye she warsled, and aye she swam, And she swam to dry lan; She thankèd God most cheerfully The dangers she oercame.

428. "SWEET WILLIAM AND MAY MARGARET."

Hermione. Come Sir, now I am for you againe: Pray you sit by us, and tell's a Tale.

Mamillius (her son). Merry, or sad, shal't bee?

Hermione. As merry as you will.

Mamillius. A sad Tale's best for Winter:

I have one of Sprights, and Goblins.

Hermione. Let's have that, good Sir.

Come-on, sit downe, come-on, and doe your best

To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrefull at it.

Mamillius. There was a man. . . .

Hermione Nay, come sit downe: then on.

Mamillius. Dwelt by a Churchvard:

I will tell it softly.

Yond Crickets shall not heare it.

Come on then, and giv't me in mine eare. . . . Hermione.

The Winter's Tale

"THAT BIRK GREW FAIR ENEUGH." (stanza 6)

The strangest feature of these ballads is that the stories they tell, the customs, beliefs, lore they refer to, may be found scattered up and down all over the world. In Russia, for one small instance, the birk or birch tree is honoured in this fashion: A little before Whitsuntide, says Sir James Fraser in The Golden Bough, the young women, with dancing and feasting, cut down a living birch-tree, deck it with bright clothes or hang it with ribbons; then set it up as an honoured guest in one of the village houses. On Whit Sunday itself they fling it, finery and all, into a stream for a charm.

And now for England: "Thirty years ago," says Mrs. Wright, "it was still customary in some west-Midland districts to decorate village churches on Whit Sunday with sprigs of birch stuck in holes bored in the tops of the pews. I can remember this being done by an old village clerk in Herefordshire, but when he was gathered to his fathers in the same profession, the custom died with him." How happy must he have been then—as happy as for that one evening was the Wife of Usher's Well herself—to lift his eyes upon a silver birch brushing with its green tresses the very gates of Paradise!

"A SPANGLE HERE."

Dew sate on Julia's haire, And spangled too, Like leaves that laden are With trembling dew: Or glittered to my sight, As when the Beames Have their reflected light. Daunc't by the Streames.

ROBERT HERRICK

If the daisies are not to shut their eyes until Julia shut hers, should they not most assuredly wait also until "dear love Isabella," shut hers? She was the bosom friend and aunt of Marjorie Fleming, Sir Walter Scott's little friend, who was born in 1803, and who, having written her few tim-tam-tot little rhymes, died in 1811. And here is Isabel:

Here lies sweet Isabell in bed,
With a night-cap on her head;
Her skin is soft, her face is fair,
And she has very pretty hair;
She and I in bed lies nice,
And undisturbed by rats or mice;
She is disgusted with Mr. Worgan,
Though he plays upon the organ.
Her nails are neat, her teeth are white,
Her eyes are very, very bright;
In a conspicuous town she lives,
And to the poor her money gives;
Here ends sweet Isabella's story,
And may it be much to her glory.

434.

Bunyan's "Comparison" for this poem runs thus:

Our Gospel has had here a Summers day;
But in its Sun-shine we, like Fools, did play,
Or else fall out, and with each other wrangle,
And did instead of work not much but jangle.
And if our Sun seems angry, hides his face,
Shall it go down, shall Night possess this place?
Let not the voice of night-Birds us afflict,
And of our mis-spent Summer us convict.

437.

From the "Songs of Innocence"; and this is from the "Songs of Experience":

When the voices of children are heard on the green And whisp'rings are in the dale.

The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind,

My face turns green and pale.

Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down, And the dews of night arise; Your spring and your day are wasted in play, And your winter and night in disguise.

For to grow old and look back on one's childhood, though in much it is a happy thing, may be also a thing full of dread and regret. The old poets never wearied of bidding youth gather its roses, seize its fleeting moments. But not all roses are fresh and fragrant in the keeping, and "lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

440. "AFTERWARDS."

Every fine poem says much in little. It packs into the fewest possible words-by means of their sound, their sense, and their companionship—a wide or rare experience. So, in particular, with such a poem as this. It tells of a man thinking of the day when he shall have bidden goodbye to a world whose every live and lovely thing-Spring, hawk, evening, wintry skies-he has dearly loved. And if what it tells of is to be seen as clearly and truly as if it were before one's very eyes, it must be read intently—all one's imagination alert to gather up the full virtue of the words, and to picture in the mind each fleeting and living object in turn.

As I write these lines I cannot refrain from suggesting how thankful we should be to be living in a day when three great poets, who have been long in the world, are adding to the riches of English poetry-Thomas Hardy, Charles Doughty, and the Poet Laureate, Robert Bridges. It is but a little while, too, since the death of that exquisite writer, and lover of all things true and beautiful, Alice Meynell, and of W. H. Hudson, who was no less a poet because he wrote not in verse but in prose.

To compare the great things of one age with the great things of another is an exceedingly difficult task (and to pit poet against poet, or imagination against imagination, an exceedingly stupid one). But that in Elizabeth's day England was indeed a "nest of singing birds" may be realised by the fact that when Shakespeare was finishing his last play, The Tempest, in the Spring, apparently, of 1611—when, that is, he himself was aged 47 (and his Queen had been eight years dead), Sir Walter

Raleigh was 59, Anthony Munday 58, Samuel Daniel 49, Michael Drayton 48, Thomas Campion 44, Thomas Dekker (?) 41, John Donne and Ben Jonson were 38, John Fletcher was 32, Francis Beaumont 27, William Drummond 26, John Ford 25, William Browne and Robert Herrick 20, Francis Quarles 19, George Herbert 18, Thomas Carew (?) 16, James Shirley 15, and John Milton (and Sir John Suckling) were 2. It was seven years before the birth of Richard Lovelace and Abraham Cowley, ten before Marvell's, and eleven before Vaughan's. Edmund Spenser had been twelve years dead, Sir Philip Sidney twenty-five—and Chaucer 211.

Two hundred and fifty years afterwards-in 1861-another great queen was on the Throne, Victoria. It was the year in which the Prince Consort died, and Edward, Prince of Wales, came of age. Nor was England's garden silent then: for in that year William Barnes and Cardinal Newman were 60. Edward Fitzgerald and Tennyson were 52, Robert Browning 49, Charles Kingsley 42, Matthew Arnold 39, Coventry Patmore 38, William Allingham 37, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and George Meredith were 33, Christina Rossetti was 31, William Morris 27, Algernon Swinburne 24, Mr. Thomas Hardy was 21, Mr. Robert Bridges 17, Robert Louis Stevenson 11, and Francis Thompson was 2. Other great writers, in English, then alive were Carlyle, Thackeray, Dickens, Ruskin, Darwin and Huxley; Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow and Walt Whitman. So the strange flame of genius fitfully burns in this world. And 1611 knew as little of 1861 as 1861 knew of 2111. (But would that 1923 could leave to the future one-tenth part of such a legacy as did 1611—the English Bible!)

But to return to Shakespeare. He was born in April 1564. About 1591 he wrote the first of his plays, Love's Labour's Lost. By 1611 he had finished the last of them; 34 in all as they appear in the first Folio, 37 as they now appear in the Canon. And apart from these, his Poems. There followed a strange silence. On the 25th of March, 1616, "in perfect health and memory (God be praised!)," he made his will. On St. George's Day, 1616, he died. To reflect for a moment on that brief lifetime, on that twenty years' work which is now a perennial fountain of happiness, light and wisdom to the whole world, is to marvel indeed. The life-giving secret of this supreme genius none can tell. We know not even our own. But there

is a story told by Thomas Campbell: "It was predicted of a young man lately belonging to one of our universities, that he would certainly become a prodigy because he read sixteen hours a day. 'Ah, but,' said somebody, 'how many hours a day does he *think*?' It might have been added, 'How many hours does he feel?'" So of Shakespeare. As, then, said his old friends and fellow-players, John Heminge and Henry Condell in their Preface to the Folio: "Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger..."

441. "WITH SUCH A SKY."

It is a beauteous Evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly. . . .
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

442. "Shepherds all, and Maidens fair, Fold your Flocks."

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day, The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea, The ploughman homeward plods his weary way, And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, And all the air a solemn stillness holds, Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight, And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:...

These lines and the stanzas that follow them in the Elegy in a Country Churchyard are as familiar as any in English, and may be found in almost every collection of poems. Here, "a figure on paper"—from a letter to a friend written by the author of them, Thomas Gray, on November 19, 1764, is a description—not of evening after the setting of the sun—

but of a sun-rise as vivid as if one's own naked eye had watched its "Levee":

"I must not close my letter without giving you one principal event of my history; which was, that (in the course of my late tour) I set out one morning before five o'clock, the moon shining through a dark and misty autumnal air, and got to the sea-coast time enough to be at the Sun's Levee. I saw the clouds and dark vapours open gradually to right and left, rolling over one another in great smoky wreathes, and the tide (as it flowed gently in upon the sands) first whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue; and all at once a little line of unsufferable brightness that (before I can write these five words) was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one, too glorious to be distinctly seen. It is very odd it makes no figure on paper; yet I shall remember it, as long as the sun, or at least as long as I endure. I wonder whether anybody ever saw it before? I hardly believe it."

So each day, one remembers, the sun rises, indeed is rising always above *some* watchful eye's horizon, and we come so to expect its rising, and so to be assured of it, as though it were no less certain than that twice two are four. But, in fact, it is only just certain enough to prevent night from being a dreadful apprehension, and life from becoming a mere routine.

As Coleridge says in his Table Talk:

"Suppose Adam watching the sun sinking under the western horizon for the first time; he is seized with gloom and terror, relieved by scarce a ray of hope that he shall ever see the glorious light again. The next evening, when it declines, his hopes are stronger, but still mixed with fear; and even at the end of a thousand years, all that a man can feel is a hope and an expectation so strong as to preclude anxiety."

... High among the lonely hills, While I lay beside my sheep, Rest came down and filled my soul, From the everlasting deep.

Changeless march the stars above, Changeless morn succeeds to even; Still the everlasting hills Changeless watch the changeless heaven....

CHARLES KINGSLEY

444. "THE CHILDREN ARE GOING TO BED."

Hush-a-ba, birdie, croon, croon, Hush-a-ba, birdie, croon.

The Sheep are gane to the siller wood,
And the cows are gane to the broom, broom.

And it's braw milking the kye, kye,
It's braw milking the kye,
The birds are singing, the bells are ringing,

And the wild deer come galloping by, by.

And hush-a-ba, birdie, croon, croon, Hush-a-ba, birdie, croon. The Gaits are gane to the mountain h

The Gaits are gane to the mountain hie, And they'll no be hame till noon, noon.

This for the littlest ones, the cradle-creatures. But for the rest:

Boys and Girls, come out to play,

The Moon doth shine as bright as day; Come with a whoop, come with a call, Come with a goodwill or don't come at all; Lose your supper and lose your sleep— So come to your playmates in the street.

And if you should want actually to bring that Moon to earth, this is how Quince managed it in A Midsummer Night's Dream:

THE REHEARSAL.

Snout. Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our play?

Bottom. A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

Quince. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bottom. Why then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may shine in at the casement.

Quince. Ay, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moone-shine. . . .

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THE PLAY.

Lysander. Proceed, Moone.

Moone. All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this thorne bush, my thorne bush; and this dog, my dog....

And here is a stanza from a very old poem about that same "man in the Moone":

Mon, in the mone, stond ant streit,
On is bot-forke is burthen he bereth:
Hit is muche wonder that he na down slyt,
For doute leste he valle he shoddreth ant shereth:
When the frost freseth muche chele he byd,
The thornes beth kene is hattren to-tereth;
Nis no wytht in the world that wot wen he syt,
Ne, bote hit bue the hegge, whet wedes he wereth.

which means, I gather, that

the Man in the Moon stands up there stark and still in her silver, carrying his thornbush on his pitchfork. It's a marvel he doesn't slide down; he's shuddering and shaking at the thought of it. When the frost sharpens, he'll be frozen to his marrow. The prickles stick out to tear his clothes; but nobody in the world has seen him sit down, or knows apart from his thornbush what he has on.

I see the Moon, The Moon sees me; God bless the sailors, And bless me.

449. "THAT BUSY ARCHER." (line 4)

Though I am young and cannot tell Either what Love or Death is well, Yet I have heard they both bear darts And both do aim at human hearts. . . .

BEN JONSON

"ARE BEAUTIES THERE AS PROUD AS HERE THEY BE."
(line 11)

... The palace of her father the King, was on that side the Moon no mortal sees, and of such an enchantment was her cold beauty that on earth none resembles it. Yet all her flattery and pride was but to win the idolatrous love of fartravelling Princes, or even of wanderers of common blood; for the sake of that love and admiration only. And many perished in those rock-bound deserts and parched and icy lunar wildernesses on account of this proud damsel; before a strange fate befell her....

Here, too, is a fragment (from a thirteenth century MS.),

to be found in A Medieval Garner:

"What shall we say of the ladies when they come to feasts? Each marks well the other's head; they wear bosses like horned beasts, and if any have no horns, she is a laughing stock for the rest. Their arms go merrily when they come into the room; they display their kerchiefs of silk and cambric, set on their buttons of coral and amber, and cease not their babble so long as they are in the bower... But however well their attire be fashioned, when the feast is come, it pleases them nought; so great is their envy now and so high grows their pride, that the bailiff's daughter counterfeits the lady."

450. "SHE HATH NO AIR." (line 5)

-and that being so:

".... There will be no sounds on the moon.... Even a meteor shattering itself to a violent end against the surface of the moon would make no noise. Nor would it herald its coming by glowing into a 'shooting star,' as it would on entering the earth's atmosphere. There will be no floating dust, no scent, no twilight, no blue sky, no twinkling of the stars. The sky will be always black and the stars will be clearly visible by day as by night. The sun's wonderful corona, which no man on earth, even by seizing every opportunity during eclipses, can hope to see for more than two hours in all, in a long lifetime, will be visible all day. So will the great red flames of the sun.... There will be no life (since) for fourteen days there is continuous night, when the temperature must sink away down towards the absolute cold

of space. This will be followed without an instant of twilight by full daylight. For another fourteen days the sun's rays will bear straight down, with no diffusion or absorption of their

heat, or light, on the way. . . . "

This is a matter-of-fact fragment out of "The Outline of Science." edited by Professor J. Arthur Thompson; but it would not be easy to say exactly how in its magical effect on the mind it differs from poetry. Indeed, there can hardly be a quicker journey to the comprehension of scientific fact than by way of the imagination. Moonless mountainous Hesper, the Evening Star, is an even lovelier thing to watch shining in the fading rose and green of sunset when we realise that at her most radiant—a radiance that casts an earthly shadow even—it is but a slim crescent of the planet that we see, a planet, too, almost sister in magnitude to the earth, but whose briefer year is of an ardour that might be happiness to fiery sprite and salamander, but would be unendurable to watery creatures like ourselves. Nor could language be used more scientifically (concisely, pregnantly and exactly), than in the words moving, human, mask, in the following sonnet by John Keats—a sonnet written in mortal illness and in immortal sorrowfulness:

Bright star, would I were stedfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—

No—yet still stedfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

JOHN KEATS

455. "RIGHT GOOD IS REST."

Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving Lock me in delight awhile;

Let some pleasing dreams beguile All my fancies: that from thence I may feel an influence All my powers of care bereaving!

Though but a shadow, but a sliding, Let me know some little joy! We that suffer long annoy Are contented with a thought Through an idle fancy wrought: O let my joys have some abiding!

JOHN FLETCHER

457. Before Sleeping.

I have pieced this rhyme together from well-known versions and fragments. But the Angels ?—

"And after that, I sawe iiij Angels stande on the iiij corners of the erth holdynge the foure wyndes of the erth, that the wyndes shuld not blowe on the erth, nether on the see, nether on eny tree."

The Revelation of S. John the Divine (1539).

"And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the beasts and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands."

The Same (1611).

Of these Angels, having their fitting place among the hierarchies—Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones; Dominations, Virtues, Powers; Principalities, Archangels, Angels—no names are given. But Michael and Gabriel are archangels named in the Bible, and in the Apocrypha and elsewhere, Raphael, Zadkiel, Uriel, Chamuel, Jophiel. These too; steadfast or fallen: Samael, Semalion, Abdiel and gigantic Sandalphon, Rahab, Prince of the Sea; Ridia, Prince of the Rain; Yurkemi, Prince of the Hail; Af of Anger; Abaddona of Destruction; Lailah of Night. And in Paradise Lost:

Now had night measured with her shadowy cone Halfway up-hill this vast sublunar vault; And from their ivory port the Cherubim Forth issuing, at the accustomed hour, stood armed. . . .

Then speak together Gabriel, Uzziel, Ithuriel, Zephon. And last-not the most distant from mortal love-strangelyangelled Poe's shrill-tongued Israfel:

> In Heaven a spirit doth dwell Whose heart-strings are a lute; None sing so wildly well As the angel Israfel, And the giddy stars (so legends tell), Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell Of his voice, all mute. . . .

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this Is a world of sweets and sours; Our flowers are merely—flowers, And the shadow of thy perfect bliss

Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell Where Israfel Hath dwelt, and he where I, He might not sing so wildly well A mortal melody, While a bolder note than this might swell From my lyre within the sky.

Oh speake againe bright angell, for thou art As glorious to this night being ore my head, As is a wingèd messenger of heaven Unto the white upturned wondring eyes Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him.

Romeo and Iuliet

In paint and wood and words and stone Man has for centuries made pictures and images for symbols of angelic might and beauty. But what does he know of these Beings in themselves?—" That there are distinct orders of Angels, assuredly I believe, but what they are I cannot tell.... They are creatures that have not so much of a body as flesh is, as froth is, as a vapour is, as a sigh is; and yet with a touch they shall moulder a rock into less atoms than the sand that it stands upon, and a millstone into smaller flour than it grinds. They are creatures made, and yet not a minute older than when they were first made, if they were made before all measures of time

begun; nor, if they were made in the beginning of time, and be now six thousand years old, have they one wrinkle of age in their face, one sob of weariness in their lungs. They are primogeniti Dei, God's eldest sons..."

JOHN DONNE

459.

This is the Song sung by his guardian Angel to a young sleeping Prince who has been cheated of his inheritance. It was printed by Charles Lamb in his *English Dramatic Poets*, from a Tragedy entitled *The Conspiracy*, written by Henry Killigrew when he was seventeen.

460. THE LEGEND OF ST. MARK.

The relics of this Saint, who for his miracles was thought to be a sorcerer, and was murdered by a mob, were interred in Alexandria. Hundreds of years afterwards these relics were coveted by the Venetians by reason of the story that the Saint had once visited their city and had heard speak to him an angel: Pax tibi, Marce. Hic requiescet corpus tuum. At length two Venetian merchants, having persuaded the Alexandrians that the sacred bones lay in danger of the raiding Saracens, travelled back with them to their own city, where they were reinterred with solemn ceremony in St. Mark's. This church was afterwards burned to the ground, and the relics were lost. A century passed; a wondrously beautiful church had arisen from the ashes of the old, and during the ceremony held in the faith that it would be revealed where they lay hid, suddenly a light shone forth from one of the great piers, there was a sound of falling masonry, and, lo, the body of the Saint, with arm outstretched, as if at finger's touch he had revealed his secret resting-place.

"Doves of Siam, Lima mice,
And legless birds of Paradise." (p. 182 (ii.))

What particular kinds of doves and mice Keats had in mind here I cannot yet discover. But, according to Topsell, mice are of these kinds: the short, small, fearful, peaceable, ridiculous, rustik, or country mouse, the urbane or citty mouse, the greedy, wary, unhappy, harmefull, black, obscene, little, whiner, biter, and earthly mouse. Mice, too, he says, are

"sometimes blackish, sometimes white, sometimes yellow, sometimes broune and sometimes ashe colour. There are white mice amonge the people of Savoy, and Dolphin in France, called alaubroges, which the inhabitants of the country do beleev that they feede upon snow." Then, again, "the field mouse, the farie, with a long snout; and the sleeper, that is of a dun colour and will run on the edge of a sword and sleep on the point."

What Topsell meant by "whiner" I am uncertain, but it may be he refers to the mouse that sings. That is a habit quite distinct from the common squeaking, shrilling and shrieking. It resembles the slow low trill of a very distant and sleepy canary, but sweeter and more domestic, and is as pleasant a thing to hear behind a wainscot, as it is to watch the creatures gambolling. Why women are apt to fear these tiny beasts is a mystery. But whatever mischief their ravagings may cause, may I never live under a roof wherein (Cat or no Cat) there is no inch of house-room for Mistress Mouse!

The fable that the Bird of Paradise is "legless" was set abroad by travellers who had seen in old days its exquisite dismembered carcase prepared for merchandise. It is hard to explain that Man, capable of imagining a bird "whose fixed abode is the region of the air," sustaining itself "solely on dew," can also slaughter it and tie it up in bundles for feminine finery. But so it is.

"AT VENICE. . . . " (p. 183 (ii.))

So Keats left—unfinished—this, one of the happiest of his poems. There are others in this volume: but not the Eve of St. Agnes, or Hyperion, or the odes, to a Nightingale, on a Grecian Urn, or the strange On Melancholy. Nor are any of his Letters here—as full a revelation of the powers and understanding of that rare mind, as the poems are of his imagination.

466. "Low in the South the 'Cross'."

We peoples of the Northern hemisphere, from the Chinese and Chaldaeans until this last flitting hour have the joy of so many brilliant and neighbouring stars in our night sky that for us it is now full of stories, and thronged with constellations of our own fantasy and naming. The Chair of Cassiopeia, for instance, is but a feigned passing picture. Nevertheless, how

pleasant it is to recognise it set zigzag in the night. For this reason the peoples of the Southern hemisphere, with their Crown and Net, their Phoenix and Peacock, hold dear the Southern Cross. It marks their very home.

And, once more, let me repeat what Miss Taroone said to me: Learn the common names of every thing you see, Simon; and especially of those that please you most to remember: then give them names also of your own making and choosing—if you can. Mr. Nahum has thousands upon thousands of words and names in his mind and yet he often fails to understand what I say to him. Nor does he always remember that though every snail is a snail and a Hoddydoddy, and every toad is a toad and a Joey, and every centipede is a centipede and a Maggie-monyfeet, each is just as much only its own self as you, Simon, are You.

469. "ONCE A DREAM DID WEAVE A SHADE."

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn, forest stood,
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As idless fancy'd in her dreaming mood;
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror thro' the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to
flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of Dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay Castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky. . . .

JAMES THOMSON

470. "AWAKE, AWAKE!"

"I thank God for my happy dreams," wrote Sir Thomas Browne in the *Religio Medici*, "as I do for my good rest.... And surely it is not a melancholy conceit [or fancy] to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams to those of the next as the phantasms of the night to the conceits of the day. There is an equal

delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the emblem or picture of the other; we are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. . . ."

The Door of Death is made of gold,
That Mortal Eyes cannot behold;
But, when the Mortal Eyes are closed,
And cold and pale the Limbs reposed,
The Soul awakes; and, wondering sees
In her mild Hand the golden Keys:
The Grave is Heaven's golden Gate,
And rich and poor around it wait;
O Shepherdess of England's Fold,
Behold this Gate of Pearl and Gold!...

I give you the end of a golden string;
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

WILLIAM BLAKE

473. "Does the Road wind Up-Hill all the Way."

"Gentle herdsman, tell to me,
Of courtesy I thee pray,
Unto the town of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way."

"Unto the town of Walsingham
The way is hard for to be gone;
And very crooked are those paths,
For you to find out all alone. . . ."

Not so Babylon:

How many Miles to Babylon?

Three score and ten.

Can I get there by candle-light?

Ay: and back again.

477.

This poem for its full beauty must be read very slowly. Eve in long memory is musing within herself, hardly able to

utter the words, because of her grief and sorrow, and of the heavy sighs between them.

"DEATH IS THE FRUIT."

I am Eve, great Adam's wife,
'Tis I that outraged Jesus of old;
'Tis I that robbed my children of Heaven,
By rights 'tis I that should have gone upon the Cross....
There would be no ice in any place,
There would be no glistening windy winter.

There would be no ice in any place,
There would be no glistening windy winter,
There would be no hell, there would be no sorrow,
There would be no fear, if it were not for me.

TR. Kuno Meyer

"THE KIND HART'S TEARS WERE FALLING." (stanza 7)

To day my Lord of Amiens, and my selfe, Did steale behinde him as he lay along Under an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out Upon the brooke that brawles along this wood. To the which place a poore sequestred Stag That from the Hunter's aime had tane a hurt, Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord The wretched annimall heaved forth such groanes That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat Almost to bursting, and the big round teares Coursed one another downe his innocent nose In pitteous chase. . . .

As You Like It

483. "This is the Key."

And so—like the mediaeval traveller who had made a complete circuit of the world without knowing it—we have come back to the place which we started from. "The Elephant," says Topsell, in his Historie of Foure-footed Beastes, "is delighted above measure with sweet savours, ointments, and smelling flowers, for which cause their Keeper will in the summer time lead them into the meadows of flowers, where they of themselves will by the quickness of their smelling, choose out and gather the sweetest flowers, and put them into a basket if their Keeper have any....

(Having sought) out water (wherewith) to wash themselves, (they will) of their own accord return back again to the basket of flowers, which, if they find not, they will bray and call for them. Afterward, being led into their stable, they will not eat meat until they take off their flowers and dress the brims of their manger therewith, and likewise strew their room or standing place, pleasing themselves with their meat, because of the savour of the flowers stuck about their cratch." Mr. Nahum himself, it seems to me, might have written that. What was his Other Worlde but such "a Basket of Flowers": the forthshowing in formal beauty-in this world's soil, and beneath ministering rain, sunshine and dew-of the imaginations of men? Even Miss Taroone could have uttered a secret word or two in the great ear of the Elephants at their cratch: and were there not in her garden at Thrae flowers beyond telling? -William Blake's:

First ere the morning breaks joy opens in the flowery bosoms, Joy even to tears.... First the Wild Thyme And Meadow-sweet downy and soft waving among the reeds Light springing on the air lead the sweet Dance: they wake The Honeysuckle sleeping on the Oak: the flaunting beauty Revels along upon the wind: the White-thorn, lovely May, Opens her many lovely eyes: listening the Rose still sleeps: None dare to wake her: soon she bursts her crimson cur-

And comes forth in the majesty of beauty: every Flower, The Pink, the Jessamine, the Wall-flower, the Carnation, The Jonquil, the mild Lilly opes her heavens: every Tree And Flower and Herb soon fill the air with an innumerable Dance.

Yet all in order sweet and lovely....

And so, Farewell.

tained bed.





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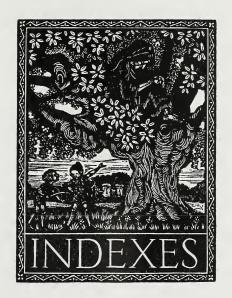
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